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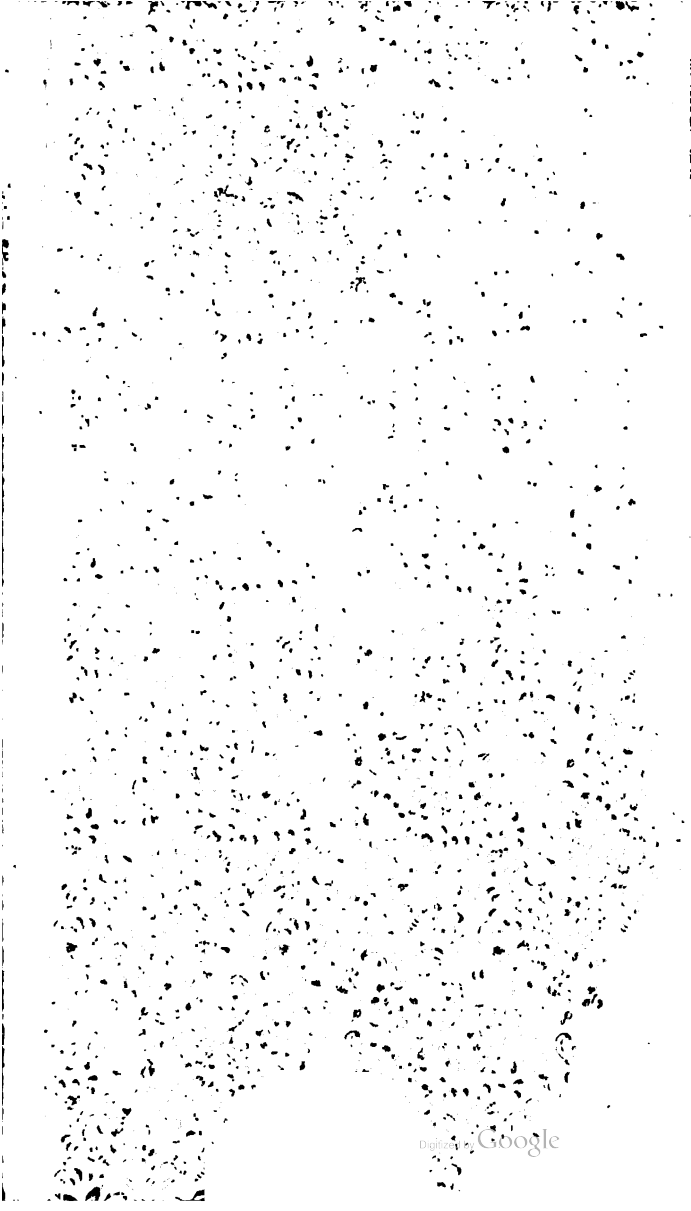
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Beauties

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OBIDAH AND THE HERMIT.

Johnson.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring:

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all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh pros-

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pect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him: the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

> Work'd into sudden rage by wintry show'rs,
> Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours:
> The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or

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whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or destruction. At length, not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought "hither; I have been now twenty years an inha- "bitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a "man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and fol- "lies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep "into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human "life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morn- "ing of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; "we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and "with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight "road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a "short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to "find some mitigation of our duty, and some more "easy means of obtaining the same end. We then "relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terri- "fied with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our "own constancy, and venture to approach what we "resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers "of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here "the heart softens and vigilance subsides; we are "then willing to enquire whether another advance "cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least,

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" turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We " approach them with scruple and hesitation; we " enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and " always hope to pass through them without losing " the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in " our sight, and to which we propose to return. But " temptation succeeds temptation, and one compli- " ance prepares us for another; we in time lose the " happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet " with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall " the remembrance of our original intention, and quit " the only adequate object of rational desire. We " entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves " in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of incon- " stancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade " us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We " then look back upon our lives with horror, with " sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often " vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of " virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn " from thy example not to despair, but shall remem- " ber, that though the day is past, and their strength " is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; " that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere en- " deavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at " length return after all his errors; and that he who " implores strength and courage from above, shall " find danger and difficulty give way before him. " Go, now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to " the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning " calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy " life."

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ON THE ENDEARMENTS OF LIFE.

Goldsmith.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me, by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt, are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments? and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood: the numberless calamities

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of decaying Nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but, happily, the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not chuse," says a French Philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been "long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from thence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great Father of China! behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former

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prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to relieve me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance: the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases; yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprize, yet still we love it: destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave—an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be in youth, so displeasing," cries he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? If it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable."

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This thought embittered every reflection; till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking: he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

THE WORK-HOUSE BOY.

Moore.

MRS. —— "Pray who are the parents of this charming boy?"

Old Woman.—"The Lord above he only knows. He is no relation of mine—I never saw him in my life, till this here blessed day, when I received him from the overseers of the work-house, to take him to my own house in the country. They told me he was brought there, when he was only a few months old, by a poor woman, who said she was not his mother: who was his mother, is difficult to tell, and still more who was his real father, as your ladyship well knows, for they have never been found out; but it stands to reason, that he must have had both, for I never heard of any body who had neither father nor mother, except Michael Hisendeck, of whom the parson of our parish preached last Sunday; but Michael lived in the Bible days, which is different from these here times: so this boy's parents must be persons unknown; but be who they will, I suspect they were no better than they should be; in which case it is pretty clear that this here boy, saving your ladyship's presence, is nei-

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ther more nor less than an unnatural child; for if he had been born in a natural way of marriage, it stands to reason, that his parents would have owned him long ago."

Mrs. —— affected with the condition of this boy, who began life under such unfavourable auspices, said:—"Are you not sorry, my dear, to leave home?"

"No," answered he, "I don't care."

"Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave?" resumed she.

"No," replied the boy, "I am not sorry to leave any body."

"What, not those who are good to you?" rejoined she.

"Nobody was ever good to *me*," said the boy.

Mrs. —— was touched with the child's answers, which strongly painted his helpless lot, and the cruel indifference of the world. The tear stood in her eye.

"My poor little fellow," said she, after a short pause, "was nobody ever good to you! have you no friend, my dear?"

"No, for old Robin the soot-man died last week."

"Was he your friend?"

"Yes, that he was," replied the boy; "he once gave me a piece of ginger-bread."

ARGUMENTS AGAINST DESPAIR.

Anonymous.

WHAT! because a favourite object you doated upon is withheld from you, are you tamely to resign yourself to despair? Is every other bliss withheld?—Foolish man! thus to disregard nature's

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numerous gifts, to turn from the many enjoyments to which, *as a man*, she invites thee.— See, the sun shines upon thee: round the whole horizon, nature, smiling, displays her munificence.— With health, youth, and strength, what else is wanting to complete happiness, but a guiltless conscience, and a mind unseduced by the pageantry of wealth:—if you possess these, why should you repine?—Ah, unless you are a mere slave to an unworthy affection; unless your childish heart rejects every other delight, because one single object is removed from your grasp, pleasure and happiness are your own, from the moment you will have it.

ON HEALTH.

Idem

HEALTH, invaluable treasure!—thou givest fresh lustre to the beams of the sun, and fresh radiance to the skies of heaven!—Thou bestowest a more balmy odour on the breath of morning, and deepenest the richness of that tincture which flushes over the rose!—Ah! Health! thou prime source of pleasure, and vivifying soul of every felicity beneath the moon! for thee and thy inspiring influence, I would travel, were I assured of meeting thy rewarding smiles, into the heart of the most uncheery and unpeopled climate. With what a fervent alacrity doth the sick man leave even his velvet couch, and downy pillows, to court those breezes and those vales, however distant and obscure, which thou deignest to frequent. No desert can long deserve that name, or long remain barren, which is honoured by thy radiating presence. Wherever thou journeyest, plenty and pleasure are thy harbingers—the thorn is softened to a flower, and

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from the barren rock issues, at thy bidding, the most copious streams of running water. In thy train are all the graces, and the gayest assemblage of those enchanting ideas, which those graces inspire. Imagination, fancy, poesy, and every power belonging to her divine and ingenious sisters, are thine. They describe, sing, design, paint, and regulate their separate arts, each allied to the other, only under thy immediate auspices.

With the blessings of health come spontaneously the blessing of correcter remark. The eye acquires a clearer light of its object—the intellect is cleansed of those cloudy films which before entangled it—and the ways of men, their manners, and their hearts are more easily read, and more easily wrought upon.

THE VOLUPTUARY.

Blair.

THE corrupted temper, and the guilty passions of the bad, frustrate the effect of every advantage which the world confers on them.—The world may call them men of pleasure; but of all men they are the greatest foes to pleasure: from their eagerness to grasp, they strangle and destroy it—riotous indulgence enervates both the body and the mind: so that in the midst of his studied refinement the voluptuary languishes.

Wherever guilt mingles with prosperity, a certain gloom and heaviness enter along with it. Vicious intrigues never fail to entangle and embarrass those who engage in them;—besides, the selfish gratifications of the bad are both narrow in their circle, and short in their duration.

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ON HUMAN PURSUITS.

Anonymous.

IT is a certain truth that no situation in life can secure mankind from misfortunes. Neither elevated rank, great opulence, nor extraordinary abilities, have charms to exempt their possessors from disquietudes. But, of all others, persons of refined sentiments and great sensibility feel most strongly the evils of life, and the mortifications they are called to suffer. The desire of happiness is universal; all are engaged in the pursuit, though the experience of every age demonstrates that it is not to be perfectly attained, and that there are comparatively few who secure to themselves any considerable portion. If the question be asked, 'Why are the generality of mankind so much strangers to it.' I should answer, 'They seek and expect it where it is not, where it cannot be found.' Though many are the ways by which the heart is wounded, and innumerable the sources of calamity, yet the greatest share of trouble we experience may be attributed to our own folly and imprudence. There is almost universally in the mind of man such a fickleness and thirst after novelty, that even the possession of every blessing, will neither satisfy its desires, nor yield a permanent happiness. What men ardently wish for, and pursue with avidity, they no sooner obtain, than they have an indifference for, and, not uncommonly, are disgusted with; every thing in their power is generally considered as of little value, whilst some phantom out of their reach strikes their imaginations, and becomes the object of their desires. They hold in small estimation present advantages, and lose all relish for present enjoyment, because something unpossessed is anxiously hoped for.

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without which they are strangers to peace. So true, in general, is the assertion,

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
> Man never *is* but always *to be* blest."

It is a sentiment generally advanced by writers, that without hope men would be miserable; that it is the principle of every exertion of the mind; and gives vigour to the soul, by holding up to our view, as attainable, some good superior to what we ever experienced. Yet there are persons who know what contentment means, who are satisfied with their circumstances, favoured by fortune and blest in their social connections; whose chief hope is for a continuance of the comforts they are favoured with, and who know no distress or fear, but such as are liable to occur from human vicissitudes. That capriciousness of temper which leads men ever to aim at the possession of something new, is, I apprehend, of all others, the most unfriendly to the human race; the parent of a thousand unreasonable anxieties and disquietudes, both of private and social life. View the fond lover captivated by beauty, and the power of female attractions; you will perceive his eyes sparkle at the name of his mistress; his mind is filled with the ideas of her perfections, and his whole soul is ingrossed by his passion: he spares no pains to obtain her, for it is the height of his ambition: no difficulty is too great for him to surmount in attaining the enjoyment of her company for a single hour; even the sight of her habitation fills his mind with palpitations, her presence gladdens his heart, and her smile diffuses a glow of exquisite sensibility through his whole frame. He paints in his imagination numberless joys as his own, and promises to himself a long series of years of pleasure in her society. But observe him a few months after he has succeeded to his wishes, and how different is his behaviour! What is become of the fondness that was

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once read in his eyes? Where are his raptures and extacies? Where is the assiduity he discovered to please, and the attention he once paid her? They are no more to be seen! He can now behold her without emotion, and quit her without regret. Her company, which he so much valued, no longer yields him pleasure; probably he considers his union to her as a bar to happiness, and a mortifying restraint on his liberty. Observation and experience evince the truth of this representation. Some exceptions must be allowed, for there are hearts formed for constancy, and capable of attachments which nothing can destroy. In travelling the journey of life, how desirable it is to have a beloved companion, to increase and participate our joys, and, by sharing, to lessen our griefs! Who would part from such a companion that considered the satisfaction received from an intercourse so generous! A desire of admiration, the charms of novelty, or the hope of conquest, too generally allure and urge us to play with our best passions, till the heart loses its finest feelings, and a substantial good is parted with for a mere shadow. In the days of youth, the multitude eagerly pursue pleasure as their chief good; their desires are unbounded; variety is their object; and to indulge their passions is the highest ideas they form of happiness. But they are sure of meeting with disappointment: their inclinations become vitiated and depraved; they are for ever in search of what they cannot obtain; and after having run through the glittering circle of dissipation, they still feel a vacancy of mind, and, disgusted with the world, become weary of life. Others, actuated early in life by ambition, sacrifice every gratification to acquire popularity and fame, or to rise to elevated stations in society. To obtain their desires, they submit to a thousand mortifications, and pass their days and nights in forming plans to arrive at the summit of their wishes; but they succeed not in the attainment of happiness; Ambition knows no

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bounds; Fame is short-lived, and, if acquired, becomes often the mark of calumny, and may be blasted by the breath of slander. As to literary fame, he who seeks it will usually find many competitors, who will study to mortify him, and sink his reputation. Observe the merchant or tradesman, whose grand object is to acquire wealth. With what eagerness and unremitting attention he applies to business; his countenance bespeaks solicitude and anxiety: he rises early and sits up late to obtain a fortune, which he thinks, in some future period to enjoy, in retirement from the noise and hurry of public life. This hope animates him, and makes labour sweet. See him in the situation he so much desired, and looked forwards to with so much pleasure, and you will find him discontented and unhappy. He has now little employment, time hangs heavy on his hands, every trifle is a burden, and idleness the greatest of all: perhaps old age steals on him, and decripitude loudly tells him he must soon quit his possessions. He looks back with regret on his former days, and with sighs recalls to his mind the times of health and vigour, when his hours of leisure were few, but those few were marked with an inward satisfaction. He reflects on past industry, on his successes, and the expectation of enjoying the fruit of his labour. His hopes however are disappointed; and he longs to mix again in the busy circle of life, that his uneasy reflections may be relieved.

Thus life passes; the multitude miss their aim; are dissatisfied and unhappy, however distinguished by their possessions, their rank, or abilities; or envied by others for the advantages they enjoy. The curtain then drops and death closes the scene. It is an incontrovertible assertion, that nothing can afford us substantial, permanent pleasure, which does not affect the heart; and that there are true pleasures within the reach of most persons. Health may in a great measure be preserved by temperance, by moderating our

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passions, and avoiding excess in the indulgence of them. A freedom from self-reproach is essential to peace of mind. A good heart will produce a cheerful countenance; and a benevolent temper lead to actions which yield pleasures the sensualist and man of the world never experience. Friendship is a source of many delightful sensations; and love, properly placed, and equally returned, counterbalances a thousand inconveniences. They are springs of the most delightful feelings, and sweetens even the bitterest cup. The persuasion that perfect happiness is not to be attained, should lead every wise man to make much of the comforts he possesses, and to cherish that temper and disposition which will preserve him from being ruffled and disturbed at little events. Religion teaches us to look forward to a better state of existence, where happiness shall be for ever united to virtue, and pain and sorrow shall be known no more.

THE DEAD ASS.

Sterne.

—AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent it had been an apostrophe to his child; but it was to his ass. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature. The mourner was sitting upon a stone-bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down

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—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia; and had reached so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home. It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner came to this part of his story, he stopped to pay Nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eaten the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend. Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern.—La Fleur offered him money.—The mourner said, he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him.—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and, on this, told them a long story of a mischance on their passage over the Pyrenean mountains which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought for him as

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much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarcely eaten or drunk till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast: I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive—but now that he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him— they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself.—Did we love each other as this poor soul loved his ass—it would be something.

ON DEPENDENCE.

Goldsmith.

FEW virtues have been more praised by moralists than Generosity; every practical treatise of Ethics tends to increase our sensibility of the distresses of others, and to relax the grasp of frugality. Philosophers that are poor, praise it because they are gainers by its effects; and the opulent Seneca himself has written a treatise on Benefits, though he was known to give nothing away. But among the many who have enforced the duty of giving, I am surprised there are none to inculcate the ignominy of receiving, to shew that by every favour we accept, we in some measure forfeit our native freedom, and that a state of continual dependence on the generosity of others is a life of gradual debasement.

Were men taught to despise the receiving obligations with the same force of reasoning and declamation that they are instructed to confer them, we might

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then see every person in society filling up the requisite duties of his station with cheerful industry, neither relaxed by hope, nor sullen from disappointment.

Every favour a man receives, in some measure sinks him below his dignity; and in proportion to the value of the benefit, or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up so much of his natural independence. He therefore, who thrives upon the unmerited bounty of another, if he has any sensibility, suffers the worst of servitude. The shackled slave may murmur without reproach, but the humble dependent is taxed with ingratitude upon every symptom of discontent; the one may rave round the walls of his cell, but the other lingers in all the silence of mental confinement. To increase his distress, every new obligation but adds to the former load which kept the vigorous mind from rising; till at last, elastic no longer, it shapes itself to constraint, and puts on habitual servility.

It is thus with the feeling mind: but there are some who, born without any share of sensibility, receive favour after favour, and still cringe for more; who accept the offer of generosity with as little reluctance as the wages of merit, and even make thanks for past benefits an indirect petition for new. Such, I grant, can suffer no debasement from dependence, since they were originally as vile as was possible to be; dependence degrades only the ingenuous, but leaves the sordid mind in pristine meanness. In this manner, therefore, long continued generosity is misplaced, or it is injurious; it either finds a man worthless, or it makes him so: and true it is, that the person who is contented to be often obliged, ought not to have been obliged at all.

Yet while I describe the meanness of a life of continued dependence, I would not be thought to include those natural or political subordinations which subsist in every society; for in such, though dependence is exacted from the inferior, yet the obligation on either

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side is mutual. The son must rely upon his parent for support, but the parent lies under the same obligations to give, that the other has to expect; the subordinate officer must receive the commands of his superior, but for this obedience the former has a right to demand an intercourse of favour: such is not the dependence I would deprecate, but that where every expected favour must be the result of mere benevolence in the giver, where the benefit can be kept without remorse, or transferred without injustice. The character of a legacy-hunter, for instance, is detestible in some countries, and despicable in all. This universal contempt of a man who infringes upon none of the laws of society, some moralists have arraigned as a popular and unjust prejudice; never considering the necessary degradations a wretch must undergo, who previously expects to grow rich by benefits, without having either natural or social claims to enforce his petitions.

But this intercourse of benefaction and acknowledgment is often injurious even to the giver as well as the receiver. A man can gain but little knowledge of himself, or of the world, amidst a circle of those whom hope or gratitude has gathered round him: their unceasing humiliations must necessarily increase his comparative magnitude, for all men measure their own abilities by those of their company. Thus being taught to over-rate his merit, he in reality lessens it: increasing in confidence, but not in power, his professions end in empty boast, his undertakings in shameful disappointment.

It is perhaps one of the severest misfortunes of the great, that they are, in general, obliged to live among men whose real value is lessened by dependence, and whose minds are enslaved by obligation. The humble companion may have at first accepted patronage with generous views, but soon he feels the mortifying influence of conscious infe-

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riority, by degrees sinks into a flatterer, and from flattery at last degenerates into stupid veneration. To remedy this, the great often dismiss their old dependents, and take new. Such changes are falsely imputed to levity, falsehood, or caprice in the patron, since they may be more justly ascribed to the client's gradual deterioration.

No, my son, a life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom, and friendship. To give should be our pleasure; but to receive, our shame. Serenity, health, and affluence attend the desire of rising by labour; misery, repentance, and disrespect, that of succeeding by extorted benevolence. The man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys, is truly blest; and lovely, far more lovely the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving adulation.

ON DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

W. Jay.

THE importance of Domestic Happiness will appear, if we consider it in reference to our *avocations* and *cares*. These are numerous and diversified, and demand relaxation and relief. Who could endure perpetual drudgery and fatigue?— and, oh, what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying as the placid joys of home!

See the traveller. Does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance—it quickens him to diligence—it cheers him under diffi-

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culties—it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home—it communes with him as he journeys—and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in "peace; and thou shalt visit thy habitation and not "sin." Oh, the joyful re-union of a divided family; the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence!

Behold the man of science. He drops the labour and painfulness of research—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled brows—leaves his study—and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush that has a father's heart,
"To take in childish play a childish part:
"But bends his sturdy back to any toy
"That youth takes pleasure in to please his boy."

Take the man of trade. What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will arrive—he will be imbosomed in the caresses of his family—he will behold the desire of his eyes, and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease—and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompence.

Yonder comes the labourer. He has borne the burden and heat of the day: the descending sun has releas'd him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half-way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him; one he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness—his hardships are forgotten—fatigue vanishes—he eats and is satisfied—the

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evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again and retires to rest, and "the "rest of a labouring man is sweet whether he eat "little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely, lowly dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort!—"Peace be to this house"—

"Let not ambition mock thy useful toil,
"Thy HOMELY joys, and destiny obscure;
"Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
"The short and simple annals of the poor."

THE GAMESTER.

Mrs. Hanway.

UNHAPPY is that mortal that has imbibed a love for play; so powerful is that seductive passion, that every consideration of propriety, affection, consanguinity, friendship, and virtue, falls before this all-destroying leviathan, the offspring of sordid Avarice, which, swallowing all the nobler sensations of the soul, robs Justice of her balance, Valour of her sword, and Pity of her tear. The professed gamester feels no commiserating pangs for the wide-spreading ruin his favourite vice occasions. He views, with hardened callosity and freezing apathy, the wretched man he has despoiled, writhing under the tortures of self-condemnation, agonized by the stings of remorse, that goad him on to desperation, as he reflects on returning to the wife he loves, whom he has made a beggar; and how he shall receive the innocent caresses of her children, by his pernicious vices, deprived of the inheritance of their forefathers.

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THE PRECEPTS OF CARAZAN.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

Jackson.

IN the plains of Persia, where the Araxes, foaming along its channel, gently washes the neighbouring fields, Carazan, the venerable Persian, had spent his days. His age was threescore and ten; and his knowledge exceeded all the sons of men. His drink was the crystal rill; his habitation a remote cave, overgrown with moss; and his diet consisted of those natural gifts which are liberally lavished on mankind by the all-bountiful Alla.

The Eastern and Western Worlds had unfolded their sources of learning to his view, and he had profited by them all. Confucius awakened his mind to the study of nature; the Magii taught him to behold the omnicient power of the Almighty in the construction of flowers; the Bramins pointed out the duty of man, by the actions of beasts; and the Egyptians bore his soul on the wings of Astronomy, to the knowledge of the etherial luminaries. He combined, in himself, the learning of all nations, and of sages venerated for piety and scientific knowledge; as the resplendent Mithra unites, in his fervid focus, the scattered beams of lucid light.

It was the practice of Carazan, every morning, to offer up a prayer to Heaven for his preservation and health, before he tasted of any refreshment. He had, therefore, one morning, according to this practice, retired to a small grotto, that stood fast by a limpid rill; and, in a pious orison, poured forth his soul to the empyreal Dispenser of every good.

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As he was thus employed, he was suddenly amazed, by a youth's throwing himself at his feet. His gorgeous apparel, the diamonds that adorned the scabbard of his scymitar, and his majestic stature, bespoke him a prince.

Carazan was astonished: he recoiled from him, as the wary traveller from the deathful serpent, that lies hidden in the burning sands of Lybia; and was leaving the grotto, when the youth, catching hold of his garment, thus addressed him:—

"Venerable Sage! pardon the presumption of youth, and the forcible manner of my entrance, till you hear my tale. Behold, reverend father! Mahmut, heir-apparent to the imperial diadem of Persia, bending before you. Behold the son of a mighty monarch, at whose name states tremble, and treason is no more, craving your advice. I am blessed with every object that the earth affords, but yet I am unhappy. At an early age, ere the beard bristled on my chin, and pronounced me man, I became sad, sorrowful, and melancholy. I sought the sages of my father's court: I told them that I wanted peace of mind; but, alas! they could give me none. I was recommended to seek the humble cottage, since there only Content resided: but the peasant was displeased with his situation in life; he longed to become a satrapa, and was therefore unhappy. I hasted to the wars; I braved the iron front of battle; but, alas! death and slaughter yielded no pleasure. I plunged into debauchery, voluptuousness, and lust; and, after long swimming on the fascinating lake of luxury, emerged only to feel the poignant assaults of my conscience. I come, now, holy Carazan, to implore your assistance and advice; and, if you know the spot, the manner, or the race, in which, or with whom, Happiness resides, deign to impart that knowledge to an unhappy though royal wanderer."

The simplicity and manly eloquence of the prince,

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his unaffected deportment, and engaging mien, caught the heart of the aged Persian. A sweet tear of sensibility fell from his eye; and raising the suppliant from the earth, he thus replied:—

"Arise, my son, and may the almighty Alla direct my tongue to teach you happiness! Whatever knowledge I have gained, the faithful lips of Carazan shall unfold. You have sought happiness, but in vain; your researches were frustrated, because they were directed to wrong objects. Happiness is not restricted to any class of beings, but lives wholly with Content; and Content may equally reside with the Peasant, the King, and the Sage. The reclaimed libertine may forget his past follies, and quaff her delicious nectar: the king, without debasing his dignity, may eat of her delightful ambrosia.

"To you, Mahmut, Content is, indeed, a stranger! Not because you were hated by her; but because you missed her road, and fell in with her enemies, without knowing them, as the unwary pilgrim will nourish an adder in his bosom, till the point of his sting chastises his temerity. You plunged into the lake of Luxury; but, instead of gaining the bark of Happiness, you tempted the rocks of Satiety, and the quicksands of Gluttony. You sought the habitation of the peasant; but Astrea has long been banished from the earth, and the Golden Age is now no more. You faced the tremendous front of war, you bade the welkin roar with the cries of dying men; and then Content was, indeed, far from you! Death and Destruction are her inveterate enemies; nor can she ever draw breath, when surrounded by Slaughter and Rapine. Would you, my son, gain Happiness; would you obtain tranquillity of mind; attend to these precepts, and put them in practice:—

"First, my son, remember, that you are a prince, and will shortly have to rule an extensive and wealthy empire; be it, then, your care, to make the people

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love you; to effect this, follow Virtue, and act uprightly. Let Vice never seduce your mind to act subservient to your passions; but restrain the licentious wishes of the one, by the strength and solidity of the other. Pursue Justice; let that be the fundamental law, the grand standard by which all your deeds shall be measured. Inspire your subjects with a veneration for Religion and Virtue, by the example of yourself and court. Reject the vain notion, the frivolous idea, that kings cannot be just, without sacrificing a part of their regal dignity; it reflects honour on a prince, to be impartial and good. Your subjects will love you, without fear; their affections will be the guard of your throne, and their loyalty a barrier to the machinations of treason: their wealth will be the basis of your splendour, and the strength of your administration. Make them behold, in you, at once, a legislator, a father, and a protector; the guardian of their laws, the defender of their rights: and cease not, on your part, to consider them as your children. Let mutual love rivet you together, by the strongest of all ties; and happiness shall spread over your empire, blessed with plenty and peace. Your subjects will twine around your throne, as the ivy twines around the oak; you shall support them as the oak does the ivy: thus, united together, what treason can ever succeed? what daring fiend of sedition will be able to elude the bow-string?

"Above all, blooming Mahmut! preserve a good conscience: that is the foundation of happiness: and, even should the Angel of Adversity smite you, still shall you be happy. But that idea I eradicate from my mind! Alla shall strengthen your power; and your subjects' love shall defeat every attack of misfortune: your life shall pass away, undisturbed by the reproofs of conscience, the vengeance of Heaven, or discontents and rebellions of your people—as this limpid rill glides along, unchoaked by sedges, or obstructed by any other impediment.

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" Thus, by attending to the precepts of Virtue, and practising them with exactness and self-denial, you shall live in peace and tranquillity, delight and prosperity, till the Angel of Death shall seize you in his grasp, that the everlasting Genii may usher you into the regions of immortality. Then shall you retire from the dark, terestrial hall; revered and regretted by men, for your justice and impartiality, and beloved by the myriads of heaven, for your piety and righteousness."

While he thus spoke, Mahmut—who still kept his eyes on the ground—felt a divine fire glowing within him: his heart vibrated to the sweet voice of Morality; and he perceived the mists of Superstition and Prejudice, and the dense clouds of Ignorance and Error, vanish from his view, as the thick clouds of night fly at the approach of day. A calm serenity settled on his mind, as the ocean becomes gentle after a hurricane. He looked up, to thank his preceptor; but he was gone, neither could any traces of him be found. It is, however, written in the golden manuscript of Truth, deposited in the celestial temple of Virtue, that he was immediately translated to the mansions of permanent Felicity; and now tunes his lyre to the music of Alla, amidst the celestial choirs of Paradise.

DUTY OF OLD AGE.

Dr. Blair.

A MATERIAL part of the duty of the aged consists in studying to be useful to the race who are to succeed them. Here opens to them an extensive field, in which they may so employ themselves as considerably to advance the happiness of mankind. To them

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it belongs to impart to the young the fruit of their long experience; to instruct them in the proper conduct, and to warn them of the various dangers of life; by wise counsel to temper their precipitate ardour, and both by precept and example to form them to piety and virtue.

It never appears with greater dignity, than, when tempered with mildness and enlivened with good humour, it acts as a guide and a patron of youth.

Religion, displayed in such a character, strikes the beholders, as at once amiable and venerable. They revere its power, when they see it adding so much grace to the decays of nature, and shedding so pleasing a lustre over the evening of life. The young wish to tread in the same steps, and to arrive at the close of their days with equal honour.

They listen with attention to counsels which are mingled with tenderness, and rendered respectable by grey hairs.

Aged wisdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind, greater even than that which arises from power and station. It can check the most froward; abash the most profligate, and strike with awe the most giddy and unthinking.

THE BEGGAR.

From the Citizen of the World.

IN our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. "In every parish

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house," says he, "the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants who are only a weight upon the industrious; I'm surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it, in some measure, encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences; let me assure you, Sir, they are impostors, every one of them; and rather merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly, to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty; when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession, to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the man in black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not teaze passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and œconomy,

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with his profouud skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg, once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would shew me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now therefore assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting therefore a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollected himself, and presenting his whole bundle—"Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion, that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus

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afford to sell them for half value; he informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would have as soon parted with a tooth as his money to these vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who, in the deepest distress still aimed at good humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding: his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence, he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion, when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose; till, at length, recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

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BENEVOLENCE.

Dr. Moore.

THE recollection of having been of service to a fellow-creature conveys a pleasing kind of sensation, which it is difficult to describe, but which Shakespeare expressed thus: "It comes over the heart as soft music does over the ear;

> ——————Like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,

It is most fortunate for men to have hearts so framed that they derive pleasure from such recollections. Men of that construction are stimulated to do good to others for their own sake.

Such a motive may seem to degrade benevolence; but it must be acknowledged, that it is the most active and the most certain.

CHARACTER OF ALFRED THE GREAT,

KING OF ENGLAND.

THE merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may, with advantage, be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or nation can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice. So happily were all his virtues tempered together; so justly were they

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blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance, with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice, with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents for action. His civil and his military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration; excepting only, that the former being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause.

Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance.

Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we may at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted.

THE BAGPIPER: A FRAGMENT.

Attempted after the Manner of Sterne.

Anonymous.

I HAD just quaffed my last glass of claret, and being determined immediately to leave the tavern, was going to rise out of my arm-chair, when the notes of a highland bagpipe saluted my ear, wild and rural indeed; but the notes, though wild and rural, were

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pleasing to my imagination, which they wafted in a moment from Calcutta to a Highland heath!

* * * * * * *

With my right-elbow leaning on the table, and my right-cheek suspended on my right-hand, after having listened for some time to the tune of 'Over the hills and far awa,' in a kind of transport, impelled by curiosity, I gently raised my head to gaze at the musician, who thus chanted 'His wood notes wild!'—Philo Yorick!—the figure which then presented itself to thy view, will not readily be effaced from thy remembrance!—A Reynolds, indeed, might do it justice, yet, if thy pen but feebly attempts to do so, the attempt perhaps may be pardoned.

He was a venerable figure, whose face discovered the roses of youth, blooming among the furrows of old age. His silver hair flowed in clustering ringlets down his neck, and reached forward half way over his brows, which rose loftily above a pair of eyes, from which benignance delighted to glance, and which sparkled with youthful animation. Every feature of his face, indeed, expressed amiableness, and almost seemed to glow with transport and pleasure, while in a foreign land he played the antique tunes of his native country.

Thus far, Philo Yorick, thy soul was pleased with a survey of the venerable musician; till casting a glance downward, and beholding he had lost a leg!—something caused a sigh to rise from thy bosom, and a tear to steal into thine eye.—The musician, as he watched my motions, observed this—his fingers and elbow forgot to move—the notes of his pipes ceased, and with a slow modest carriage—he approached me.

We gazed insensibly at each other; Sympathy—blessed sympathy—caused a second sigh to escape my bosom, and another to rise from his:——Young man, said he, looking earnestly in my face—pressing one of my hands between his—and holding up his wooden

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stump—Young man—said he—you seem to be affected at seeing this!

I was just thinking, returned I, that in your situation—so far from home—you are much to be pitied!—And did you drop a tear on that account? rejoined *he*—Remember, the limb was lost when fighting for my country!

The question—joined to the admonitory observation which followed it—had such an effect upon me—that a conscious blush stole into my cheeks—and—but my pen fails!—this man was an old soldier!

NEGRO SLAVERY.

AN APOSTROPHE.

Anonymous.

WHAT must the feelings of that man be, who can engage in a traffic, at once repugnant to the calls of humanity, and the precepts of religion—the barbarous traffic in human blood! Who can tear the simple negro from his country, his attachments, and his bliss—who can load him with irons, to secure that dependence which his free-born spirit disdains—and who, instead of soothing the anguish of keen sensibility, enforces his obedience with menaces and whips!

Ye harmless natives of Africa, what have ye done, to deserve being marked out, as the victims of European, I dare not say Christian, avarice? Ye whom Providence has separated from us by oceans and continents, why should you be dragged from your native wilds, to smart under the lash of those to whom ye owe no allegiance, and to fatten with your blood, a soil from which ye reap no increase! Is it that luxury may riot

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on the sweat of your brow, that inhumanity may wallow in affluence earned by your stripes; or is it, great and eternal God! to fill up the measure of our crimes, that thou permittest this flagrant violation of thy laws?

Alas! commerce, the nurse of the blackest enormities, the frequent source of war and devastation, is your bane, and may be our ruin. Our forefathers were once as simple and as ignorant as you; but they loved their country, they staid at home; while we, their offspring, disgrace it, wherever we extend our intercourse. In vain shall we tell you of a pure religion, of a future judgment, of an impartial retribution. Those with whom you are unfortunately connected prove too sensibly by their conduct, that their belief has no influence on their practice. In vain shall we tell you, that misery is the growth of every climate, and that you are no more wretched in a foreign land than you would be in your own. Nature and reason abjure the flimsy pretext. In your breasts the love of your country flows as warm as in ours; and who was ever brought to regard eternal banishment, as an agreeable alternative for any thing less than death! Besides, our avarice is the grand original source of all your ills. We excite the sordid passions of robbery and gain in the bosoms of your chiefs; and then direct them as engines to produce our own interest, and your ruin! Aggravated infamy! unparalleled barbarity! To spread devastation, and to exult in its progress—to sow the seeds of guilt, and to reap with joy the full harvest of our iniquity.

To you, my countrymen, permit me now to appeal. Renowned for all the arts that can embellish life, for all the powers that can render friendship valuable, or enmity dreadful; blessed, in general, with hearts to feel for distress, and with hands ready to relieve it;—why, when thus happy, thus great, and thus amiable, will you suffer the national glory to be tarnished, by the inhuman avarice of a worthless few!

Thank God! the liberal spirit of humanity is gone

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abroad; and a virtuous indignation is roused against those who disgrace the British name. But though the cause is one of the noblest in which generous and enlightened minds can embark, though Heaven unquestionably views your exertions with complacency, it is necessary, that zeal should be tempered with moderation, lest clemency rashly extended, should defeat its own purpose.

In the constitution of things in this world, it is impossible to separate the evil entirely from the good; and when we are plunged deeply into error, it is not in our power, by one single effort, to recover. The immediate and absolute emancipation of your slaves is only the scheme of the visionary enthusiast; it would be attended with more dreadful effects than it is calculated to relieve. To stop the progress of the evil—to allow the unfortunate beings now under the whip of their task-masters, all the privileges of human creatures—all the indulgencies that religion and justice demand, would at once conduce to your interest, your happiness, and your credit.

But if interest, if happiness, if credit, are of no estimation in your eyes, think on future consequences; think on the precepts of religion; think on the hopes of immortality!

PRIDE AND VANITY.

Dr. Moore.

THOSE qualities are sometimes used as synonymous, although essentially different: pride, being founded on the opinion people have of their own merit, can support itself in spite of the neglect or disapprobation of others; whereas vanity lives on the applause and admiration of those around; and when that

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kind of nourishment is refused, pines and languishes with mortification. Pride, however, is gratified with praise as well as vanity, provided the praise is delicate, comes from a respectable quarter, and is accompanied with the consciousness of being deserved. But vanity devours it voraciously, however coarsely served up, from whatever quarter it comes, and whether merited or not. The vain, continually afraid of losing importance in the world, avoid those of their acquaintance, however worthy of esteem, who are in an humble situation in life, or who are unfashionably dressed, and particularly if they chance to meet them when they themselves are in company with people of high rank. The truly proud man despising such conduct, and never afraid of losing his importance, accosts the humblest of his acquaintance with equal kindness, whether he meets them when alone, or in the circles of grandeur and fashion.

FLOWERS

PORTRAYED IN LIVELY COLOURS.

Hervey.

A CIRCUMSTANCE, recommending and endearing the flowery creation, is their regular succession. They make not their appearance all at once, but in an orderly rotation. While a proper number of these obliging retainers are in waiting, the others abscond, but hold themselves in a posture of service, ready to take their turn, and fill each his respective station the instant it becomes vacant.—The snowdrop, foremost of the lovely train, breaks her way through the frozen soil, in order to present her early compliments to her lord. Dressed in the robe of innocency, she steps

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forth, fearless of danger, long before the trees have ventured to unfold their leaves, even while the icicles are pendent on our houses.—Next peeps out the crocus, but cautiously, and with an air of timidity. She hears the howling blasts, and sculks close to her low situation. Afraid she seems to make large excursions from her root, while so many ruffian winds are abroad, and scouring along the æther.—Nor is the violet last in this shining embassy of the year. Which, with all the embellishments that would grace a royal garden, condescends to line our hedges, and grow at the feet of briars. Freely, and without any solicitation, she distributes the bounty of her emissive sweets; while herself, with an exemplary humility, retires from sight, seeking rather to administer pleasure, than to win admiration. Emblem, expressive emblem, of those modest virtues, which delight to bloom in obscurity; which extend a cheering influence to multitudes, who are scarce acquainted with the source of their comforts! Motive, engaging motive, to that ever-active beneficence, which stays not for the importunity of the distressed, but anticipates their suit, and prevents them with the blessing of its goodness*!

The poor polyanthus, that lately adorned the border with their sparkling beauties, and transplanted into our windows, gave us a fresh entertainment, is now no more; I saw her complexion fade; I perceived her breath decay; till at length she expired, and dropt into her grave.—Scarce have we sustained their loss, but in comes the aricula, and more than retrieves it. Arrayed she comes, in a splendid variety of amiable forms, with an eye of crystal, and garments of the most glossy sattin, exhaling perfume, and powdered with silver. Scarce one among them but is dignified with the character of renown, or has the honour to repre-

* See herein a picture of charity without ostentation, beauty without vanity, and merit without pride.

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sent some celebrated toast. But these also, notwithstanding their illustrious titles, have exhausted their whole stock of fragrance, and are mingled with the meanest dust.—Who could forbear grieving at their departure, did not the tulips begin to raise themselves on their fine wands, or stately stalks? they flush the parterre with one of the gayest dresses that blooming nature wears. Here one may behold the innocent wantonness of beauty. Here she indulges a thousand freaks, and sports herself in the most charming diversity of colours. Yet I should wrong her, were I to call her a coquet; because she plays her lovely changes, not to enkindle dissolute affections, but to display her Creator's glory.—Soon arises the anemone, incircled at the bottom with a spreading robe, and rounded at the top into a beautiful dome. In its loosely flowing mantle you may observe a noble negligence; in its gently bending tufts, the nicest symmetry. I would term it the fine gentleman of the garden; because it seems to have learnt the singular address of uniting simplicity with refinement, of reconciling art and ease.— The same month has the merit of producing the renunculus. All bold and graceful it expands the riches of its foliage, and acquires, by degrees, the loveliest enamel in the world. Methinks nature improves in her operations. Her latest strokes are most masterly. To crown the collection, she introduces the carnation, which captivates every eye with a noble spread of graces, and charms every sense with a profusion of exquisite odours. This single flower has centered in itself the perfection of all the preceding. The moment it appears, it so commands our attention, that we scarce regret the absence of the rest.—The gilly-flower, like a real friend, attends you through all the vicissitudes and alterations of the season. While others make a transient visit only, this is rather an inhabitant, than a guest in your gardens; and adds fidelity to complaisance.

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MONTMORENCY: A FRAGMENT.

Dr. Drake.

THE sullen tolling of the curfew was heard over the heath, and not a beam of light issued from the dreary villages; the murmuring Cotter had extinguished his enlivening embers, and had shrunk in gloomy sadness to repose, when Henry De Montmorency and his two attendants rushed from the castle of A——y.

The night was wild and stormy, and the wind howled in a fearful manner. The moon flashed, as the clouds passed from before her, on the silver armour of Montmorency, whose large and sable plume of feathers streamed threatening in the blast. They hurried rapidly on, and, arriving at the edge of a declivity, descended into a deep glen, the dreadful and savage appearance of which was sufficient to strike terror into the stoutest heart. It was narrow, and the rocks on each side, rising to a prodigious height, hung bellying over their heads; furiously along the bottom of the valley, turbulent and dashing against huge fragments of the rock, ran a dark and swoln torrent, and farther up the glen, down a precipice of near ninety feet, and roaring with tremendous strength, fell, at a single stroke, an awful and immense cascade. From the clefts and chasms of the crag, abrupt and stern the venerable oak threw his broad breadth of shade, and bending his gigantic arms athwart the stream, shed, driven by the wind, a multitude of leaves, while from the summits of the rock was heard the clamor of the falling fragments that, bounding from its rugged side, leapt with resistless fury on the vale beneath.

Montmorency and his attendants, intrepid as they were, felt the inquietude of apprehension; they stood

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for some time in silent astonishment, but their ideas of danger from the conflict of the elements being at length alarming, they determined to proceed, when all instantly became dark, whilst the rushing of the storm, the roaring of the cascade, the shivering of the branches of the trees, and the dashing of the rock, assailed at once their sense of hearing. The moon, however, again darting from a cloud, they rode forward, and, following the course of the torrent, had advanced a considerable way, when the piercing shrieks of a person in distress arrested their speed; they stopped, and listening attentively, heard shrill, melancholy cries repeated, at intervals, up the glen, which gradually becoming more distant, grew faint, and died away. Montmorency, ever ready to relieve the oppressed, couched his lance, and bidding his followers prepare, was hasting on; but again their progress was impeded by the harrowing and stupendous clash of falling armour, which, reverberating from the various cavities around, seemed here and there, and from every direction, to be echoed with double violence, as if an hundred men in armour had in succession fallen down in different parts of the valley. Montmorency, having recovered from the consternation into which this singular noise had thrown him, undauntedly pursued his course, and presently discerned, by the light of the moon, the gleaming of a coat of mail. He immediately made up to the spot, where he found, laid along at the root of an aged oak, whose branches hung darkling over the torrent, a knight wounded and bleeding; his armour was of burnished steel, by his side there lay a falchion, and a sable shield embossed with studs of gold, and, dipping his casque into the stream, he was endeavouring to allay his thirst, but, through weakness from loss of blood, with difficulty got it to his mouth. Being questioned as to his misfortune, he shook his head, and, unable to speak, pointed with his hand down the glen; at the same moment the shrieks, which had formerly alarmed

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Montmorency and his attendants, were repeated, apparently at no great distance; and now every mark of horror was depicted on the pale and ghastly features of the dying knight; his black hair, dashed with gore, stood erect, and, stretching forth his hands towards the sound, he seemed struggling for speech, his agony became excessive, and, groaning, he dropped dead upon the earth.

The suddenness of this shocking event, the total ignorance of its cause, the uncouth scenery around, and the dismal wailings of distress, which still poured upon the ear with aggravated strength, left room for imagination to unfold its most hideous ideas; yet Montmorency, though astonished, lost not his fortitude and resolution, but determined, following the direction of the sound, to search for the place whence these terrible screams seemed to issue, and recommending his men to unsheath their swords, and maintain a strict guard, cautiously followed the windings of the glen, until, abruptly turning the corner of an out-jutting crag, they perceived two corses mangled in a frightful manner, and the glimmering of light appeared through some trees that hung depending from a steep and dangerous part of the rock. Approaching a little nearer, the shrieks seemed evidently to proceed from that quarter, upon which, tying their horses to the branches of an oak, they ascended slowly and without any noise towards the light; but what was their amazement, when, by the pale glimpses of the moon, where the eye could penetrate through the intervening foliage, in a vast and yawning cavern, dimly lighted by a lamp suspended from its roof, they beheld half a dozen gigantic figures in ponderous iron armour; their vizors were up, and the lamp faintly gleaming on their features, displayed an unrelenting sternness capable of the most ruthless deeds. One who had the aspect and the garb of their leader, and who, waving his scimitar, seemed menacing the rest, held on his arm a massy shield of immense

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circumference, and which, being streaked with recent blood, presented to the eye an object truly terrific. At the back part of the cave, and fixed to a brazen ring, stood a female figure, and, as far as the obscurity of the light gave opportunity to judge, of a beautiful and elegant form. From her the shrieks proceeded; she was dressed in white, and, struggling violently and in a convulsive manner, appeared to have been driven almost to madness from the conscious horror of her situation. Two of the banditti were high in dispute, fire flashed from their eyes, and their scimitars were half unsheathed; and Montmorency, expecting that, in the fury of their passion, they would cut each other to pieces, waited the event; but as the authority of their captain soon checked the tumult, he rushed in with his followers, and, hurling his lance, "Villains," he exclaimed, "receive the reward of cruelty." The lance bounded innocuous from the shield of the leader, who turning quickly upon Montmorency, a severe engagement ensued; they smote with prodigious strength, and the valley resounded to the clangor of their steel. Their falchions, unable to sustain the shock, shivered into a thousand pieces, when Montmorency, instantly elevating with both hands his shield, dashed it with resistless force against the head of his antagonist; lifeless he dropped prone upon the ground, and the crash of his armour bellowed through the hollow rock.

In the mean time, his attendants, although they had exerted themselves with great bravery, and had already dispatched one of the villains, were by force of numbers overpowered, and being bound together, the remainder of the banditti rushed in upon Montmorency just as he had stretched their commander upon the earth, and obliged him also, notwithstanding the most vigorous efforts of valour, to surrender. The lady who, during the recounter, had fainted away, waked again to fresh scenes of misery at the moment when these monsters of barbarity were conducting the unfortunate

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Montmorency and his companions to a dreadful grave. They were led, by a long and intricate passage, amidst an immense assemblage of rocks, which, rising between seventy and eighty feet perpendicular, bounded on all sides a circular plain, into which no opening was apparent but that through which they came. The moon shone bright, and they beheld, in the middle of this plain, a hideous chasm; it seemed near a hundred feet in diameter, and on its brink grew several trees, whose branches, almost meeting in the centre, dropped on its infernal mouth a gloom of settled horror. "Prepare to die," said one of the banditti, "for into that chasm shall ye be thrown; it is of unfathomable depth; and that ye may not be ignorant of the place ye are soon to visit, we shall gratify your curiosity with a view of it." So saying, two of them seized the wretched Montmorency, and dragging him to the margin of the abyss, tied him to the trunk of a tree, and having treated his associates in the same manner "Look," cried a banditto with a fiend-like smile, "look and anticipate the pleasures of your journey." Dismay and pale affright shook the cold limbs of Montmorency, and as he leant over the illimitable void, the dew sat in big drops upon his forehead. The moon's rays streaming in between the branches, shed a dim light, sufficient to disclose a considerable part of the vast profundity, whose depth lay hid, for a subterranean river, bursting with tremendous noise into its womb, occasioned such a mist from the rising spray, as entirely to conceal the dreary gulf beneath. Shuddering on the edge of this accursed pit stood the miserable warrior; his eyes were starting from their sockets, and, as he looked into the dark abyss, his senses, blasted by the view, seemed ready to forsake him. Meantime the banditti, having unbound one of the attendants, prepared to throw him in; he resisted with astonishing strength, shrieked aloud for help, and, just as he had reached the slippery margin, every fibre of

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his body racked with agonizing terror, he flung himself with fury backwards on the ground; fierce and wild convulsions seized his frame, which being soon followed by a state of exhaustion, he was in this condition, unable any longer to resist, hurled into the dreadful chasm; his armour striking upon the rock, there burst a sudden effulgence, and the repetition of the stroke was heard for many minutes as he descended down its rugged side.

No words can describe the horrible emotions which, on the sight of this shocking spectacle, tortured the devoted wretches. The soul of Montmorency sank within him, and, as they unbound his last fellow-sufferer, his eyes shot forth a gleam of vengeful light, and he ground his teeth in silent and unutterable anguish. The inhuman monsters now laid hold of the unhappy man; he gave no opposition, and, though despair sat upon his features, not a shriek, not a groan escaped him; but no sooner had he reached the brink, than, making a sudden effort, he liberated an arm, and grasping one of the villains round the waist, sprang headlong with him into the interminable gulf All was silent—but at length a dreadful plunge was heard, and the sullen deep howled fearfully over its prey. The three remaining banditti stood aghast; they durst not unbind Montmorency, but resolved, as the tree to which he was tied grew near the mouth of the pit, to cut it down, and, by that mean, he would fall along with it into the chasm. Montmorency, who, after the example of his attendant, had conceived the hope of avenging himself, now saw all possibility of effecting that design taken away; and as the axe entered the trunk, his anguish became so excessive that he fainted. The villains, observing this, determined from a malicious prudence, to forbear, as at present he was incapable of feeling the terrors of his situation. They therefore withdrew, and left him to recover at his leisure.

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Not many minutes had passed away, when, life and sensation returning, the hapless Montmorency awoke to the remembrance of his fate. "Have mercy!" he exclaimed, the briny sweat trickling down his pallid features; "Oh Christ, have mercy!" then looking around him, he started at the abyss beneath, and, shrinking from its ghastly brink, pressed close against the tree. In a little time, however, he recovered his perfect recollection, and, perceiving that the banditti had left him, became more composed. His hands, which were bound behind him, he endeavoured to disentangle, and, to his inexpressible joy, after many painful efforts, he succeeded so far as to loosen the cord, and, by a little more perseverance, effected his liberty. He then sought around for a place to escape through, but without success; at length, as he was passing on the other side of the chasm, he observed a part of its craggy side, as he thought, illuminated, and, advancing a little nearer, he found that it proceeded frem the moon's rays shining through a large cleft of the rock, and at a very inconsiderable depth below the surface. A gleam of hope now broke in upon his despair, and gathering up the ropes which had been used for himself and his associates, he tied them together, and fastening one end to the bole of a tree, and the other to his waist, he determined to descend as far as the illuminated spot. Horrible as was the experiment, he hesitated not a moment in putting it into execution; for, when contrasted with his late fears, the mere hazard of an accident weighed as nothing; and the apprehension that the villains might return before his purpose was secure, accelerated and gave vigour to his efforts. Soon was he suspended in the gloomy abyss, and neither the roaring of the river, nor the dashing of the spray, intimidated his daring spirit, but, having reached the cleft, he crawled within it, then, loosing the cord from off his body, he proceeded onwards, and, at last, with a rapture no de-

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scription can paint, discerned the appearance of the glen beneath him. He knelt down, and was returning thanks to heaven for his miraculous escape, when suddenly ——— * * * *

THE NEWSPAPER EDITOR.

Peter Pindar.

COME, come, no palavering *me* over, with my dear friend, and dear friend; I hate the word, there's so much hypocrisy in the world. Friendship is a *silent* Gentlewoman—makes no parade.—The *true* heart dances no hornpipes on the tongue—a p-x on palaver, say I—so give us *something*, Mister Modesty, if you please.

Squib. Really, Captain Noah, upon my honour, I can't sing.

Capt. Noah. One, two, three bumpers of salt water to Master Squib; and then—hey for Coventry!

Squib. Well, I'll sing! I'll sing!

SONG.

Dearest creature
Of all nature!
Oh! I die! I faint! &c.

Capt. Noah. Stop, for God's sake, Squib! I excuse the rest. No pig hung in a gate ever made a more dismal noise—no dog ever bayed the moon so frightfully: Why, zounds! my cur, Dumplin, would howl more musically; and then the words, they put me in mind of that most maukish of all maukish stuff, the Sorrows of the Heart, baptized a Novel. O the cursed trash! Poor Squib! Why, what a difference between thee and a brother Quidnunc that sailed with

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me last trip—I mean Brass Wildfire, a piece of an Editor—a fine News-hunter—would spin ten paragraphs out of one.—Oh! a Dare-devil—he told me all the secrets of his Pandemonium. He shewed me his pocket-book—rich lessons of roguery!

Squib. Then he was a rascal.

Captain Noah. He was, he was, Squib; but this must be said in his favour, he had candour enough to *confess* it. No hypocrite, no—no hypocrite. He never wanted a bit of scandal—nor a breakfast—nor a dinner—nor tea—nor supper. He was a pensioner upon almost every profession; he kept his feet dry by puffing a shoemaker; his legs warm by puffing a hosier; his rump and back by puffing a taylor and mercer; his head by puffing a hatter; and, being able to swill porter with the gullet of a whale, he had always a pot ready for his maw, by immortalizing an alehouse. Lord! Lord! he frightened all the actors and actresses out of their senses, and got half their salaries for puffs! And then for the singers, he made their notes tremble again, poor little nightingales!

Squib. A scoundrel!

Capt. Noah. True, Squib—He used to get away all their trinkets from them—watch-seals, rings, etwees, and sometimes a whole watch—orders for the Play and Opera, which he either made presents of for future dinners, or sold for ready money.

Squib. A villain!

Capt. Noah. True, Squib—He never wanted news at a pinch; would spring from Dan to Beersheba in a twinkling. To enliven the paper, he would fly to Constantinople, rouse the Janissaries, hang up a Bashaw of three tails, poison the grand Mufti, set fire to the Seraglio, make the Ladies scamper forth in their smocks, and the Grand Signor run, like a lamplighter, in his shirt.

Squib. Fie! Captain Noah.

Capt. Noah. True as the gospel, Squib—At another

time he would jump to Algiers, put out the eyes of a young Dey, step a hundred miles into the country that refused tribute, and bring home a hundred hogsheads of ears—step away into Egypt, and overturn a pyramid with an earthquake—then hey for Smyrna, and kill a million or two with a plague.

Squib. Captain Noah! Captain Noah!

Capt. Noah. True, Squib—If he wanted a piece of Indian news—*presto,* begone! He murdered a whole ship's crew in the Straits of Malacca—put a ship, for a fortnight, on her beam ends, in the Straits of Sundy—then faced about to Bengal and Madras; hopped to Seringapatam, shook down the palace about Tippoo's ears, tumbled Tippoo over the Gauts, and put out his eyes amongst the Mahrattas.

Squib. Shameful, Captain!

Capt. Noah. All his own confessions, Squib—Then he would set off for Bombay, sink the island of Elephanta in a volcano, dart through the Straits to Babelmandel, cut through the Red-Sea, murder a few hordes of Arabs on the banks, demolish Suez, dash through the Desert, plunge into the Mediterranean, and set all the islands of the Archipelago in open rebellion.

Squib. O! Captain.

Capt. Noah. True, Squib—if he wanted to *fill* up, and wished for a bit of news from Jamaica, he would conjure up his old friend, the Yellow-Fever, and lay you dead thirty thousand pounds-worth of officers in one room—set the council, assembly, and governor by the ears, and transfer the seat of government from Spanish-Town to Kingston—hop up amongst the Blue Mountains, infect young King Cudjoe with rebellion, and give the island to the Negroes.

Squib. Captain Noah, fie!

Capt. Noah. True, Squib—A rare fellow! He put a fine parcel of money into the pockets of the Proprietors—quite a Filch! Oh a blessed babe of grace! Did a family refuse to take in the Paper, to which he

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was a hack, he would make the father a bankrupt, the mother a bawd, the sons swindlers, and the daughters bastards, big with child by the footmen or stable-boys.

Squib. Such a fellow ought to be hanged, my dear fellow.

Capt. Noah. He *did*, Squib—If an author did not advertise in his Paper, he was sure to be loaded with abuse—was a dull hound—a thief. Then, as for scandal, he would invent a vile tale—put it into his Paper, get the abused parties about him—It could not be helped, he had a handsome sum for inserting it. He must *live*—family of children—hard times—Open to all parties—nothing could be fairer; but if an answer were wished, it should be put in. Well, an answer is inserted—he answers the answer with blacker inventions; goes to the house of the scandalized party, sympathises, promises, dines, sups, tries to debauch the wife or daughter, empties their pockets, moves off, and laughs at *them* as fools for not suspecting *him* to be a villain!

Squib. Is it possible?

Capt. Noah. Yes, very possible, Squib.—It is surprising that Justice Colquhoun, who has written so much upon *abuse*, should omit this *Giant* of nuisances, this plague to society; but he was afraid, afraid, I suppose, of being stung to death by a hornet or two.

THE STARLING.

Sterne.

BESHREW the *sombre* pencil! said I, vauntingly, for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself,

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and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not a man which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice, which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without farther attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and, looking up, I saw it was a Starling hung in a little cage.—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the Starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the Starling.—God help thee, said I; but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get at the door;—it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open, without pulling it to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—"No," said the Starling—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the Starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened: nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew

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all my systematic reasoning upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I,—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess! addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change—no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent—Grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as a companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

THE CAPTIVE.

Idem.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—

—I took a single captive, and having first shut him

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up in a dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice: his children—

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of those little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle —He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter his soul —I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Hardy.

TWICE had the sun gone down on the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre: death held his sceptre over the Son of God: still and silent the hours passed on: the guards stood by their post:

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the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears: the enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow; the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspence to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God! At length the morning star arising in the east, announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken, an angel of God descended—the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground; "his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was white as snow;" he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh from the tomb—with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength. It is thy prince, O Zion! Christian it is your Lord! he hath trodden the wine-press alone, he hath stained his raiment with blood; but now, as the first-born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave—he returns with blessings from the world of spirits—he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious—it was the jubilee of the universe! The morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy! The Father of mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his world restored; he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice, the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dew of heaven for the refreshing of the nations.

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THE STROLLING PLAYER.

Goldsmith.

I AM fond of amusement, in whatever company it is to be found; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St. James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who staid, seemed by their looks, rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions; and, at last, ventured upon conversation. "I beg pardon," Sir, cried I, "but I think I have seen you before; your face is familiar to me." "Yes, Sir," replied he, "I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England, as the dromedary, or live crocodile. You must understand, Sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merry Andrew to a puppet-show; last Bartholomew fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted: he to sell his puppets to the pincushion-makers in Rosemary Lane, and I to starve in St. James's Park."

"I am sorry, Sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties." "O, Sir, returned he, "my appearance is very much at your service; but, though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier: if I had twenty thousand a year, I should be very merry; and, thank the Fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have three-pence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three-halfpence; and, if I have no money, I

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never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, Sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now, and I will treat you again when I find you in the Park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner."

As I never refuse a small expence for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse; and, in a few moments, had a frothing tankard, and a smoaking steak, spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. "I like this dinner, Sir," says he, "for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing; no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay."

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough; "and yet Sir," returns he, "bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. O the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We beggars are the very foundlings of Nature; the rich she treats like an errant step-mother; they are pleased with nothing: cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough; dress it up with pickles—even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar; Calvert's butt out-tastes champaigne, and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels tokay. Joy, joy, my blood! though our estates lie no where, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an innundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content; I have no lands there; if the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness; I am no Jew."

The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances; and I intreated, that he would indulge

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my desire.—"That I will, Sir," said he, "and welcome; only let us drink to prevent our sleeping; let us have another tankard while we are awake; let us have another tankard: for ah! how charming a tankard looks when full!

"You must know, then, that I am very well descended: my ancestors have made some noise in the world; for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum: I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot shew so respectable a genealogy; but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of drummer to a puppet-show. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and King Solomon in all his glory. But, though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music; so, at the age of sixteen, I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman; besides, I was obliged to obey my captain; he has his will, I have mine, and you have yours: now I very reasonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

"The life of a soldier soon, therefore, gave me the spleen; I asked leave to quit the service; but, as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was (Sir, my service to you), and those who are fond of drinking never pay for other people's discharges: in short, he never answered my

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letter. What could be done? If I have not money, said I to myself, to pay for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way: and that must be by running away. I deserted, and that answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

"Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment; I sold my soldier's clothes, bought worse, and, in order, not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the Parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance; I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off; but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked an hundred questions; as, whose son I was; from whence I came; and whether I would be faithful. I answered him greatly to his satisfaction; and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety (Sir, I have the honour of drinking your health), discretion and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months; we did not much like each other: I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat; I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them, I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder; I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid; I emptied every unfinished bottle that I could lay my hands on; whatever eatable came in my way was sure to disappear; in short, they found I would not do; so I was discharged one morning, and paid three shillings and six-pence for two months wages.

"While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure: two

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hens were hatching in an out-house; I went and habitually took the eggs, and not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money; and, with my knapsack on my back, and a staff in my hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house, when I heard behind me the cry of Stop thief! but this only increased my dispatch; it would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. But hold—I think I passed those two months at the curate's without drinking. Come, the times are dry, and may this be my poison, if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months in all my life!

"Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon but a company of strolling players? The moment I saw them at a distance, my heart warmed to them; I had a sort of natural love for every thing of the vagabond order: they were employed in settling their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way. I offered my assistance, which they accepted; and we soon became so well acquainted, that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me; they sung, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the Mirabels, I thought I had never lived till then; I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them; I was a very good figure, as you see; and, though I was poor, I was not modest.

"I love a straggling life above all things in the world; sometimes good, sometimes bad; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow; to eat when one can get it, and drink when (the tankard is out) it stands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenterden, and took a large room at the Greyhound; where we resolved to exhibit Romeo and Juliet, with the funeral procession,

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the grave, and the garden scene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane; Juliet by a lady who never appeared on any stage before; and I was to snuff the candles; all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet's petticoat and pall; a pestle and mortar from a neighbouring apothecary's, answered all the purposes of a bell; and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety: I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction: the whole audience were enchanted with our powers; and Tenterden is a town of taste.

"There is one rule by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life, is not playing; nor is it what people come to see: natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please the town or country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling sickness: that is the way to work for applause, that is the way to gain it.

"As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself: I snuffed the candles, and, let me tell you, that, without a candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable

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houses; but the evening before our intended departure, we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices; when, behold, one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company; they were resolved to go, in a body, to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that, too, of a disorder that threatened to be expensive: I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate; they accepted my offer; and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand, and a tankard before me (Sir, your health), and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

"I found my memory excessively helped by drinking: I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bid adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that Nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together in order to rehearse, and I informed my companions, masters now no longer, of the surprising change I felt within me. Let the sick man, said I, be under no uneasiness to get well again; I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction; he may even die if he thinks proper; I'll engage that he shall never be missed. I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself, that, as I brought money to the house, I ought to have my share in the profits. Gentlemen, said I, addressing our company, I don't pretend to direct you; far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude: you have published my name in the bills, with the utmost good-nature; and, as affairs stand, cannot act without me: so, gentlemen, to shew you my gratitude, I expect to

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be paid for my acting as much as any of you, otherwise I declare off; I'll brandish my snuffers, and clip candles as usual. This was a very disagreeable proposal; but they found that it was impossible to refuse it; it was irresistible, it was adamant: they consented, and I went on in king Bajazet. My frowning brows, bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captived arms I brandished a jack-chain. Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part; I was tall, and had a loud voice; my very entrance excited universal applause; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses (the tankard is almost out) of brandy. By Alla! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it; Tamerlane was but a fool to me; though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he: but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance: in general I kept my arms folded up thus, upon the pit of my stomach; it is the way at Drury-Lane, and has always a fine effect. The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits: in short, I came off like a prodigy; and such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success; one praised my voice, another my person: Upon my word, says the 'squire's lady, he will make one of the finest actors in Europe; I say it, and I think I am something of a judge.—— Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour: but, when it comes in great quantities, we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort: instead of thanking them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time; we obeyed, and I was applauded even more than before.

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"At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenterden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. Come let us drink their healths, if you please, Sir. We quitted the town, I say; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out: I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it an hero!—Such is the world! little to-day, and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject; something truly sublime upon the ups and downs of fortune; but it would give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

"The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company; however, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first actor in Europe, had my growing merit been properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly frost which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair; all the country ladies were charmed: if I but drew out my snuff-box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

"There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London; and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits; every body praised me; yet she refused at first going to see me perform: she could not conceive, she said, any thing but stuff from a stroller; talked something in praise of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadences. She was at last, however, prevailed

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upon to go: and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition: however, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom, as usual at Drury-Lane; but, instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff—the lady was solemn, and so were the rest. I broke the cudgel on alderman Smuggler's back—still gloomy, melancholy all; the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders. I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile;—but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy: I found it would not do; all my good humour now became forced; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning; and, while I pretended spirits, my eye shewed the agony of my heart. In short, the lady came with the intention to be displeased, and displeased she was; my fame expired; I am here, and—(the tankard is no more!")

FEELING AND FORTITUDE.

Frere.

THE man blessed with a feeling heart, yet deprived of a firm mind, like the precious, but pliant, full-eared corn, bends at every pressure, is the sport of every breath: the callous-hearted man, whatever be his mental powers, resembles the colossal, marble column; we admire its strength and shape; but from its cold touch and shelterless capital, we turn to the leafy

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bower and to the warm cottage. He, alone, is perfect in his nature, whose energies of mind are tempered by the softer feelings; he then receives, uncorrupted, the sun of prosperity; and though often exposed to, is never borne down by, the blast of adverse fortune: he bears about him, for himself, and for others, every flower that sweetens the path of life—every fruit that invigorates him cheerfully.

THE CRIMINAL.

Idem.

TALK not to him of better days. Can all the drops of heaven restore to vegetation a withered tree? Can the shrouded corpse feel pride in the gay trappings of the living? The hollow moanings of the wind; the thickest glooms of night are more congenial to the miserable.—Rejoice, ye light-hearted; because innocent, rejoice! The flowery way, the sunny path, the smilingly-inviting perspective are yours.—But the remorse-struck, broken-hearted criminal can only view about him the pall, the winding-sheet, the coffin, and the grave.

YOUTHFUL IMPRUDENCE.

A TALE.

Miss St. Leger.

SERENA GRANVILLE, with a figure lovely as if formed by the fingers of Love, possessed a mind fraught with every accomplishment, of the most refined and delicate taste. To these beauties she added

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the fascinating charms of a faultless temper, and a height of spirits, sometimes arising almost to an excess. Whenever she moved, she attracted and fixed the wandering eyes of the beholders; whenever she spoke, she enchanted the senses, and won the hearts of her hearers. Among the train of her numerous admirers, none shone so greatly pre-eminent, for the graces of his figure, and the beauties of his mind, as the youthful Frederick Cavendish. The soul of Serena was above affectation. She despised the cruel despotism of tyrannizing over a generous heart; and she hesitated not to confess the power which he possessed in her bosom. For family-reasons, two months were to elapse before the day could be appointed for their union. During the intermediate time, a party was formed for the theatre: Cavendish held a commission in the guards; and, some unexpected military business occurring, it prevented him from attending his fair *Amante* to Drury-Lane. But Lady Granville wished not to be disappointed; and therefore, with her daughter, and niece Julia Cecil, she went alone. During the play, Miss Cecil observed an elegant young man, in naval uniform, enter the next box: she pointed him out to Serena, whose eyes encountered his as she gazed on his lovely countenance. The accident embarrassed her, and she hastily looked down. At the *finale* of the after-piece, a gentleman entered their box; who, suddenly springing from his seat, and stretching over, shook the young officer cordially by the hand, exclaiming—"Ha, Richard Wade! what brought you here? Where are you?"—"At St. James's Hotel, where I hope you will sup with me." His friend consented, and they both sprung out of the box. "A young puppy!" exclaimed Serena, "not to give us one parting glance!"—"Never mind," interrupted her cousin; "they are not worth wishing for."

When the two girls arrived at home, and had entered their own chamber, from a critique on the merits of

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the actors, their discourse fell, insensibly, on the charms of the graceful sailor. They admired his uncommon beauty; and laughed at each other, for the little notice which he appeared to have taken of either. "I would venture my life," cried Serena, "that he is a conceited fellow; a creature who can admire none but himself. I have a strong inclination to play him a trick."—"How do you mean? You do not know him."—"That is of no consequence. I will write to him, that I am violently in love with him, &c. &c. subscribe a false name; and desire him to direct to the Salopian Coffee-house, where my servant shall call for his reply."—"Good heavens, Serena! what an instantaneous arrangement! You are surely not serious?"—"Yes, serious as when I shall give my hand to Frederick, and vow to be his for ever. I will write the letter this moment." She seized a pen, and immediately began to scribble. Julia was thunder-struck. "What is your intention? The young man will certainly answer your letter."—"That is what I want. I will reply again; and so on, till I have worked him up almost to madness with curiosity! and then I throw away my quill, and leave him, like an amazed knight, dropped by the furies in a wilderness. Discovery is impossible."

When she had finished her epistle, she read it to her friend. It contained an eloquent avowal of a fervent attachment, which she could no longer conceal; that her heart, hand, and fortune, waited his acceptance; and that she should anticipate, with trembling anxiety, his reply, addressed to Miss Lucretia Manners, to be left at the Salopian Coffee-house. In vain were all the remonstrances of Miss Cecil against the imprudence and danger of this scheme. Her cousin persisted in her design; declaring, that it was only a frolic; and there could no evil consequences ensue, as he could never find them out; and they would surely not be such fools as to betray their own secret. Accordingly,

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the next morning, she sent off her *billet-doux*, directed to Richard Wade, Esq. St. James's Hotel.

The following day, at noon, she ordered her servant to call at the Salopian, and enquire for a letter, addressed as she had desired. The two girls, from different motives, were equally anxious for the return of the footman. At last he entered, and gave into the impatient hands of his young lady the wished-for scroll. When he left the room, she tore open the seal, and perused, with a greedy eye; then read, with a voice almost suffocated with laughter, a long string of rhapsodies. He commenced with an inundation of praises of the generosity of her disposition, that could so nobly burst through the disgraceful shackles bound round her sex, by the united efforts of all mankind, to render him happy by the confession of a passion so flattering to his warmest wishes. He concluded by saying, that if the beauty of her person but half equalled the charms of the mind which dictated her letter, he should for ever esteem it the most blissful moment of his life that presented him to her view. He ended by requesting an immediate interview. Serena was mad with joy at the success of her plot; and instantly sat down to scribble an answer. Julia again urged her to desist; but all to no purpose: she would plague him yet a little longer. In this imprudent conduct she continued for near a fortnight, writing and receiving letters every day; and, in almost every one of them, inventing new excuses for denying a personal conversation. Richard Wade's impatience, in each succeeding epistle, increased so much, that she could hardly find reasons for her refusals, which could appear of any consequence, as in his replies he had arguments to combat, and conquer them all. Miss Cecil grew more alarmed; and begged her, for Heaven's sake, to give it up; for she dreaded the most disagreeable effects, should it be discovered: but Serena was obstinate, declared that it was impossible, and continued the correspondence.

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One morning, when Miss Granville sat alone in the drawing-room, waiting the return of her servant from the Salopian, she insensibly fell into a reverie; and, leaning her blooming cheek on her white arm, which rested on the sopha, her thoughts wandered from the anticipation of that day which was soon to give her to her dear Frederick, to the elegant sailor, and his disappointment, when she should drop answering his letters. At this moment, the gentle Cavendish entered; he had stolen the first instant from military duty, to spend a few blissful minutes in the society of his adored Serena. He approached her unperceived; and, tenderly taking her hand, in a voice, sweet as the softest sigh of love, demanded what was the subject of her reflections. She started at the sound of his loved accents, and blushed at the question. The idea that any other man than himself should for one instant possess her thoughts, struck a chill to her heart: the vivid glow of shame, which diffused itself over her cheek, flashed a ray of truth on her understanding; and her soul acknowledged, with gratitude and self-reproach, the rejected remonstrances of her friend. As the heavenly orbs of Frederick were bent on her's with ineffable tenderness, he beheld, with wonder and anguish, the confusion into which his question appeared to have thrown her. "Have I given you pain, my Serena? I was impertinent; but, believe me, I did not intend it. Will you pardon me?" He pressed her hand, to give force to his asseveration. "I have nothing to pardon; you did not hurt me: I was only ashamed to speak the truth; for I was really thinking of nothing." She blushed still deeper, as she uttered this falsehood, and cast her eyes down to conceal her embarrassment. The penetrating orbs of Cavendish were fixed on her face: he observed its changes with unaccountable anguish; and unconsciously dropping her hand, with a deep sigh, rose from his chair, and advanced to the window. At this instant, the door burst open, and a young man

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rushing in, flung himself at the feet of Miss Granville, exclaiming—"Have I found you, my mysterious love! By Heaven, no earthly power shall tear your lovely form from this faithful bosom!" Suddenly rising, he clasped her to his breast. Cavendish, who stood petrified with astonishment and indignation, now rushed forward; and, seizing Wade by the arm, rudely pulled him from his hold, and demanded who he was, "This lady's lover and protector, Sir," replied he in a threatening tone. Serena, wild and dumb with terror, threw herself into the arms of Frederick; who, smothering his passion, cried—"You are certainly mad, Sir! This is a woman of virtue, and my betrothed wife; I therefore desire you to leave this house instantly." "No, Sir, I shall not, without she accompanies me. I have letters under her own hand, declaring her love for me, and her abhorrence of all other men. She will not deny it; but you, I suppose, are the persecuting coward she complains of." The azure eyes of Cavendish flashed all heaven's lightnings; he cast the frantic Serena from his arm; and rushing forward—"Intruding, insolent villain! your blood shall blot the falsehood." So saying, he drew, and made a furious pass at him with his sword. Wade expected it; and, parrying the thrust, made a lounge at him, and ran him through the side. The unfortunate Frederick fell; while he advanced to Serena, who stood rivetted like a statue of Despair. "Come, my Lucretia! let us fly this place, my life is in danger." "Monster! murderer!" screamed she; and, giving him a violent push from her, threw him to the ground, and flew shrieking out of the room. In his fall, he stumbled over a part of the carpet, and fell on the point of Frederick's sword, as it leaned against the lifeless form of its owner. Before he could recover himself, it ran him quite through the thigh; and he dropped, bleeding and faint, beside the body of him he had slain. All the horrors of his situation rushed on his mind. He

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knew not him he had killed—perhaps an injured man; and he had forfeited his own life for, perhaps, an abandoned woman!

In a few minutes, the room was crowded with people. Julia flew into the apartment; and, seeing the breathless form of Cavendish on the floor, and near him the young sailor bleeding to death, an explanation of the whole affair rushed on her memory. She flung herself between the two bodies; and, tearing off her white drapery, attempted to staunch the wounds of both; while she besought, for God's sake, that some one would fly for a surgeon. Her commands were instantly obeyed. Serena was held in a state of madness at the door, by her mother and two servants, begging that she might be suffered to go in, and die on the bosom of her Frederick. The surgeon arriving, ordered her to her chamber—to which she was hurried, raving of her folly and misery—and immediately proceeded to the assistance of the two unfortunate officers. Mr. Wade was yet sensible; the bandages of Miss Cecil had stopped the effusion of blood: but poor Cavendish lay without motion or sensation. As the surgeon advanced to the side of the young sailor, he by a strong exertion repulsed him, and begged that he would first examine the wound of his antagonist, which he hoped was not mortal. Mr. A—— obeyed his desires; and, ordering the servants to lay Mr. Cavendish on the sopha, commanded every one, but his own assistants, to quit the room. When the surgeon had examined and dressed the wounds of the young men, he saw them carefully put to bed, and ordered them to be kept in profound quiet. As he was going down stairs, Lady Granville, in a state of distraction, sent for him into her *boudoir*, and intreated him to tell her if there were any hopes of Mr. Cavendish. Mr. A—— said he would not flatter her: his wound was not mortal: but his loss of blood had been so great, that the most fatal consequences might be expected. "But the other gen-

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tleman (continued he), if he is kept free from a fever, will certainly recover." "The other gentleman (replied she), I know nothing about. Indeed, I am ignorant of the whole affair. My daughter flew into my chamber, screaming—"He is killed! Cavendish is killed!" and this is all I know of the terrible scene, as she has ever since been in a state of delirium. At these words, the physician, who had been sent for to Serena, while Mr. A—— was with her lover, entered the room, and told Lady Granville that her daughter was in a high fever, and must be kept composed, else he could not answer for her life.

In this state of distress and anxiety things continued for three days. Miss Cecil, who knew well the thoughtless transaction of her cousin, imagined too truly the cause of this fatal catastrophe; and while all the parties yet lived, she earnestly sought an opportunity of explaining so sad a mystery. She tenderly loved her friend; she mourned the wild vivacity of disposition that had seduced her into so imprudent an action; and her heart was wrung with agony for her present, and, if she lived, future sufferings. The insinuating gentleness of Frederick Cavendish had made too deep an impression on her esteem, not to draw down the bitter tears from her eyes, when she contemplated his unhappy fate. But the beautiful, the deceived Wade! when his lovely idea shot across her distracted fancy, her whole soul was torn with torture: the thought of his dying, of his recovering, and of that recovery's disgraceful, horrid consequences, almost bereft her of her reason; and, impelled by the anguish of the moment, she flew to the entrance of his apartment, with what design she knew not. As she gently opened the door, she found that he was in a profound slumber; and, commanding the nurse to go and lay down for a few hours, promised to watch by her charge till her return. She remained near half an hour in the room; when Richard awaking from his sleep, and heaving a deep

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sigh, stretched forth his arm and drew aside the curtain. When his dark eyes met those of Miss Cecil, he felt an unusual emotion at his breast; an emotion of gratitude, hope, and dread. She arose; and, gently advancing nearer to him, inquired in a trembling voice —which too plainly expressed the interest which she took in his situation—how he found himself. He replied, that he was better than he wished to be; for the feelings of his mind were more than he could endure with fortitude. "If my adversary dies," continued he, "and I survive, even should I escape the punishment of the law, I shall ever be wretched at the recollection of so dreadful an effect of my credulity and rashness." He was proceeding to give Miss Cecil a narrative of the correspondence between him and Miss Granville; first, expressing his anxiety and doubts about the mystery which enveloped the whole affair; when Julia interrupted him, by saying, that she knew it too well, and long ago had warned her cousin of its evil effects. "But," continued she, "had I felt the most distant foreboding of this its fatal conclusion, I would have used commands instead of entreaties, to have stopped the deception." "Deception! How, Madam, was it a deception? Surely I am a stranger to your friend! What could be her meaning?" "An idle frolic, without design or end, but to entertain herself. She thought to amuse her whimsical moments with an adventure, which certainly was innocent, though imprudent. She conceived that she could lay it aside whenever she pleased; but, alas! how agonizingly otherwise has been its termination!"—"Agonizing indeed! Most probably, she has rendered both her own heart and mine miserable for life. Horrid as must be my feelings, yet how much more racking must be hers, when she recollects, that it was her conduct that put the sword in my hand, and plunged it into the bosom of her affianced husband! Could she imagine, that any man would receive such letters as

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those which she wrote to me, and not feel his whole soul fired with curiosity? At least, the impetuosity of *my* nature spurned at restraint; and my impatience hurried me to the coffee-house, where I watched till her servant called for my letter: when he returned home, I followed him; and these, these, are the overwhelming consequences!" His strength was exhausted, and he sunk back on his pillow. Julia, conscious that she was hurting the man, for whom—the feelings of her heart too forcibly told her—she felt that in reality which her cousin so fatally feigned, hastily arose; and, entreating him to compose his mind, said she would snatch the first opportunity to impart the truth of the melancholy story to Cavendish; whose principal danger, she believed, rested on the tortured state of his spirit. He caught her hand; and, fervently pressing it, she darted out of the room, the soft touch of his hand thrilling to her inmost soul. In the evening, she sent up her affectionate compliments to Mr. Cavendish; and, if he would admit her, she would be happy to watch an hour by him alone. He replied, that he wished much to see her. She ascended the stairs, her heart beating with hope and fear of the effects of what she was going to reveal. When she entered his chamber, and drew near his bed, she beheld the late blooming Frederick pale as marble: the effulgent lustre of his azure eye was almost extinguished: the last gleams of its fading light seemed resting on the dark horizon of death, as if to take a last view of the world, and sink for ever. He laid his burning hand on hers; and gazed at her with an expression that needed no explanation; it penetrated to her heart, and she burst into tears. Recovering herself, she said, "Mr. Cavendish, will you—can I hope for your pardon? I have been, in a great part, the cause of the dismal scene that is now before me." "You, Julia! How? For Heaven's sake, explain; and either dissipate my suspicions, or convince me they are true, and end my

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tortures by killing me. O! is Serena unworthy of my love?" Miss Cecil with a faltering voice, interrupted by many showers of tears, revealed the whole transaction; only a little altering the truth, by as much as possible meliorating the folly of her friend, and taking the blame on herself. When she ended, the dejected orbs of Frederick beamed with renovated radiance; he clasped his hands in an extasy of joy. "O! my God, I thank thee! Julia, my kind friend! fly to my unhappy Serena; tell her that I forgive her; speak peace to her suffering soul; and tell her to live for me. To know that my dear girl is innocent, and yet fondly loves me, has infused new life into my dying frame. Fly, my dear Julia, and render your sweet friend as happy as myself!" She rose, her eyes overflowing with tears of rapture; and, advancing to the door, turned back two or three steps, and faintly breathed, in a trembling voice, "And may I not also tell the unfortunate Wade, that you forgive the rashness which, in endangering your existence, has brought himself to the verge of the grave?" "Yes, Julia; tell him every thing that you would wish me to say."

Julia flew to the chamber of Miss Granville; her delirium was subsided; but it had left on her languid frame a slow fever, and on her mind a deep and settled melancholy. Miss Cecil, with some difficulty, gained her cousin's attention. Notwithstanding her utmost precaution, the unexpected and blissful intelligence rendered her almost frantic with joy. Nothing now was wanting, but the recovery of all parties, to make them perfectly happy. A few weeks gave once more strength to their limbs, and beauty to their features: Health cast her dazzling rays around their forms; so powerful an effect had the serenity of their minds over the composure of their frames. Frederick Cavendish, and Richard Wade, entered the drawing-room together. Serena, overwhelmed with consciousness, burst into tears, and flung herself on the breast of her cousin.

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Her lover flew forward: and gently raising her from her bosom, encircled his graceful arms around her yielding waist; and, while his tears mingled with hers, imprinted the hallowed kiss of pardon and affection on her trembling lips.

The sympathizing heart of Julia heaved almost to bursting, and the lucid drops of extatic emotion fell on her ivory arms; when the well-known touch of the soft hand of Richard Wade, roused her from her blissful trance. She raised her swimming eyes, and beheld the man whom she adored kneeling at her feet. His eloquent eyes spoke a thousand tender things; his tongue could only utter, "Beloved Julia!" The crimson blush of delight and confusion suffused her face and panting bosom. She felt sick; and fell, almost fainting, on the arm of the sopha. "Are you offended?" asked he, in a scarcely articulate voice. "O, no!" was all she could utter, as she gently returned the fervent pressure of his hand.

A week after this happy ecclaircissement gave the hand of Serena to Frederick Cavendish; and that of Julia to the enraptured Richard Wade.

I shall not attempt to point out the moral of this little tale; it is too obvious to require an explanation. I shall only add, that as imprudence is almost a constant property of youth, it is a frailty of disposition which ought to be most carefully corrected. A little reflection will convince the mind, that from the slightest failures on that side, the greatest and most dreadful consequences have frequently proceeded.

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SUPERFICIAL OBSERVERS.

Watts.

THERE are some persons that never arrive at any deep, solid, or valuable knowledge, in any science, or any business of life, because they are perpetually fluttering over the surface of things, in a curious or wandering search of infinite variety; ever hearing, reading, or asking after something new, but impatient of any labour to lay up and preserve the ideas they have gained; their souls may be compared to a looking-glass, that wheresoever you turn it, it receives the images of all objects, but retains none.

THE WHISTLE.

Franklin.

WHEN I was a child, at seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle* that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried

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with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle*; and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

When I saw any one too ambitious of court-favour, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect; *He pays, indeed,* says I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth; *Poor man,* says I, *you indeed pay too much for your whistle.*

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations; *Mistaken man,* says I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison; *Alas,* says I, *he has paid dear, very dear for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a husband; *What a pity it is,* says I, *that she has paid so much for a whistle.*

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In short, I perceived that great part of the miseries of mankind, were brought upon them by the false estimate they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whistles.*

ON PLEASURE.

Blair.

AMONG the crowd of amusements, the voluptuary may endeavour to stifle his uneasiness; but through all his defences it will penetrate. A conscious sense of his own insignificance, when he sees others distinguished for acting a manly and worthy part; reflection on the time he has wasted, and the contempt he has incurred; the galling remembrance of his earlier and better days, when he gave the fair promise of accomplishments, which now are blasted, have frequently been found to sadden the festive hour. The noise of merriment may be heard; but heaviness lies at the heart. While the tabret and the viol play, a melancholy voice sounds in his ears. The wasted estate, the neglected halls, and ruined mansions of his father, rise to view. The angry countenances of his friends seem to stare him in the face. A hand appears to come forth on the wall, and to write his doom.

Retreat, then, from your dishonourable courses, ye who by licentiousness, extravagance, and vice, are abusers of the world! You are degrading—you are ruining yourselves. You are grossly misemploying the gifts of God; and the Giver will not fail to punish. Awake to the pursuits of men of virtue and honour. Break loose from that magic circle, within which you are at present held. Reject the poisoned cup which the enchantress Pleasure holds up to your lips. Draw

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aside the veil which she throws over your eyes. You will then see other objects than you now behold. You will see a dark abyss opening below your feet. You will see virtue and temperance marking out the road, which conducts to true felicity. You will be enabled to discern, that the world is enjoyed to advantage, by none but such as follow those divine guides; and who consider pleasure as the seasoning, but not as the business, of life.

THE CHARACTER OF

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Lord Lyttleton.

THE character of this prince has seldom been set in its true light; some eminent writers having been dazzled so much by the more shining parts of it, that they have hardly seen his faults; while others, out of a strong detestation of tyranny, have been unwilling to allow him the praise he deserves.

He may with justice be ranked among the greatest generals any age has produced. There was united in him activity, vigilance, intrepidity, caution, great force of judgment, and never-failing presence of mind. He was strict in his discipline, and kept his soldiers in perfect obedience; yet preserved their affection, Having been, from his very childhood, continually in war, and at the head of armies, he joined to all the capacity that genius could give, all the knowledge and skill that experience could teach, and was a perfect master of the military art, as it was practised in the time wherein he lived.

His constitution enabled him to endure any hardships, and very few were equal to him in persons

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strength, which was an excellence of more importance than it is now, from the manner of fighting then in use. It is said of him, that none except himself could bend his bow.

His courage was heroic, and he possessed it, not only in the field, but (which is more uncommon) in the cabinet, attempting great things with means that to other men appeared totally unequal to such undertakings, and steadily prosecuting what he had boldly resolved, being never disturbed or disheartened by difficulties, in the course of his enterprizes; but having that noble vigour of mind, which, instead of bending to opposition, rises against it, and seems to have a power of controlling and commanding Fortune herself.

Nor was he less superior to pleasure than to fear. No luxury softened him, no riot disordered, no sloth relaxed. It helped not a little to maintain the high respect his subjects had for him, that the majesty of his character was never let down by any incontinence, or indecent excess. His temperance and his chastity were constant guards that secured his mind from all weakness, supported its dignity, and kept it always, as it were, on the throne.

Through his whole life, he had no partner of his bed but his queen; a most extraordinary virtue in one who had lived, even from his earliest youth, amidst all the licence of camps, the allurements of a court, and seductions of sovereign power! Had he kept his oaths to his people, as well as he did his marriage vow, he would have been the best of kings; but he indulged other passions of a worse nature, and infinitely more detrimental to the public than those he restrained. A lust of power, which no regard to justice could limit, the most unrelenting cruelty, and the most insatiable avarice possessed his soul.

It is true, indeed, that among many acts of extreme inhumanity, some shining instances of great clemency

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may be produced, that were either effects of his policy, which taught him the method of acquiring friends, or of his magnanimity, which made him slight a weak and subdued enemy, such as was Edgar Atheling, in whom he found neither spirit nor talents, able to contend with him for the crown. But where he had no advantage nor pride in forgiving, his nature discovered itself to be utterly void of all sense of compassion; and some barbarities, which he committed, exceeded the bounds that even tyrants and conquerors prescribe to themselves.

Most of our ancient historians gave him the character of a very religious prince; but his religion was after the fashion of those times, belief without examination, and devotion without piety. It was a religion that prompted him to endow monasteries, and at the same time allowed him to pillage kingdoms: that threw him on his knees before a relic or cross, but suffered him unrestrained to trample upon the liberties and rights of mankind.

As to his wisdom in government, of which some modern writers have spoken very highly, he was, indeed, so far wise, that, through a long unquiet reign, he knew how to support oppression by terror, and employ the properest means for carrying on a very iniquitous and violent administration. But that which alone deserves the name of wisdom, in the character of a king, the maintaining of authority, by the exercise of those virtues which make the happiness of his people, was what, with all his abilities, he does not appear to have possessed.

Nor did he excel in those soothing and popular arts, which sometimes change the complexion of tyranny, and give it a fallacious appearance of freedom. His government was harsh and despotic, violating even the principles of that constitution which he himself had established. Yet so far he performed the duty of a sovereign, that he took care to maintain a good police

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in his realm; curbing licentiousness with a strong hand, which, in the tumultuous state of his government, was a great and difficult work.

How well he performed it, we may learn even from the testimony of a contemporary Saxon historian, who says, that during his reign, a man might have travelled in perfect security all over the kingdom, with his bosom full of gold; nor durst any kill another, in revenge of the greatest offences, nor offer violence to the chastity of a woman. But it was a poor compensation, that the highways were safe, when the courts of justice were dens of thieves, and when almost every man in authority, or in office, used his power to oppress and pillage the people.

The king himself did not only tolerate, but encourage, support, and even share these extortions. Though the greatness of the ancient landed estate of the crown, and the feudal profits to which he was legally entitled, rendered him one of the richest monarchs in Europe, he was not content with all that opulence; but by authorizing the sheriffs, who collected his revenues in the several counties to practise the most grievous vexations and abuses, for the raising of them higher, by a perpetual auction of the crown lands: so that none of his tenants could be secure of possession, if any other would come and offer more; by various iniquities in the court of Exchequer, which was entirely Norman; by forfeitures wrongfully taken; and, lastly, by arbitrary and illegal taxations, he drew into his treasury much too great a proportion of the wealth of his kingdom.

It must, however, be owned, that if his avarice was insatiably and unjustly rapacious, it was not meanly parsimonious, nor of that sordid kind, which brings on a prince dishonour and contempt. He supported the dignity of his crown with a decent magnificence, and though he never was lavish, he sometimes was liberal, more especially to his soldiers and to the church. But

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looking on money as a necessary means of maintaining and increasing power, he desired to accumulate as much as he could, rather, perhaps, from an ambitious than a covetous nature; at least his avarice was subservient to his ambition, and he laid up wealth in his coffers, as he did arms in his magazines, to be drawn out, when any proper occasion required it, for the defence and enlargement of his dominions.

Upon the whole, he had many great qualities, but few virtues; and if those actions which most particularly distinguish the man or the king are impartially considered, we shall find, that in his character, there is much to admire, but still more to abhor.

THE BIRTH OF SENSIBILITY.

Anonymous.

ONE beautiful serene summer evening, after rambling in a grove of laurels till the lamp of night arose and gilded the objects around me, I seated myself on the banks of a winding river. A weeping-willow spread over me its branches, which, drooping, swept the stream. An antique tower, partly in ruins, mantled in ivy, and surrounded with yew and cypress, was the only building to be seen.

I had been reading a melancholy tale, which, in strong colours, impressed itself on my memory, and led me to reflect on the strange pleasure we sometimes feel in perusing the most tragical story. "What," said I, "can occasion it? Can the human heart delight in the misfortunes of another? Forbid it, Heaven!" My eyes were fixed on the surface of the water: the soft beams of Luna sported on the waves; all Nature seemed hushed to repose: when a gentl

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slumber stole over my senses, and methought a being, of an angelic form, seated herself beside me. A mantle, of the palest sapphire, hung over her shoulders to the ground; auburn hair fell in waving curls on her fine neck; and a white veil, almost transparent, shaded her face: as she lifted it up, she sighed, and continued for some moments silent. Never did I behold a countenance so delicate; and, notwithstanding a smile played upon her coral lips, her lovely blue eyes were surcharged with tears, and resembled violets dropping with dew. Beneath her veil she wore a wreath of jasmine and mingled amaranths.

"Wonder not," said she, in accents soft as the breath of Zephyr, "that a state of woe can please. I am called Sensibility, and have been from infancy your constant companion. My sire was Humanity, and my Mother Sympathy. I (the offspring of their loves) was born in a cavern, overshadowed by myrtles and orange trees, at the foot of Parnassus, and consigned to the care of Melpomene, who fed me with honey from Hybla, and lulled me to rest with plaintive songs and melancholy music. On one side of the cavern ran a stream from Helicon, and in the trees around it the doves and nightingales built their nests. I make it my sole care to augment the felicity of some favoured mortals, who, nevertheless, repine at my influence, and would gladly be under the dominion of Apathy. Alas! how inconsiderate! If the rose has thorns, has it not a vermeil tincture and ambrosial sweetness? If the woodbine droops, laden with the dew-drops of the morning, when the sun has exhaled them, will it not be refreshed, and breathe richer fragrance? So if a heart be touched with a story of distress, it will at the same time experience delightful sensations. If the tears often flow, say, can you call it weakness? Can you wish to be divested of this genuine test of tenderness, and desire the departure of Sensibility?"

—"Ah! no, fair nymph!—still deign to be my at-

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tendant: teach me to sigh with the wretched, and with the happy to rejoice. I am now sensible that the pleasure which arises from the legends of Sorrow, owes its origin to the certain knowledge that our hearts are not callous to the finer feelings; but that we have some generous joys, and generous cares, beyond ourselves!"

Scarcely had I pronounced these words, when the loud tolling of the village bell broke the fetters in which Morpheus had bound me, and dispelled the airy illusion.

THE FEMALE SEX DESCRIBED.

St. Pierre.

AH! how little acquainted are they with the laws of Nature, who, in their opinion of the two sexes, look for nothing further than the pleasures of sense! They are only culling the flowers of life, without once tasting its fruit. The fair sex!—that is the phrase of our men of pleasure; women are known to them under no other idea. But the sex is fair only to persons who have no other faculty except that of eye-sight. Besides this, it is (to those who have a heart) the creative sex, which, at the peril of life, carries man for nine months in the womb: and the cherishing sex, which suckles him, and cherishes him in infancy. It is the pious sex, which conducts him to the altar while he is yet a child, and teaches him to draw in, with the milk of the breast, the love of religion, which the cruel policy of men would frequently render odious to him. It is the pacific sex, which sheds not the blood of a fellow-creature; the sympathizing sex, which ministers to the sick, and handles without hurting them!

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JUSTICE VANQUISHING THE FORCE OF NATURE.

A PERSIAN TALE.

Addison.

A PERSIAN monarch, highly celebrated for humanity, had his army encamped upon the plains of Avala; and one day, as he was walking unattended by his guards, he was accosted by a peasant, who appeared to be labouring under affliction.

The man, after apologizing for the temerity of his conduct, briefly informed the Sultan of the injury he had sustained: and, after expatiating upon the beauty and fidelity of his wife, told him that an officer had forcibly entered his dwelling, and, after driving him from the presence of the object of his affection, had compelled her to listen to his illicit love.

The Sultan, shocked at this instance of depravity, instantly resolved to punish the perpetrator of it; but as the man was not able to identify the person of the aggressor, it was necessary to act with caution and circumspection. After assuring the peasant that he would avenge the injury he had sustained, and make an example of the man who had destroyed his repose, he desired him not to mention the affair to any one; but if the officer presumed to repeat his visits, instantly to fly to him for protection.

Satisfied with this assurance of his Sovereign's favour, the poor man gratefully retired; and as several days elapsed without his receiving any molestation, he began to fear that he should not be able to discover his insidious rival. At length, however, he perceived him enter, and again he was banished from his peaceful home. But instead of wandering round the spot

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which contained his treasure, and lamenting his inability to rescue her from his power, he flew to the Sultan, and besought relief. The guards were instantly ordered to attend, and the humane Sultan headed the band. When they arrived at the scene of injustice and oppression, the Sultan ordered the lights to be extinguished, and the soldiers forcibly to enter the dwelling, and to sacrifice the victim of unlawful passion!

During the time that this act of justice was performing, the Sultan appeared in the greatest agitation; and as soon as he was informed that the deed was perpetrated, he ordered the flambeaus to be re-lighted, and he entered the house. He approached the corpse with fearful and trembling steps, and it was some moments before he was able to turn his eyes towards it. At length he caught an imperfect glimpse of the features, which seemed to re-animate his breast with joy, and he desired the lights might be brought nearer. No sooner did he take a complete view of the body, than he fell prostrate before it, with an appearance of adoration; and after remaining for some time in the most fervent prayer, he arose with a countenance placid and resigned.

The guards, who had remained transfixed with astonishment during this extraordinary instance of their Sovereign's religious homage, were still more surprized at hearing him request the peasant to set before him whatever food his cottage might afford, and to see him eat the coarsest fare with all the keenness of the most voracious hunger, and with as much apparent relish, as if it had been composed of the greatest dainties.

The peasant, emboldened by this wonderful condescension in a person of such exalted dignity, ventured to ask the reason of the extraordinary scene he had witnessed; when the Sultan, laying aside all appearance of distinction, replied to the interrogation in the following words:

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"Upon hearing of the greatness of the offence which had been committed by an officer in my army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own sons, believing that none other would have ventured to have been so audacious and presumptuous! I gave orders, therefore, for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray by partiality or compassion from doing an act of justice on an offending criminal. Upon re-lighting the flambeaus, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and, to my unspeakable joy, I found it was *not* my son. It was for this reason I involuntarily fell upon my knees, to return God thanks for having saved me from the misery of finding that, in performing an act of justice, I had sacrificed a life that I considered dearer than my own! You will cease to wonder at my asking for food, or eating voraciously of it, when I tell you, that, from the moment I was made acquainted with the injury you had sustained, the apprehension I endured lest one of my children was the offending party, had so far agonized my mind, that I have been incapable of affording any nourishment to my body, and have actually not eaten a morsel from that period until this moment."

Admiration and delight filled the bosoms of his attendants, who, whilst they venerated the man who could be capable of such an action, silently congratulated themselves upon their own felicity, in being placed under the protection of a Monarch, who was neither to be biassed by the bonds of Nature, nor to be guided by the force of Tenderness.

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FORTUNE IN GOOD HUMOUR.

Anonymous.

UPON a time, Fortune declared herself in a humour to make mankind amends for the many mischievous tricks which she had played them. Her intentions were signified: her levee was crowded; and happiest was he who could get foremost in the ranks. A touch upon the forehead gave one impudence: he went off, and married a duchess. Assiduity was communicated by a kiss to the tips of another's fingers, and he scraped up a million out of the dirt: to be thrown there again by his successors. She spread an unguent over the tongue of a third, and he flattered his master out of a pension; and she looked stupidly into the eyes of a fourth, and, bidding him call it *gravity*, engaged him a bishopric.

Fortune was as reserved as a French matron, and as well bred as an Englishman of quality. She had almost got to the end of her beneficence, when three strangers appeared, one morning, all with the same eagerness of face, all with vast humility and address, and all with the same complaisant ease of acquiescing in whatever she would be pleased to bestow on them.

The goddess was washing her hands as she received their petitions. She cast a good-natured look towards them, as they knelt to her; and, dangling her left hand with all the jaunty ease of an *Auretti*, shook off a drop of the suds from the tip of her finger. The bubble enlarged its form as it danced towards them; the utmost radiance of colouring fluctuated on its surface; and within its cavity appeared, self-balanced on its centre (as Milton tells us the world is), in golden capitals, the glorious word—HONOUR! The unsubstantial form floated in the liquid air, and made its

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approaches towards each of them, in their turns, as a motion from the finger of the deity gave it direction. Each would have seized upon it, but all were forbidden.

"Be satisfied," said the goddess: "I will serve you all. The appearance of it is all that can be of use to you. While the breath of your own mouths mutually blows it from one to another, each will be entitled to all its advantages: but, remember, when you grasp it, it is lost. Let this be your religion," continued she, "this your honesty, this your friendship; let this set the seal upon your faith, let this keep the key of your treasures: this shall stand in the place of every virtue, in the world's eye; and this shall take the seat of interest among yourselves, and make it worth your while to be faithful to each other. Now, go," concluded the goddess: "the world is before you; and know, that—every thing is in the power of him who has *Honour!*"

The supplicants departed, the bubble danced before them, and, as it passed from mouth to mouth, spread a mutual lustre over the face from which it parted, and that which waited to receive it.

Extravagance was the pretended taste of one, Influence the glory of the second, and Business the blind that stalked before the last; but the sovereign aim of all was—Money!—One of them purchased his share at the slight expence of his Peace; a second, at the yet more inconsiderable purchase of his Conscience—a trifle, not worth the regard of a man that has *Honour;* and the third, at the price of eternal Exile—a consideration of no great importance to a man who had no friend in any nation, and who was as much at home in one place as another. Sacrifices like these could not fail to bend the heart of Plutus; or if they had wanted power to do so, the boon bequeathed to them by Fortune would have effected more than the immediate presence of all the heathen deities. The world re-

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sounded with their eclat: their extravagance would have beggared princes; yet all the while their purses continued filling. The Alley poured in half its stores into the hat of one, in consequence of the right side of a die appearing uppermost: the head of a falling half-crown dictated the sale of a commission in favour of a second; and a pip extraordinary on a spade rooted up for a third all the timber of a forest. The losers murmured at their fate, and the unconcerned shook their heads at the means of it: but no sooner did a glance of suspicion direct itself to either of the associates, than a puff from one of the others rolled the bubble towards him, and the surmise was lost before words could be got together to express it.

In the course of these fortunate transactions a sudden blast from an unexpected point of the compass blew *Honour* over the water. The association could not subsist without its influence, nor any single member thrive independently of the others. They settled their affairs, and followed the means of their successes.

It was not long before they found that they had left the land of *Fortune*. Her native country was the only place where princes dared or could reduce themselves to beggary to enrich them. What was to be done in this dearth of employment? The association had been the work of chance, not of choice; nor was there anything to keep it firm, but the very principle which now pleaded for its violation——Interest.

When winters are so hard, that the woods afford no other prey; or countries so barren, that they produce none else, wolves will eat one another. Content is not among the gifts which a fortune of this kind has in its disposal. Neither of the party could suppose himself rich while the fortune of the other two could add to his possessions. They mutually sent up their prayers to the goddess who had hitherto favoured them, and begged her to bless their last attempt with suc-

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cess, and now to lodge the whole that her bounty had bestowed on all in one hand.

The deity could not grant the requests of all three; and her wavering disposition would not longer support any one of them. They brought into execution a thousand plans against each other, every one of which must have succeeded any where else; but when the enemy knows the nature of the attack, the defence is easy.

Success, at length, was departing from one side; but, in the latest moments, there are remedies which will detain the fleeting soul a little longer in its loved habitation. All these, and more than these, were tried; but all tried in vain: yet would not the dying hero give up the combat. At length, what Fortune could not execute became the work of resolution. The first thing sacrificed was the association. To whose share the bubble was now to fall, was the care of all. They forgot the instructions of the tutelar deity; they all snatched at the trembling prize together: it burst; the whole apparatus of colours sunk into a dirty drop of water; the very form was lost, and the letters melted into air, from whence they had been formed. The bond of union was now broken, and the faith, the friendship, and the virtues of the associates, vanished with it: the fences between right and wrong fell of their own accord; the locks flew open, and the treasure went as it had been obtained. The outrageous wind muttered more curses than the Jew of Venice—

"He claims my life, who claims the means of life; he takes my house, who pulls away the pillar that supports it."

A thousand imprecations followed these starts of violence: the concluding words were—"Unreveng'd I will not fall, nor single!" The laws of nations were called in to his assistance, and in a story that could not be explained, no one knows what might have been the decision.

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The deity who had at first raised, and who had now thrown them down, whose delight is in wonderful events, and whose character is *capriciousness*, now appeared once more in their favour. All that now appeared was—that nothing could appear! People were convinced that they were attacking pretences, under the semblance of realities; and it was plain to the eye of justice, whatever it might have been to that of law, that he who had no right to possession could not be plundered; and that the laws of nations ought to have no force in favour of the man who had eluded their sentence when passed upon him.

A MEDITATION ON THE SPRING.

Johnson.

EVERY man is sufficiently discontented with some circumstances of his present state, to suffer his imagination to range more or less in quest of future happiness, and to fix upon some point of time, in which, by the removal of the inconvenience which now perplexes him, or acquisition of the advantage which he at present wants, he shall find the condition of his life very much improved.

When this time, which is too often expected with great impatience, at last arrives, it generally comes without the blessing for which it was desired; but we solace ourselves with some new prospect, and press forward again with equal eagerness.

It is lucky for a man, in whom this temper prevails, when he turns his hopes upon things wholly out of his own power; since he forbears then to precipitate his affairs, for the sake of the great event that is to complete his felicity, and waits for the blissful hour

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with less neglect of the measures necessary to be taken in the mean time.

I have long known a person of this temper, who indulged his dream of happiness with less hurt to himself than such chimerical wishes commonly produce, and adjusted his scheme with such address, that his hopes were in full bloom three parts of the year, and in the other part never wholly blasted. Many, perhaps, would be desirous of learning by what means he procured to himself such a cheap and lasting satisfaction. It was gained by a constant practice of referring the removal of all his uneasiness to the coming of the next spring; if his health was impaired, the spring would restore it; if what he wanted was at a high price, it would fall its value in the spring.

The spring indeed did often come without any of these effects, but he was always certain that the next would be more propitious; nor was ever convinced, that the present spring would fail him before the middle of summer; for he always talked of the spring as coming till it was past, and when it was once past every one agreed with him that it was coming.

By long converse with this man, I am, perhaps, brought to feel immoderate pleasure in the contemplation of this delightful season: but I have the satisfaction of finding many, whom it can be no shame to resemble, infected with the same enthusiasm; for there is, I believe, scarce any poet of eminence, who has not left some testimony of his fondness for the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of the spring. Nor has the most luxuriant imagination been able to describe the serenity and happiness of the golden age, otherwise than by giving a perpetual spring, as the highest reward of uncorrupted innocence.

There is, indeed, something inexpressibly pleasing in the annual renovation of the world, and the new display of the treasures of nature. The cold and darkness of winter, with the naked deformity of every ob-

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ject on which we turn our eyes, make us rejoice at the succeeding season, as well for what we have escaped, as for what we may enjoy; and every budding flower, which a warm situation brings early to our view, is considered by us as a messenger to notify the approach of more joyous days.

The SPRING affords to a mind, so free from the disturbance of cares or passions as to be vacant to calm amusements, almost every thing that our present state makes us capable of enjoying. The variegated verdure of the fields and woods, the succession of grateful odours, the voice of pleasure pouring out its notes on every side, with the gladness apparently conceived by every animal, from the growth of his food, and the clemency of the weather, throw over the whole earth an air of gaiety, significantly expressed by the smile of nature.

Yet there are men to whom these scenes are able to give no delight, and who hurry away from all the varieties of rural beauty, to lose their hours and divert their thoughts by cards, or assemblies, a tavern dinner, or the prattle of the day.

It may be laid down as a position which will seldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company there is something wrong. He must fly from himself, either because he feels a tediousness in life from the equipoise of an empty mind, which, having no tendency to one motion more than another but as it is impelled by some external power, must always have recourse to foreign objects; or he must be afraid of the intrusion of some unpleasing ideas, and, perhaps, is struggling to escape from the remembrance of a loss, the fear of a calamity, or some other thought of greater horror.

Those whom sorrow incapacitates to enjoy the pleasures of contemplation, may properly apply to such diversions, provided they are innocent, as lay strong hold on the attention; and those, whom fear of any

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future affliction chains down to misery, must endeavour to obviate the danger.

My considerations shall, on this occasion, be turned on such as are burdensome to themselves merely because they want subjects for reflection, and to whom the volume of nature is thrown open, without affording them pleasure or instruction, because they never learned to read the characters.

A French author has advanced this seeming paradox, that *very few men know how to take a walk;* and, indeed, it is true, that few know how to take a walk with a prospect of any other pleasure, than the same company would have afforded them at home.

There are animals that borrow their colour from the neighbouring body, and consequently vary their hue as they happen to change their place. In like manner, it ought to be the endeavour of every man to derive his reflections from the objects about him; for it is to no purpose that he alters his position, if his attention continues fixed to the same point. The mind should be kept open to the access of every new idea, and so far disengaged from the predominance of particular thoughts, as easily to accommodate itself to occasional entertainment.

A man that has formed this habit of turning every new object to his entertainment, finds in the productions of nature an inexhaustible stock of materials upon which he can employ himself, without any temptations to envy or malevolence; faults, perhaps, seldom totally avoided by those whose judgment is much exercised upon the works of art. He has always a certain prospect of discovering new reasons for adoring the sovereign Author of the universe, and probable hopes of making some discovery of benefit to others, or of profit to himself. There is no doubt but many vegetables and animals have qualities that might be of great use, to the knowledge of which there is not required much force of penetration or fatigue of study,

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but only frequent experiments and close attention. What is said by the chemists of their darling mercury, is, perhaps, true of every body through the whole creation, that, if a thousand lives should be spent upon it, all its properties would not be found out.

Mankind must necessarily be diversified by various tastes, since life affords and requires such multiplicity of employments, and a nation of naturalists is neither to be hoped or desired; but it is surely not improper to point out a fresh amusement to those who languish in health, and repine in plenty, for want of some source of diversion that may be less easily exhausted, and to inform the multitudes of both sexes, who are burthened with every new day, that there are many shows which they have not seen.

He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness; and, therefore, the younger part of my readers, to whom I dedicate this vernal speculation, must excuse me for calling upon them, to make use at once of the spring of the year, and the spring of life; to acquire, while their minds may be yet impressed with new images, a love of innocent pleasures, and an ardour for useful knowledge; and to remember, that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparative to autumnal fruits.

CONSCIENCE.

Frere.

CONSCIENCE, to all men, in all climes, thou impartially-extended gift!—the faithful monitor of what is right, the inflexible warner of what is wrong; less erring than reason, more valuable than

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genius; who blightest the blossoms of prosperous crime, and smilest comfort on undeserved misfortune! —Thee, his only solace, the virtuous man round his heart winds, and thus shielded, he journeys on, unsubdued by adversity, heedless of poverty;—and from all the ills attending prejudices, man is by thee upheld invulnerable.—What though, during the conflict of passions, thou canst not assuage the storm—what, though thou shieldest not from the pang of affliction; —time soon comes to thine aid, and, of past sorrows, nought remains but a melancholic, not unpleasing remembrance.

What a train of consoling, delightful reflections gladdens the man who has reason to be better satisfied with his conscience than with his fortune!—although dreary his track, cheerless the day, drooping the season, and, in a worldly sense, gloomy his prospects, by retiring within himself, he can create a serener sky, and call up happier scenes.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SOLITUDE.

Hervey.

THE world is a troubled ocean; and who can erect stable purposes, on its fluctuating waves? The world is a school of wrong, and who does not feel himself warping to its pernicious influences? On this sea of glass, how insensibly we slide from our own stedfastness! some sacred truth, which was struck in lively characters on our souls, is obscured, if not obliterated. Some worthy resolution, which heaven had wrought in our breasts, is shaken, if not overthrown. Some enticing vanity, which we had solemnly renounced, again practises its wiles, again cap-

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tivates our affections. How often has an unwary glance kindled a fever of irregular desire in our hearts? how often has a word of applause dropt luscious poison into our ears; or some disrespectful expression raised a gust of passion into our bosoms? our innocence is of so tender a constitution, that it suffers in the promiscuous crowd. Our purity is of so delicate a complexion, that it scarce touches on the world, without contracting a stain. We see, we hear with peril.

But here Safety dwells. Every meddling and intrusive avocation is secluded. Silence holds the door against the strife of tongues, and all the impertinencies of idle conversation. The busy swarm of vain images, and cajoling temptations which beset us, with a buzzing importunity, amidst the gaieties of life, are chased by these thickening shades.—Here I may, without disturbance, commune with my own heart, and learn that best of sciences, to know myself. Here the soul may rally her dissipated powers, and grace recover its native energy.—This is the opportunity to rectify every evil impression, to expel the poison, and guard against the contagion of corrupting examples. This is the place where I may, with advantage, apply myself to subdue the rebel within, and be master, not of a sceptre, but of myself.—Throng then, ye ambitious, the levees of the powerful; I will be punctual in my assignations with solitude. To a mind intent upon its own improvement, solitude has charms incomparably more engaging than the entertainments presented in the theatre, or the honours conferred in the drawing-room.

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ASEM, THE MAN-HATER.

Goldsmith.

WHERE Tauris lifts its head above the storm and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller, but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the Man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men, had shared in their amusements, and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection: but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door: he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved; and made his application with confidence of redress. The ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them: he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist: wherever he turned ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew; namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of

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the weather; fruits gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the head-long torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain, an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom; reflecting, on its broad surface, the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep bank, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. "How beautiful," he often cried, "is nature! how lovely, even in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence an hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise, but man: vile man is a solecism in nature; the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious, ungrateful man, is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the Divine Creator! Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why then, O Alla! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair?"

Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to plunge into a lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety, when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which

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he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose: he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

"Son of Adam," cried the Genius, "stop thy rash purpose: the Father of the Faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I shall lead; in me behold the Genius of Conviction, kept by the great prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise."

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms, till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

"I plainly perceive your amazement," said the Genius; "but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by Alla, at the request, and under the inspection, of our great prophet, who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth, but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me for some time, to attend

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you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation."

"A world without vice! Rational beings without immorality!" cried Asem, in a rapture; "I thank thee, O Alla, who has at length heard my petitions; this, this indeed, will produce happiness, extasy, and ease. O for an immortality! to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes that render society miserable."

"Cease thine acclamations," replied the Genius. "Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you shall think proper; I shall be your attendant and instructor." Asem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but, at last, recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing, that the face of the country bore a very near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primæval wildness.

"Here," cried Asem, "I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But, had I been permitted to instruct our prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the creation." "Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find, remarkable," said the Genius, smiling, "but, with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other; and, indeed, for obvious reasons: for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on the vegetable productions; so that animals of different natures, thus formed, instead of lessening

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their multitude, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction."

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Asem anticipated, in idea, the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. "Heavens!" cried Asem, "why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?" He had scarce spoke, when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. "This" cried Asem to his guide, "is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action." "Every species of animals," replied the Genius, "has of late grown very powerful in this country: for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers." "But they should have been destroyed," cried Asem; "you see the consequence of such neglect." "Where is then that tenderness, you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?" replied the Genius, smiling: "you seem to have forgot that branch of justice." "I must acknowledge my mistake," returned Asem; "I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of men to these irrational creatures, but survey their connections with one another."

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor perceiving his surprise, observed, that the in-

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habitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had an house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which would only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, not for show. "At least, then," said Asem, "they have neither architects, painters, or statuaries, in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation: there is nothing of which I am so enamoured as wisdom." "Wisdom!" replied his instructor, "how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us: but of what use is such wisdom here? Each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If, by wisdom, you should mean vain curiosity and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them." "All this may be right," says Asem, "but, methinks, I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse." "That, indeed, is true," replied the other; "here is no established society; nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among, are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious." "Well, then," said the sceptic, "as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine."

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"And to what purpose should either do this?" says the Genius: "flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed here; and wisdom is out of the question."

"Still, however," said Asem, "the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence; each has, therefore, leisure to pity those that stand in need of his compassion." He had scarce spoken, when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. "Strange," cried the son of Adam, "that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!" "Be not surprised," said the wretch who was dying; "would it not be the utmost injustice for beings, who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary, cannot be dispensed with." "They should have been supplied with more than is necessary," cried Asem; "and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have, however, another excellence, yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues." "Peace, Asem!" replied the guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, "nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom; the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferable to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that you

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see is practised here." "Strange!" cries the disappointed pilgrim in an agony of distress; "what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here; thus it seems, that to be acquainted with vice, is not to know virtue. Take me, O my Genius, back to that very world which I have despised: a world which has Alla for its contriver, is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only shewed my own ignorance; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others."

He had scarce ended, when the Genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water-side in tranquillity, and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city; nor did he receive them with disdain; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

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A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

Watts.

DEATH, to a good man, is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his Father's house, into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining. O, may the rays and splendors of my heavenly apartment shoot far downward, and gild the dark entry with such a cheerful gleam, as to banish every fear, when I shall be called to pass through!

THE PEDLAR AND HIS ASS.

Percival.

IT was noon day, and the sun shone intensely bright, when a pedlar driving his ass, laden with the choicest Burslem ware, stopped upon Delamere Forest, to taste some refreshment. He sat down upon the turf, and after consuming the provisions in his satchel, emptied his dram bottle, and then composed himself to sleep. But the ass, who had travelled many a wearisome mile without taking a morsel of food, remained muzzled by his side, wistfully viewing the blossoms of furze, which grew in great abundance around them. Fatigue and heat, however, overpowered the sensations of hunger, and drowsiness stole on him. He kneeled down, and doubling his legs under him, rested upon his belly in such a position, that each of the panniers which he carried, touched the ground, and was securely supported by it. But his slumbers were of short duration. An angry hornet, whose nest had been that morning destroyed, perched upon his back,

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and stung him to the quick. Roused by the smart, he suddenly sprung up, and by this violent motion produced a loud jarring of the earthen ware. The pedlar awaked in consternation; and snatching his whip, began to lash the ass with merciless fury. The poor beast fled from his stripes, and was heard of no more; the panniers were thrown off; and the Burslem ware was entirely demolished. Thus did inhumanity, laziness, and passion, meet with deserved punishment. Had the pedlar remembered the craving hunger of the ass, when he gratified his own; or had he pursued with diligence his journey, after finishing his repast, no part of these misfortunes would have befallen him: and his loss might have been inconsiderable, if unjust severity and rash resentment had not completed his ruin.

DESCRIPTION OF A TRUE PATRIOT.

Anonymous.

A TRUE patriot is a friend to no party; he inherits a laudable freedom of thought, which unshackles his mind from narrow prejudices, and opens his eyes to the more extensive view of the public good. His only aim is the honour, safety, and interest, of his country; on this mark he keeps his eye constantly fixed, nor can the allurements of interest, or the power of flattery, ever move him from his point. He finds his true reward in virtue, and is equally insensible to the promising smiles of the great that would tempt, and the meanness of the fiercest tyrants that would force, him to forsake her. He derides the folly, and pities the meanness of those, who forfeit their honesty, to found their happiness on the unstable basis of false applause, or the allurements of servile ambition. He

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fears not censure, nor regards the slanders against which innocence itself is not armour proof: he is directed, influenced, and biassed by none; and whilst he is engaged in his country's service, he thinks the most glorious epithets the world can fix on him, are those of a RIGID, INFLEXIBLE, HONEST MAN

THE MORNING OF AUTUMN.

Gessner.

THE first rays of the morning sun had already gilded the tops of the mountains, and announced one of the finest days in autumn, when Milo opened his window. Transported at the sight of the beauties of nature, and inspired with a divine enthusiasm, he took up his lyre, and sung:—

'Can I, ye gods! can I express my transports and my gratitude in strains worthy of you? Nature is displayed in all her beauty. Her riches are lavished with profusion. Joy and gaiety are every where visible. The plenty of the season smiles in our vineyards and our orchards. How beautiful is the country! how charming the variegated scenery of autumn!

'Happy he, whose heart is a stranger to remorse, and who, satisfied with his condition, enjoys the sweet satisfaction of doing good. The freshness of the morning awakes him to action and enjoyment. The day is full of charms, and night invites him to gentle sleep. His mind is always alive to impressions of pleasure. The various beauties of the seasons delight him, and he alone possesses the purest enjoyments of nature.

'But happier far is he, who shares these enjoyments with a companion, whom nature and the graces have formed; with a companion like thee, my Daphne. Since Hymen united our fortunes, they have been like

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the harmony of two flutes, gently modulating the same air; whoever hears them is filled with delight. Did my eyes ever express a desire, which thou didst not endeavour to anticipate? Did I ever enjoy any pleasure, which was not increased by thy presence? Have I ever been perplexed with any care, which thou hast not dissipated, even as the sun dissolves the mists? Yes, Daphne, on the day when I led thee to my hut, I saw all the comforts of life attach themselves to thee.—Order, neatness, fortitude, and cheerfulness ever attend thy footsteps; and the gods delight in crowning thy works with success.

'Thou art the sweetner of my life, and causest every thing round me to wear a smiling aspect. Heaven showers down its blessings on my habitation; they are diffused over my flocks, my plantations, and my harvests. The labour of the day is a perpetual source of amusement, and when I return at night under this peaceful roof, what delight do I experience in thy tender endearments! The spring appears more gay, the summer and autumn more rich; and when hoary winter covers our humble cot, seated near our comfortable fire, amidst the most pleasing cares, I taste in thy society the comforts of domestic security. Let Boreas vent his rage, let the snow conceal the country from my sight, I am more and more sensible that thou art the source of my happiness. You, loveliest of children! complete my bliss. Adorned with the graces of your mother, what felicity do you not promise to me! The first words which Daphne taught you to say, were, that you loved me. Health and cheerfulness beam in your countenances, and the desire of pleasing is evident in your looks. You are our present delight, and your happiness will be the comfort of our old age. When I return from the fields, you call me to you; and when you eagerly receive my presents, the fruits which I have gathered, or the little instruments which I have made, as I followed my

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flocks by the river side; your pleasures enchant me, and in my rapture, dear Daphne! I seek thy arms. With what grace dost thou wipe away the tears of joy, which fall from my eyes."

While he thus sung, Daphne entered, holding, in each arm, a child more beautiful than the god of love. Tears ran down the cheeks of Daphne; "Ah, Milo," said she, heaving a sigh, "how happy am I! how thou lovest us!"

At these words he pressed each of them to his bosom. Ah! whoever had seen them at that moment, would have been sensible, that virtuous minds only can enjoy conjugal felicity.

ADVENTURES OF A BASHFUL MAN,

AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

I LABOUR under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from the society, in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be able to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage, which he imagined would have made him happy, *viz.* a learned education.—I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know

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that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing, made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected, that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, *viz.* my father's death and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has often been experienced by those, whose education has been better than their parents, that my poor father's ignorance and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of *that*, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he used to brag would make a nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now behold me at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but

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so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the *wealthy learned clown.*

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families (especially by those who have marriageable daughters): from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and, three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one whose open easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly-Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family

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dinner, not doubting but my few acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory*, when unsupported by habitual *practice*. As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw; at my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the Nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in *me* is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men *can* judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led, by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be: Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the

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book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgwood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me, there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarcely knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambrick handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made

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during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat and knocking down a salt-seller: rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite." * *

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flea'd and blistered; totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I, crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks

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of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt would have excited.

Thus without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like "a goblin damn'd." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned.

A SHIP, THE SCHOOL OF SOCIABILITY.

Mrs. Hunter.

EVERY one knows, for every one must feel, that the first link that unites man to man is mutual weakness and mutual wants. But how various are the sympathies which spring from this principle of self-preservation and security when modified by the affections of nature! Perhaps there is not a condition in human life in which one is so soon conducted to a knowledge of that infinite skill with which heaven has formed its rational creation here, for the several purposes of virtue and enjoyment, as in the isolated station of a ship's company, exposed to the same hazards, and impressed with a sense of the reciprocal dependencies resulting from their situation. Removed from relatives and friends, the social compact of comrades and brother sailors, fills up the aching void; companionship ripens into friendship, and mutual

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confidence keeps alive the generous affections of each.

How often do you see the cheerful glass, drunk to the health of the far-remote wife and sweetheart, meet the quivering lip and starting tear! and see the hard, but sympathetic, hand of an honest messmate extended with assumed hilarity, to grasp that of his brother, in this moment of tender recollection! How often do you listen there to the cheering tale of absence being forgotten in the heartfelt joy of hearing again the welcome of those whom they loved! It is not a romance. Such are the men who contemplate the wonders of the deep: and such seamen may be found by thousands in Great Britain.

ON PRUDENCE.

Dodd.

HOW singular, in the age we live in, is the discreet behaviour of young Lady Sophia, and how amiable does she appear in the eyes of all wise men? Her lover, a little before marriage, acquainted her, that he intended to lay out a thousand pounds for a present in jewels; but, before he did it, desired to know what sort would be most agreeable to her. "Sir," replied Sophia, "I thank you for your kind and generous intentions, and only beg they may be executed in another manner: Be pleased only to give me the money, and I will try to lay it out to a better advantage. I am not," continued she, "in the least fond of those expensive trifles; neither do I think the wearing of diamonds can be any addition, nor the absence of them any diminution, to my happiness. I should be ashamed to appear in public for a few days in a dress which does not become me at all times.

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Besides, I see, by that modest plain garb of yours, that you are not yourself affected with the gaiety of apparel. 'When I am your wife, my only care will be to keep my person clean and neat for you, and not to make it fine for others." The gentleman, transported with this excellent turn of mind in his mistress, presented her the money in new gold. She purchased an annuity with it; and, out of the income of which, at every revolution of her wedding-day, she makes her husband some pretty present, as a token of her gratitude, and a fresh pledge of her love. Part of it she yearly distributes among her indigent and best deserving neighbours, and the small remainder she lays out in something useful for herself and the children.

DEATH OF A PROFLIGATE FEMALE.

A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

Mad. de Genlis.

I MET a servant maid, whom I interrogated; but she answered me abruptly.—" Indeed I know not whether she is alive or dead; who cares about such a woman as her?" On hearing these words, I advanced towards the stairs, went up, stopped at the first floor, entered the apartments, but saw no one. All the doors were open; I traversed two anti-chambers, and entered the bed-room. There was neither nurse nor priest, nor domestics. *Religion* was there unknown: never did *friendship* appear there; *love* had fled away, together with *pleasure* and *voluptuousness*. *Death* alone reigned within the spacious apartment. Day had now quite departed, and not even a lamp was left in this deserted chamber; but it received considerable light from a reverberating lamp, which hung

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in front of one of the open windows. I advanced with a trembling step: the first object I beheld was a harp unstrung, leaning against a table: all my senses seemed convulsed, as I recalled to mind the seducing figure I had so often seen holding that harmonious instrument in her arms. Every thing was in confusion; several pieces of furniture, heaped together, occupied a part; near the alcove was an elegant toilette, half thrown down. Fragile altar of beauty! from which the most delicious perfumes every day exhaled! Flowers, still unfaded, were dispersed in various flower-pots; a fancy-dress, covered with festoons of roses, thrown upon a sofa; broken masks spread about the floor; every thing shewed that death had taken his victim by surprise, and seized her in the arms of *folly and pleasure.* I raised my eyes—I shuddered—I cast a look towards the alcove—I touched it. The sides were wholly covered with looking-glass, which a few days before multiplied the images of beauty, but now presented a picture of destruction. The rays of the reverberator, reflected there with brilliancy, afforded a light which discovered to my eyes, with horror, the inanimate figure of the unfortunate Sophia a thousand times repeated!—"Thou art no more!" exclaimed I; "those speaking eyes are closed for ever; that enchanting, that deceitful mouth will never be more opened, nor that Syren voice be heard.—Alas! what a fatal use hast thou made of such an assemblage of charms—vice has cut short thy career—in thy last moments thou wast abandoned—thy memory is tarnished by contempt. Unfortunate Sophia—at length one tear of pity shall fall upon thy death-bed!"

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SUMMARY EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Dr. Porteus.

WHEN we consider the deplorable ignorance and inconceivable depravity of the heathen world, before the birth of Christ, which rendered a divine interposition essentially necessary, and therefore highly probable; the appearance of Christ upon earth, at the very time when his presence was much wanted, and when there was a general expectation throughout the east, that some great and extraordinary personage was soon to come into the world; the transcendent excellence of our Lord's character, so infinitely beyond that of every other moral teacher; the calmness, the composure, the dignity, the integrity, the spotless sanctity of his manners, so utterly inconsistent with every idea of enthusiasm or imposture; the sublimity and importance of his doctrines; the consummate wisdom and perfect purity of his moral precepts, far exceeding the natural powers of man born in the humble situation, and in a remote and obscure corner of the world, without learning, education, languages, or books; the rapid and astonishing propagation of his religion, in a very short space of time, through almost every region of the east, by the sole effort of himself and a few illiterate fishermen, in direct opposition to all the power, the authority, the learning, the philosophy, the reigning vices, prejudices, and superstitions of the world; the complete and marked opposition in every essential point, between the character and religion of Christ, and the character and religion of Mahomet, exactly such as might be expected between truth and falsehood; the minute description of all the most material circumstances of his birth, life, suffering, death, and resurrection, given by the ancient prophets many hundred

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years before he was born, and exactly fulfilled in him, and him only, pointing him out as the Messiah of the Jews, and the Redeemer of mankind; the various prophecies delivered by Christ himself, which were all punctually accomplished, more especially the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans; the many astonishing miracles wrought by Jesus, in the open face of day, before thousands of spectators, the reality of which is proved by multitudes of the most unexceptionable witnesses, who sealed their testimony with their blood, and was even acknowledged by the earliest and most inveterate enemies of the gospel; and, lastly, that most astonishing and well-authenticated miracle of our Lord's resurrection, which was the seal and confirmation of his own divine origin, and that of his religion: when all these various evidences are brought together, and impartially weighed, it seems hardly possible, within the power of a fair and ingenuous mind, to resist the impression of their united force. If such a combination of evidence as this is not sufficient to satisfy an honest enquirer into truth, it is utterly impossible that any event, which passed in former times, and which we did not see with our own eyes, can ever be proved to have happened, by any degree of testimony whatever. It may safely be affirmed, that no instance can be produced of any one fact or event, said to have taken place in past ages, and established by such evidence as that on which the Christian religion rests, that afterwards turned out to be false. We challenge the enemies of our faith to bring forward, if they can, any such instance. If they cannot (and we know it to be impossible) we have a right to say, that a religion, supported by such an extraordinary accumulation of evidence, must be true; and that all men, who pretend to be guided by argument and by proof, are bound, by the most sacred obligations, to receive the religion of Christ, as a real revelation from God.

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OLD EDWARDS.

Mackenzie.

HARLEY set out on foot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of travelling which he was accustomed to take; it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left him at liberty to chuse his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked: náy, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric; and the useful and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which therefore he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood.

The sun was in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seemed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travellers had directed them to tread it. It seemed now to be little frequented, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and examine it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by a different object.

An old man, who from his dress seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the

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wildness of that painter's back-grounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub-wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post, to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild-flowers, jutted out above where the soldier lay; on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but its hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast, to a mind like Harley's the most venerable. "Thou art old," said he to himself; "but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities: I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service." The stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion: it was a pain the latter knew too well to think of causing in another; he turned and went on. The old man re-adjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road.

When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveller. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack; he halted on his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow, which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them; yet not without those streaks of complacency, which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock; "I fear," said he, "sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to

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carry me to the end of my journey." "Father!" said Harley (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him), "how far do you mean to go?" "But a little way, sir," returned the other; "and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now: it is just four miles from the height to the village, whither I am going." "I am going there too," said Harley; "we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, sir, to have served it hardly too; it is a character I have the highest esteem for.—I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you: in the mean time, suffer me to carry that knapsack."

The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye! "Young gentleman," said he, "you are too good; may heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders, that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight." "Far from it," answered Harley, "I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honourable badge I ever wore."

"Sir," said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of his discourse, "is not your name Harley?" "It is," replied he; "I am ashamed to say I have forgotten yours." "You may well have forgotten my face," said the stranger;—"it is a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards."—"Edwards!" cried Harley, "oh! heavens!" and sprung to embrace him; "let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often: Edwards!—I shall never forget that fire-side, round which I have been so happy! But where, where have you been? where is Jack? where is your daughter? How has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so

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unkind to you?" "It is a long tale," replied Edwards; "but I will try to tell it to you as we walk."

"When you were at school in the neighbourhood, you remember me at South-hill: that farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great grandfather, which last was a younger brother of that very man's ancestor who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it, as they had done, with prudence; I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children. But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country; and the 'squire, who had lately adopted a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it, because he said, he did not chuse to have any farm under 300*l.* a year value on his estate; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I chose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part.

"What could I do, Mr. Harley? I feared the undertaking was too great for me; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle! I could not, Mr. Harley, I could not! there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father, my brother, or my child; so I even ran the risk, and I took the 'squire's offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain; the steward had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division: I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all; some unfavourable seasons followed each other, and I found my affairs entangling on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable corn-factor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession: I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution in a few days after. So Mr. Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. However, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts, and saved me

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from a jail: I thank God, I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

"Had you seen us, Mr. Harley, when we were turned out of South-hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house-dog; I shall never forget it while I live; the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarce crawl after us to the door; he went, however, as far as the gooseberry bush; that you may remember stood on the left side of the yard; he was wont to bask in the sun there; when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we went on: I called to him; he wagged his tail, but did not stir: I called again; he laid down: I whistled, and cried Trusty! he gave a short howl, and died! I could have lain down and died too; but God gave me strength to live for my children.

The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face; it was bathed with tears: the story was grown familiar to himself; he dropped one tear and no more.

"Tho' I was poor," continued he, "I was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it, on giving security for the rent; which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which required management to make any thing of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labour and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably, and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighbouring justice of the peace and broke all our family happiness again.

"My son was a remarkably good shooter; he had always kept a pointer on our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now; when one day having sprung a covey of birds in our own ground,

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the dog, of his own accord, followed them into the justice's. My son laid down his gun, and went after his dog to bring him back; the game-keeper, who had marked the birds, came up, and seeing the pointer, shot him, just as my son approached. The creature fell; my son ran up to him: he died with a complaining sort of cry at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer; but flying at the game-keeper, wrenched his gun out of his hands, and with the but-end of it felled him to the ground.

"He scarce had got home, when a constable came with a warrant, and dragged him to prison: there he lay, for the justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter sessions for the assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay; we contrived however to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality: but the justice was not content with that punishment, and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

"An officer with press-orders, came down to our country, and having met with the justices, agreed that they should pitch on a certain number who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it: my son's name was in the justices' list.

"It was on a Christmas Eve, and the birth-day too of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room; I sat before it in my wicker-chair, blessing Providence, that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight: I brought a bottle of my best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten.

"It had long been our custom to play a game at blind-man's-buff on that night, and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell, I, and my son, and his wife, the

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daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid servant who had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded: we had continued some time in our game, when he groped his way into an outer room in pursuit of some of us, who, he imagined, had taken shelter there; we kept snug in our places, and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there, when he was suddenly seized from behind; "I shall have you now," said he, and turned about. "Shall you so, Master?" answered the ruffian, who had laid hold of him; "we shall make you play at another sort of game by and by."—At these words, Harley started with a convulsed sort of motion, and grasping Edwards's sword, drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently re-placed it in its sheath, and went on with his relation.

"On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to know the cause; the room by this time was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight; the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung around him in an agony of terror and grief.

"In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom, by his dress, we discovered to be a serjeant of foot: he came up to me, and told me, that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering at the same time, that if he chose the land, he might get off, on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her

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children with a look of the wildest despair: "My poor infants!" said she, "your father is forced from you; who shall now labour for your bread; or must your mother beg for herself and you?" I prayed her to be patient; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the serjeant aside, I asked him, "if I was too old to be accepted in the place of my son?" "Why, I do not know," said he; "you are rather old to be sure, but yet the money may do much." I put the money in his hand, and coming back to my children; "Jack," said I, "you are free! live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead: I have but little of life to lose; and, if I staid, I should add one to the wretches you left behind." "No," replied my son, "I am not that coward you imagine me; Heaven forbid that my father's gray hairs should be so exposed, while I sat idle at home; I am young, and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family." "Jack," said I, "I will put an end to this matter; you have never hitherto disobeyed me; I will not be contradicted in this; stay at home, I charge you, and for my sake be kind to my children.

"Our parting, Mr. Harley, I cannot describe to you; it was the first time we ever had parted: the very press-gang could scarce keep from tears; but the serjeant, who had seemed the softest before, was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighbourhood; and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it, when we were ordered to the East-Indies, where I was soon made a serjeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some others were; but my nature was never of that kind that could think of making myself rich at the expence of my conscience.

"Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian,

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whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere; which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them: so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning till he should learn to speak out, as they said. Oh! Mr. Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shrivelled cheeks, and wet his gray beard; which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a court-martial for negligence of my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and that in my leg, in the service, only to suffer three hundred lashes, and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated as to the lashes, and I had only two hundred. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a sea-port, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I set out, however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarce gone a mile when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times; he led me to a hut where some friend of his dwelt; and, after I was recovered of my wounds, conducted me so far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it. "Take this," said he, "my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure." I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should pro-

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bably have no need of it long: but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me:—"You are an Englishman," said he, "but the great Spirit has given you an Indian heart; may he bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow that brings it rest!" We parted; and not long after, I made shift to get my passage to England. It is but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his children; it is all the value I put upon it. I thank Heaven I never was covetous of wealth; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be contented with my little."

When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood a while looking at him in silence; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fulness of his heart by a shower of tears; "Edwards," said he, "let me hold thee to my bosom; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings upon my soul. Come, my honoured veteran! let me endeavour to soften the last days of a life worn out in the service of humanity; call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a father." Edwards, from whom the recollection of his own sufferings had scarcely forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy; he could not speak his gratitude, but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.

When they had arrived within a little way of the village they journeyed to, Harley stopped short, and looked stedfastly on the mouldering walls of a ruined house that stood on the road side. "Oh Heavens!" he cried, "what do I see: silent, unroofed, and desolate! are all thy gay tenants gone? Do I hear their hum no more? Edwards, look there, look there! the scene of my infant joys, my earliest friendships, laid waste and ruinous! That was the very school where I was boarded when you were at South-hill; it is but a twelvemonth since I saw it standing, and its

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benches filled with cherubs: that opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported; see it now ploughed up! I would have given fifty times its value to have saved it from the sacrilege of that plough."

"Dear Sir," replied Edwards, "perhaps they have left it from choice, and may have got another spot as good." "They cannot," said Harley, "they cannot; I shall never see the sward covered with its daisies, nor pressed by the dance of the dear innocents: I shall never see that stump decked with the garlands which their little hands had gathered. These two long stones, which now lie at the foot of it, were once the support of a hut I myself assisted to rear: I have sat on the sods within it, when we had spread our banquet of apples before us, and been more blest—Oh! Edwards! infinitely more blest than ever I shall be again." Just then a woman passed them on the road, and discovered some signs of wonder at the attitude of Harley, who stood, with his hands folded together, looking with a moistened eye on the falling pillars of the hut. He was too much entranced in thought to observe her at all; but Edwards, civilly accosting her, desired to know if that had not been the school-house, and how it came into the condition in which they now saw it? "Alack-a-day!" said she, "it was the school-house indeed; but to be sure, sir, the 'squire has pulled it down, because it stood in the way of his prospects."—"What! how! prospects! pulled down!" cried Harley. "Yes, to be sure, sir; and the green where the children used to play, he has ploughed up, because, he said, they hurt his fence on the other side of it." "Curses on his narrow heart," cried Harley, "that could violate a right so sacred Heaven blast the wretch!

> "And from his derogate body never spring
> a babe to honour him."—

"But I need not, Edwards, I need not" (recovering himself a little), "he is cursed enough already to

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him the noblest source of happiness is denied; and the cares of his sordid soul shall gnaw it, while thou sittest over a brown crust, smiling on those mangled limbs that have saved thy son and his children!" "If you want any thing with the school-mistress, sir," said the woman, "I can shew you the way to her house." He followed her without knowing whither he went. They stopped at the door of a snug habitation, where sat an elderly woman with a boy and a girl before her, each of whom held a supper of bread and milk in their hands. "There, sir, is the school-mistress."—"Madam," said Harley, "was not an old venerable man school-master here some time ago?"

"Yes, sir, he was; poor man! the loss of his former school-house, I believe, broke his heart, for he died soon after it was taken down; and as another has not yet been found, I have that charge in the mean time."—"And this boy and girl, I presume, are your pupils?"—"Ay, sir, they are poor orphans, put under my care by the parish; and more promising children I never saw." "Orphans!" said Harley. "Yes, sir, of honest creditable parents as any in the parish; and it is a shame for some folks to forget their relations, at a time when they should most remember them."—"Madam," said Harley, "let us never forget that we are all relations." He kissed the children.

"Their father, sir," continued she, "was a farmer here in the neighbourhood, and a sober industrious man he was; but nobody can help misfortunes: what with bad crops, and bad debts, which are worse, his affairs went to wreck; and both he and his wife died of broken hearts. And a sweet couple they were, sir; there was not a properer man to look on in the county than John Edwards, and so indeed were all the Edwardses." "What Edwardses?" cried the old soldier, hastily. "The Edwardses of South-hill; and a worthy family they were."—"South-hill!" said he,

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in a languid voice, and fell back into the arms of the astonished Harley. The school-mistress ran for some water and a smelling-bottle, with the assistance of which they soon recovered the unfortunate Edwards. He stared wildly for some time, then folding his orphan grand-children in his arms, "Oh! my children, my children!" he cried, "have I found you thus? my poor Jack! art thou gone? I thought thou shouldst have carried thy father's gray hairs to the grave? And these little ones"—his tears choaked his utterance, and he fell again on the necks of the children.

"My dear old man!" said Harley, "Providence has sent you to relieve them; it will bless me, if I can be the means of assisting you."—"Yes, indeed, sir," answered the boy; "father, when he was dying, bade God bless us; and prayed, that if grandfather lived, he might send him to support us." "Where did they lay my boy?" said Edwards. "In the old church yard," replied the woman, "hard by his mother."—"I will shew it to you," answered the boy; "for I have wept over it many a time, when first I came amongst strange folks." He took the old man's hand, Harley laid hold of his sister's, and they walked in silence to the church-yard.

There was an old stone, with the corner broken off, and some letters half covered with moss, to denote the names of the dead: there was a cyphered *R. E.* plainer than the rest: it was the tomb they sought. "Here it is, grandfather," said the boy. Edwards gazed upon it without uttering a word: the girl, who had only sighed before, now wept outright: her brother sobbed, but he stifled his sobbing. "I have told sister," said he, "that she should not take it so to heart; she can knit already, and I shall soon be able to dig: we shall not starve, sister, indeed we shall not, nor shall grandfather neither." The girl cried afresh; Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss.

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It was with some difficulty that Harley prevailed on the old man to leave the spot where the remains of his son were laid. At last, with the assistance of the school-mistress, he prevailed: and she accommodated Edwards and him with beds in her house, there being nothing like an inn nearer than the distance of some miles.

In the morning, Harley persuaded Edwards to come, with the children, to his house, which was distant but a short day's journey. The boy walked in his grandfather's hand; and the name of Edwards procured him a neighbouring farmer's horse, on which a servant mounted, with the girl on a pillow before him.

With this train Harley returned to the abode of his fathers: and we cannot but think, that his enjoyment was as great as if he had arrived from the tour of Europe, with a Swiss valet for his companion, and half a dozen snuff-boxes, with invisible hinges, in his pocket. But we take our ideas from sounds which folly has invented; fashion, bon ton, and vertù, are the names of certain idols, to which we sacrifice the genuine pleasures of the soul: in this world of semblance, we are contented with personating happiness; to feel it is an art beyond us. It was otherwise with Harley; he ran up stairs to his aunt, with the history of his fellow-travellers glowing on his lips. His aunt was an economist; but she knew the pleasure of doing charitable things, and withal was fond of her nephew, and solicitous to oblige him. She received old Edwards, therefore, with a look of more complacency than is perhaps natural to maiden ladies of three-score, and was remarkably attentive to his grand-children: she roasted apples with her own hands for their supper, and made up a little bed beside her own for the girl. Edwards made some attempts towards an acknowledgement for these favours; but his young friend stopped them in their beginnings. "Who-

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soever receiveth any of these children," said his aunt; for her acquaintance with her bible was habitual.

Early next morning, Harley stole into the room where Edwards lay: he expected to have found him in bed; but in this he was mistaken: the old man had risen, and was leaning over his sleeping grandson, with the tears flowing down his cheeks. At first he did not perceive Harley; when he did, he endeavoured to hide his grief, and crossing his eyes with his hand, expressed his surprise at seeing him so early a-stir. "I was thinking of you," said Harley, "and your children: I learned last night that a small farm of mine in the neighbourhood is now vacant: if you will occupy it, I shall gain a good neighbour, and be able in some measure to repay the notice you took of me when a boy; and as the furniture of the house is mine, it will be so much trouble saved." Edwards's tears gushed afresh, and Harley led him to see the place he intended for him.

The house upon this farm was indeed little better than a hut; its situation, however, was pleasant; and Edwards, assisted by the beneficence of Harley, set about improving its neatness and convenience. He staked out a piece of green before for a garden, and Peter, who acted in Harley's family, as valet, butler, and gardener, had orders to furnish him with parcels of the different seeds he chose to sow in it. I have seen his master at work in this little spot, with his coat off, and his dibble in his hand: it was a scene of tranquil virtue to have stopped an angel on his errands of mercy! Harley had contrived to lead a little bubbling brook through a green walk in the middle of the ground, upon which he had erected a mill in miniature for the diversion of Edwards's infant grandson, and made shift in its construction to introduce a pliant bit of wood, that answered with its fairy clack to the murmuring of the rill that turned it. I have seen him stand listening to these mingled sounds, with his eye

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fixed on the boy, and the smile of conscious satisfaction on his cheek; while the old man, with a look half turned to Harley, and half to heaven, breathed an ejaculation of gratitude and piety.

Father of Mercies! I also would thank thee! that not only hast thou assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that, even in this bad world, the lines of our duty, and our happiness, are so frequently woven together.

PROCRASTINATION.

Blair.

PROCRASTINATION has, throughout every age, been the ruin of mankind. Dwelling amidst endless projects of what they are hereafter to do, they cannot so properly be said to live, as to be always about to live; and the future has ever been the gulph in which the present is swallowed up and lost.—Hence arise many of those misfortunes which befal men in their worldly concerns. What might at present be arranged in their circumstance with advantage, being delayed to another opportunity, cannot be arranged at all. To-morrow being loaded with the concerns of to-day, in addition to its own, is clogged and embarrassed. Affairs, which have been postponed, multiply and crowd upon one another; till, at last, they prove so intricate and perplexed, and the pressure of business becomes so great, that nothing is left, but to sink under the burden.

Evils of the same kind, arising from the same cause, overtake men in their moral and spiritual interests. There are few, but who are sensible of some things in their character and behaviour, which ought to be corrected, and which, at one time or other,

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they intend to correct; some headstrong passion, which they design to subdue; some bad habit, which they purpose to reform; some dangerous connexion, which they are resolved to break off. But the convenient season for these reformations is not yet come. Certain obstacles are in the way, which they expect by and by to surmount; and therefore they go on in peace for the present, in their usual courses, trusting, at a future day, to begin their designed improvement. In the mean time the angel of death descends; and, in the midst of their distant plans, executes his commission, and carries them away.—Guard against delusions of this kind, which have been fatal to so many. —Thou art now in tranquillity, in health, in possession of a calm mind. Improve these advantages, for performing all that becomes thee, as a man, and as a Christian; for who can tell how long thou shalt be permitted to enjoy them.

ON MANKIND.

Anonymous.

MANKIND are, in general, ungrateful, inconstant, hypocritical, self-interested, and ready to fly from any appearance of danger. Whilst you are secure, and in a capacity of doing them any good, their lives and fortunes, if you will believe them, are at your service; but, as an ingenious writer says, "If Fortune turns her back on you, they will soon follow her example." This is generally true; but there are, fortunately, some exceptions; there are yet a few who would not ruin another to whom they are under obligations.

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HISTORY *of* ABOUZAID *the Son of* MORAD.

Johnson.

AMONG the emirs and visiers, the sons of valour and of wisdom, that stand at the corners of the Indian throne, to assist the councils or conduct the wars of the posterity of Timur, the first place was long held by Morad the son of Hanuth. Morad, having signalized himself in many battles and sieges, was rewarded with the government of a province, from which the fame of his wisdom and moderation was wafted to the pinnacles of Agra, by the prayers of those whom his administration made happy. The emperor called him into his presence, and gave into his hand the keys of riches, and the sabre of command. The voice of Morad was heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean, every tongue faltered in his presence, and every eye was cast down before him.

Morad lived many years in prosperity; every day increased his wealth and extended his influence. The sages repeated his maxims, the captains of thousands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and discontent trembled at her own murmurs. But human greatness is short and transitory, as the odour of incense in the fire. The sun grew weary of gilding the palaces of Morad, the clouds of sorrow gathered round his head, and the tempest of hatred roared about his dwelling.

Morad saw ruin hastily approaching. The first that forsook him were his poets; their example was followed by all those whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleasures, and only a few, whose virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be seen in his hall or chambers. He felt his danger, and prostrated himself at the foot of the throne. His accusers

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were confident and loud, his friends stood contented with frigid neutrality, and the voice of truth was overborne by clamour. He was divested of his power, deprived of his acquisitions, and condemned to pass the rest of his life on his hereditary estate.

Morad had been so long accustomed to crowds and business, supplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in solitude; he saw with regret the sun rise to force on his eyes a new day for which he had no use: and envied the savage that wanders in the desert, because he has no time vacant from the calls of nature, but is always chasing his prey, or sleeping in his den.

His discontent in time vitiated his constitution, and a slow disease seized upon him. He refused physic, neglected exercise, and lay down on his couch peevish and restless, rather afraid to die than desirous to live. His domestics, for a time, redoubled their assiduities; but finding that no officiousness could sooth, nor exactness satisfy, they soon gave way to negligence and sloth, and he that once commanded nations, often languished in his chamber without an attendant.

In this melancholy state, he commanded messengers to recall his eldest son Abouzaid from the army. Abouzaid was alarmed at the account of his father's sickness, and hasted by long journeys to his place of residence. Morad was yet living, and felt his strength return at the embraces of his son; then commanding him to sit down at his bed-side, "Abouzaid," said he, "thy father has no more to hope or fear from the "inhabitants of the earth, the cold hand of the angel "of death is now upon him, and the voracious grave "is howling for its prey. Hear therefore the pre-"cepts of ancient experience, let not my last instruc-"tions issue forth in vain. Thou hast seen me happy "and calamitous, thou hast beheld my exaltation and "my fall. My power is in the hands of my enemies, "my treasures have rewarded my accusers; but my

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" inheritance the clemency of the emperor has spared,
" and my wisdom his anger could not take away. Cast
" thine eyes around thee, whatever thou beholdest
" will in a few hours be thine; apply thine ear to my
" dictates, and these possessions will promote thy hap-
" piness. Aspire not to public honours, enter not the
" the palaces of kings; thy wealth will set thee above
" insult, let thy moderation keep thee below envy.
" Content thyself with private dignity, diffuse thy
" riches among thy friends, let every day extend thy
" beneficence, and suffer not thy heart to be at rest
" till thou art loved by all to whom thou art known.
" In the height of my power, I said to defamation,
" Who will hear thee? and to artifice, What canst
" thou perform? But, my son, despise not thou the
" malice of the weakest, remember that venom sup-
" plies the want of strength, and that the lion may
" perish by the puncture of an asp."

Morad expired in a few hours. Abouzaid, after the months of mourning, determined to regulate his conduct by his father's precepts, and cultivate the love of mankind by every art of kindness and endearment. He wisely considered that domestic happiness was first to be secured, and that none have so much power of doing good or hurt, as those who are present in the hour of negligence, hear the bursts of thoughtless merriment, and observe the starts of unguarded passion. He therefore augmented the pay of all his attendants, and requited every exertion of uncommon diligence by supernumerary gratuities. While he congratulated himself upon the fidelity and affection of his family, he was in the night alarmed with robbers, who, being pursued and taken, declared that they had been admitted by one of his servants; the servant immediately confessed that he unbarred the door, because another not more worthy of confidence was entrusted with the keys.

Abouzaid was thus convinced that a dependent could

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not easily be made a friend; and that while many were soliciting for the first rank of favour, all those would be alienated whom he disappointed. He therefore resolved to associate with a few equal companions selected from among the chief men of the province. With these he lived happily for a time, till familiarity set them free from restraint, and every man thought himself at liberty to indulge his own caprice, and advance his own opinions. They then disturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations and difference of sentiments, and Abouzaid was necessitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference.

He afterwards determined to avoid a close union with beings so discordant in their nature, and to diffuse himself in a larger circle. He practised the smile of universal courtesy, and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendship, now refused to accept his acquaintance; and of those whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table, every one pressed forward toward intimacy, thought himself overlooked in the crowd, and murmured because he was not distinguished above the rest. By degrees all made advances, and all resented repulse. The table was then covered with delicacies in vain; the music sounded in empty rooms; and Abouzaid was left to form in solitude some new scheme of pleasure or security.

Resolving now to try the force of gratitude, he enquired for men of science, whose merit was obscured by poverty. His house was soon crowded with poets, sculptors, painters, and designers, who wantoned in unexperienced plenty, and employed their powers in celebration of their patron. But in a short time they forgot the distress from which they had been rescued, and began to consider their deliverer as a wretch of narrow capacity, who was growing great by works which he could not perform, and whom they overpaid by condescending to accept his bounties. Abou-

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zaid heard their murmurs and dismissed them, and from that hour continued blind to colours and deaf to panegyric.

As the sons of art departed, muttering threats of perpetual infamy, Abouzaid, who stood at the gate, called to him Hamet the poet. "Hamet," said he, "thy ingratitude has put an end to my hopes and experiments: I have now learned the vanity of those labours that wish to be rewarded by human benevolence; I shall henceforth do good and avoid evil, without respect to the opinion of men: and resolve to solicit only the approbation of that Being whom alone we are sure to please by endeavouring to please him."

THE SOLDIER's WIFE.

A SENTIMENTAL SCENE.

Augustus la Fontaine.

WALDEN was playing on his flute in a slow and pensive strain, when the mournful cries of a child and the complaining voice of a woman struck his ears.

——"Oh! merciful God!" exclaimed the poor creature, "hear with compassion the moans of my unhappy babe!"

Walden ceased to play, and looking over the hedge, he surveyed the child with compassion, as the woman lay on the grass to rest herself: he asked her in a soft voice, why the poor infant cried.

"He is hungry," replied the woman, weeping bitterly, "we have not had any thing to eat since yesterday morning."

"Gracious God! since yesterday morning! wait here a few minutes, and I will return."

He flew away with incredible swiftness, and re-

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appeared in a short time, with a bowl of milk and a small loaf, towards which the child stretched out his little arms, and the woman to whom he delivered them began to feed it.

"Sit down, my good woman, and eat of it yourself," said Walden, "I will take care of your infant." Placing himself on the grass beside it, he dipped a bit of the loaf in the milk, and patiently assisted his little famished charge.

The child looked up in his face, and smiled: Walden, pleased and affected at this intuitive mark of gratitude, kissed its little forehead.

"What is your occupation?" he asked the woman, who was eating with avidity: "you are, I suppose, the mother of this little creature. Where do you live?"

"No, it is not my own," replied she, "and I did not know his parents. I am the wife of a poor soldier, my worthy Sir, and I have travelled from beyond Berlin a great way: my husband had been away from me three years, and I wanted to see him again—for I loved him dearly. My own two little children I left with their grandmother; and I sold every thing I did not absolutely want at home, that I might carry him a little trifle of money. Accordingly, I set out, and got to the end of my journey, just as my husband had marched with his corps, to drive a party of Austrians from some little village; so, when it was all over, and they had done what they had been ordered, I ran to the place to meet him."

Here the poor woman burst into tears. "And when I got there, he was dying of his wounds; yet he knew me, and stretched out his hand, saying, "Oh! Annette!— our children!"— These were his last words:—I thought I should have died too; but God willed, for the sake of our little ones and this babe, that I should live. In the same house where my poor husband expired, was the wife of an Austrian soldier,

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who died two days afterwards, and left this babe, which nobody on earth seemed to take care about. Almost all the village had been burned down, and all the inhabitants had run away; so that when our soldiers marched, I begged them to take the poor child with them; but then, they said to me—"What could we do with it?"—And that was very true; but, to let the child stay, and die with hunger, was impossible; so I resolved to take it, let what would happen: and I set out, to return to my own home, with the young thing in mine arms. In my way I was weary enough; but I never met with any body that took compassion on me or my burden, so I walked on; but I fell sick, as you may see by my looks, and spent the little money I had left, and then I sold my clothes and every thing I could spare—all went, except these poor rags: yet, still, I thought, if I could but get home I should do very well. I am used to hard work, and I could even do for this little creature, who has nobody in the world but me to put a morsel of bread into its poor mouth; so I can't bear to let it starve!"

As she said this, she pressed the child to her bosom, and her tears dropped upon it whilst she repeated—"If I was but able to work—or, I could but get enough to keep it till I reach my home!"

"Poor babe," said Walden, "poor, yet happy creature, who, in losing her who gave thee birth, found a second mother!—eyes that drop tears of pity on thy lot, and a heart that loves thee!—No, thou shalt not from hard necessity be deserted!"

Walden then wrote upon a leaf of his pocket-book the name of the woman, and that of the village where, she informed him, she lived with her family; and, giving her a small sum of money, promised that he would remit the same to her every year.

The woman, on holding the gold in her hand, which had never contained so much before, exclaimed—"Oh! this is too much, worthy Sir,"—and be-

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ing desired to keep it, she added—"we shall now be rich, indeed!—my own little ones, and this one, and their grandmother, we shall all be rich!"

"Good creature!" exclaimed Walden, with emotion, "you are rich indeed, in a heart to which all other riches are dross! your humanity to this orphan will be better rewarded; but, if this were my last crown, you should have it.—Hasten away, or I may be tempted to take the child, to have the pleasure of bringing it up, that it may love me as it will you."

On hearing this, the woman hastily pressed the infant to her bosom, and giving Walden a farewell benediction, pursued her journey with alacrity.

RETIREMENT.

Zimmerman.

LET every one who wishes to think with dignity, or live with ease, seek the retreats of Solitude, and enter into a friendly intercourse with his own heart. How small a portion of true philosophy, with an enlightened understanding, will render it humble and compliant: But in the mists of prejudice, dazzled by the intellectual glimmer of false lights, every one mistakes the true path, and seeks for happiness in the shades of darkness, and in the labyrinths of obscurity. The habits of retirement and tranquillity can alone enable us to make a just estimate of men and things; and it is by renouncing all the prepossessions which the corruptions of society have implanted in the mind, that we make the first advances towards the restoration of reason, and the attainments of felicity.

We have hitherto only pointed out one class of the general advantages which may be derived from rational Solitude, but there are many others which apply still

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more closely to men's business and bosoms. Who, alas! is there that has not experienced its comforting influence in the keenest adversities of life? Who is there that does not seek relief from its shades in the languors of convalescence, in the pangs of affliction, and even in that distressful moment when death deprives us of those whose company was the charm and solace of our lives? Happy are they who know the advantages of a *religious retirement*, of that *holy rest* in which the virtues rivet themselves more closely to the soul, and in which every man, when he is on the bed of death, devoutly wishes to have lived.

CONTENT.

Idem.

CONTENT cannot be procured, except by social intercourse, or a judicious communion with those whom congenial tastes, and similar talents and dispositions, point out for our companions. The civilization of man, from whence the species derives such happy consequences, results entirely from a proper management of the social principle: even the source of his support, the amelioration of the otherwise rude and unprofitable earth, can only be attained by social combination. How erroneous a notion, therefore, must the minds of those men have formed of "their being, end, and aim," and how strong must their antipathies to the species be, who, like a certain celebrated French hermit, would choose a station among the craters of Vesuvius, as a place which afforded them greater security than the society of mankind! The idea of being able to produce our own happiness from the stores of amusement and delight which we ourselves may possess, independently of all communication with, or as-

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sistance from others, is certainly extremely flattering to the natural pride of man; but even if this were possible, and that a solitary enthusiast could work up his feelings to a higher and more lasting degree of felicity, than an active inhabitant of the world, amidst all its seducing vices and enchanting follies, is capable of enjoying, it would not follow that Society is not the province of all those whom peculiar circumstances have not unfitted for its duties and enjoyments. It is, indeed, a false and deceitful notion, that a purer stream of happiness is to be found in the delightful bowers of Solitude, than in the busy walks of men. Neither of these stations enjoy exclusively this envied stream; for it flows along the vale of peace, which lies between the two extremes; and those who follow it with a steady pace, without deviating too widely from its brink on either side, will reach its source, and taste it at its spring. But devious, to a certain degree, must be the walk; for the enjoyments of life are best attained by being varied with judgment and discretion. The finest joys grow nauseous to the taste when the cup of pleasure is drained to its dregs. The highest delight loses its attraction by too frequent recurrence. It is only by a proper mixture and combination of the pleasures of society with those of solitude, of the gay and lively recreations of the world with the serene and tranquil satisfactions of retirement, that we can enjoy each in its highest relish. Life is intolerable without society; and society loses half its charms by being too eagerly and constantly pursued. Society, indeed, by bringing men of congenial minds and similar dispositions together, and uniting them by a community of pursuits, and a reciprocal sympathy of interests, may greatly assist the cause of Truth and Virtue, by advancing the means of human knowledge, and multiplying the ties of human affections.

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THE TWO RIVERS.

Fenelon.

JEALOUS of each other, two rivers one day presented themselves to Neptune, disputing their priority of rank. The god was seated on a throne of gold, in the centre of a profound cavern, under its vault of pumice-stone, intermingled with pebbles and sea-shells: immense fountains issued from all sides, and suspended themselves archwise over the head of the god. There were old Nereus, wrinkled and bent like Saturn, great Ocean, father of so many nymphs, Thetis in all her charms, Amphitrite with the little Palemon, Ino and Melicerta, the crowd of young and flower-crowned nereids, and Proteus himself with his marine herds, which, through their large open nostrils swallowed the briny wave, to discharge its torrents like impetuous rivers from the broken rocks. Each lucid fountain, bounding and bubbling brook, earth-bathing river, and surrounding sea, came to bring, to pour the tribute of its waters into the eternal bosom of the sovereign father of floods.

The two rivers, of which the one was Nilus, and the other Ganges, approached. Nilus held in his hand a palm, and Ganges that Indian reed, the pith of which affords a juice so sweet that men call it sugar; both were crowned with rushes: the ages of both were venerable. Their muscular frames possessed a vigour and grandeur more than human. Their beards of a bluish green, hung down to their girdle. Their eyes were lively and brilliant, in spite of their humid dwellings: their thick and wetted eye-brows fell on their lids. They crossed the crowd of marine monsters; the herds of wanton tritons, sounded their curved conks, the dolphins threw aloft the waters, made them foam with the motion of their tails, and

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then re-plunged into the depth, with a frightful noise, as if the abysses were open.

First, Nilus spake as follows: Grandson of Saturn, thou that holdest the vast empire of the waters, have compassion on my griefs! The glory, which, through so many ages I have enjoyed, is shorn from my head; a new river, a river that flows only amid a barbarian soil, presumes to dispute with me the chief name among streams. Have you forgot that the land of Egypt, fertilized by my waters, was the asylum of the gods, when the giants sought to escalade the heavens? It is I who give that land its value; it is I who render Egypt delightful and powerful: my course is immense; I come from burning climates which mortals dare not venture to approach; and when Phæton, in the car of the sun scorched up the earth, that he might not dry away my waters, I so concealed my lofty head, that from that hour my source and origin have remained unknown. Instead of the irregular inundations with which other rivers ravage the fields, mine is always regular, mine spreads abundance over happy Egypt, rather a fine garden than a field. My docile waters divide themselves into as many canals as the inhabitants desire to quench the thirst of their grounds, and facilitate their commerce. All my banks are lined with villages, and in Egypt alone they are counted twenty thousand. You know at what cataracts my waters precipitate themselves among certain rocks, above the plains of Egypt: it is even said that their noise, at this fall, deafens all the inhabitants of the country. Seven different mouths give my waters to your empire; and the delta, which they form, is the dwelling of the wisest, the most learned, the best governed, and the most ancient people in the universe: they reckon many millions of years in their history, and in the traditions of their priests. In my favour, then, I have length of course, antiquity of nations, miracles of the gods performed upon my banks, fertility of soil produced by

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my inundations, and the singularity of an unknown source. But why should I recount all these advantages against an adversary who has so few? He springs from the savage and frozen countries of the Scyths, and throws himself into a sea which is an instrument of commerce only to barbarians: his nations are celebrated only for having been subjugated by Bacchus, at the head of a troop of drunken women with disheveled hair, dancing with their thyrses in their hands. His banks are neither adorned with polished and learned people, magnificent cities, or monuments of the benevolence of the gods: he is an upstart that boasts, but produces no testimonies. Powerful god, that commandest the waves, and the tempests, confound his temerity!

It is thine that should be confounded, returned Ganges! Thou, it is true, hast been the more anciently known, but thou didst not exist before me. Like thee, I descend from high mountains; I overrun vast countries; I receive the tribute of many rivers; I flow by many mouths into the bosom of the ocean, and fertilize the countries I inundate. If, like thee, I should enter into the marvellous, I could say, with the Indians, that I am descended from the gods, and that my beneficent waters are not less salutary to the soul than to the body; but it is not before the presence of the god of floods and seas that chimerical pretensions like these can prevail. Created, nevertheless, in that moment when the world sprang from chaos, many historians have placed my birth in that garden of joy where dwelt the first made man: this at the least is certain, I water still more kingdoms than thee, I flow through countries as beautiful and abundant as thine, I roll down with my waves that gold-dust so ardently sought, and perhaps so baneful to mankind; pearls, diamonds, and all that serves to adorn temples and thrones I have on my borders; on my banks, superb edifices are scattered, and long and

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magnificent festivals celebrated. The Indians, as well as the Egyptians, have their antiquities, their metamorphoses, and their farces; but, more than this, they have also illustrious gymnosophists and enlightened philosophy. Which of thy renowned priests canst thou compare with Pilpay? He has taught princes the principles of morals, and the art of governing with justice and goodness. His ingenious apologues have rendered his name immortal; they are read, but they are seldom profited by in the states Jenrich; and what shames us both is, that we see on our banks only princes, unfortunate because they are devoted to voluptuousness and unbounded authority; we see in the first countries of the world, but hordes of people, miserable, because, almost without exception, they are slaves, the victims of the arbitrary rule and insatiable cupidity of masters who govern, or rather crush them.

What benefit do I derive then, from the antiquity of my origin, or from the volume of my writers, of from the display of wonders with which I secure the reverence of the navigator? I desire neither the honours or the glory of preference, while I contribute in no more eminent degree to the happiness of the multitude, while my services maintain only the indolence and avidity of a handful of gaudy or thoughtless tyrants: there is nothing great, nothing estimable, but in that which is beneficial to the human race!

Neptune and the assembly of the marine gods applauded the speech of Ganges; they loved his benign compassion for aggrieved and suffering humanity: they encouraged him to hope, that, from another part of the world, there would transport themselves into India polished and humane nations capable of enlightening princes on the subject of their true happiness, and teaching them that it consists in rendering happy those who depend on them, and in governing them with wisdom and moderation.

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THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

A MORAL TALE.

Anonymous.

MR. JEFFRIES was a rich merchant, who lived in the greatest splendour: he kept many servants, and had several carriages. His house in London was spacious, and fitted up in the most costly manner; nor was his country seat less magnificent. This gentleman had two sons: Lewis and Archibald. As soon as they were of proper age, they were put under the tuition of a worthy clergyman, who lived at some distance from the metropolis. As these children had been accustomed to a life of indolent indulgence, to do nothing for themselves, and to have servants constantly attending them, they were weak in body, and debilitated in mind. Their wishes, however absurd, had always been gratified, and hence, though of much possessed, they were with nothing pleased. Their desires increased from the facility with which they were complied with, and only served to render them fretful and dissatisfied. What they had did not gratify them, and what they wished for, when obtained, pleased them no longer.

Such were the pupils Mr. Briant received; their pride was equal to their indolence, they constantly rang the bell for every trifle they wanted, and gave their orders in the most imperious manner. They complained of the fatigue they endured; because they were obliged to walk, instead of having a carriage always at their command.

Mr. Briant, who was a man of sense and learning, and who knew much of life, was certain that with such dispositions his pupils could never be happy, notwithstanding the bounty which distinguished their lot.

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To possess the means of happiness is not sufficient, unless we know how to apply them; and of this knowledge how many are ignorant! how rarely is plenty enjoyed by those who riot in profusion! how seldom are the sweets of rest tasted by such as have no employment! To subdue superfluous wishes, to learn to prefer what is really good, to what only appears so, is the way to be truly happy. We ought never to shrink even from labour and toil, if by it our virtue is strengthened, or the good of our fellow-creatures is promoted. To subdue every sordid and selfish inclination, and to oppose to them the pure precepts of benevolence and philanthropy, can alone raise any one above that equality, which is the natural inheritance of all.

It was the active, and arduous endeavour of Mr. Briant, to erase from the minds of his pupils those pernicious maxims they had long been suffered to indulge; to lead them to nobler aims, than merely living at the expence of others, and passing their time in listless idleness. By degrees he innured them to exercise, and they often assisted him in cultivating a garden which belonged to his house. Eager to imitate what they saw, they were insensibly led to better habits; and their minds as well as their bodies were strengthened by them. They arose early in the morning, which, though at first they found difficult, use soon made agreeable. A delightful walk, or a story from Mr. Briant, more than repaid them for every exertion. Their breakfast was rendered entertaining by a recapitulation of the events of the preceding day; and whenever they had performed any praise-worthy action, the warmest commendations recompensed their virtue. Their tempers also, which before were sour and morose, were now become pliant and obliging. When they returned in the holidays to their father's house, so great was the alteration a twelvemonth had made, that he could scarcely recognize them as his

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sons. They were healthy, active, good-tempered, and condescending. Fretfulness no longer made them disgusting, nor did they weary every one with the constant attendance they required. It is impossible to speak the delight of Mr. Jeffries upon this occasion, and he gave the most liberal proofs of his gratitude to Mr. Briant. At the expiration of their holidays, they returned to their improvements, and their useful avocations. Beside the studies and accomplishments deemed necessary for their rank, they were instructed by Mr. Briant in the knowledge of agriculture, in all its various and useful branches. They were astonished to see by what numerous and extensive labours man is supplied with food; and in proportion as they saw how much they depended upon others, they became more affable and obliging. They would frequently go into the fields to see the plough open the bosom of the earth, the sower scatter the seed, and the harrow finish the toil; they would watch the seed as it broke through the ground, and the green blade as it began to sprout. In the joyous time of harvest, they would assist the poor gleaners, and intreat Mr. Briant to throw them a few handfuls from the rich sheaves. By this conduct they endeared themselves to every one, and there was scarcely a cottager in the village who had not cause to revere the name of Lewis and Archibald. Far from despising the menial, but useful offices of life, they felt the greatest pleasure in rendering themselves useful. They no longer sighed for a gilded coach, nor a numerous train of useless dependents.

Their progress in learning was equal to the improvements of their minds, and whatever advantages they might derive from their rank, were far inferior to those their intrinsic merit bestowed.

At length, after finishing their studies at Oxford, they returned to their father, such sons as any father might delight to own. The splendour, the opulence which surrounded them, gave them frequent oppor-

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tunities of being serviceable to their fellow-creatures; nor did they ever let such opportunities pass unheeded.

But, alas! how uncertain is every thing mortal! Mr. Jeffries, whose success in life had hitherto been invariable, now experienced a cruel reverse. The sudden breaking out of war first involved him in difficulties, and a house, with whom he had very large connections, stopping payment, plunged him still deeper in ruin. The information of several ships which were frighted for him being captured, completed the blow; after all his debts were paid he found himself master of little more than 4000l. This, to a man who had been accustomed to spend such a sum as the yearly expences of his household, was but a degree removed from poverty. In the first agony of grief and disappointment, he abandoned himself to despair, till the affectionate and dutiful attention of his sons recalled him to reason and reflection. They made use of every solacing argument they thought likely to comfort him, and added, as neither guilt nor imprudence had been the cause of his misfortunes, he could in no respect upbraid himself; but must endeavour more calmly to submit to the dispensations of heaven. "We are young," said they, "healthy, and strong, and by our labour we will still support you in ease and plenty; long enough have you thus supported us. We have now an opportunity of shewing our gratitude; so sweet will be the offices, that the melancholy occasions which called it forth, shall be wholly forgotten." The afflicted father made no answer, but folded them tenderly to his bosom. By the advice of his friends, and the concurring wishes of his own breast, he determined to leave England, as he could not bear that the place which had witnessed his former grandeur, should behold his present abasement. He had unfortunately been accustomed to look on wealth as the only means of happiness; the luxuries it afforded, the respect it

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commanded, were dearer than ever to his bosom; and though while he possessed riches, he was still anxious for more, and still found that accumulation satisfied not his wishes, nor at all added to his real enjoyments, he could now neither resign his wealth with fortitude, nor bear its loss with submission. He had a lesson to learn which to him was very difficult, that industry and content are better securities of happiness, than wealth and parade. The small sum which was left of his immense riches, he proposed laying out in the purchase of some land in Jamaica; whither with his two sons he immediately repaired.

Lewis and Archibald, whose education had furnished them with resources of which no chance could deprive them, and which enabled them to live contented in any sphere, sympathized most sincerely in the afflictions of their father, and by their dutiful and unremitted attention endeavoured to lighten them, but poverty presented not itself to them in a form so dreadful; they were willing and able to support themselves by active industry, and they possessed sufficient resolution to make their wishes subservient to their power of gratifying them.

On their arrival in the West-Indies, they remained for a few days at a friend of Mr. Jeffries, and then repaired to their own dwelling. This was small, and had been built, not for purposes of luxury, but from motives of convenience; it was sweetly situated, and presented to the eye the most beautiful and romantic scenery that can be imagined.

It is impossible to describe the sensations which the beautifully picturesque views of Jamaica occasioned in Lewis and Archibald, for their father was too much absorbed in sorrow, to be sensible of such pleasures. They ascended a neighbouring hill to contemplate at leisure the lovely scene. From this eminence they beheld rivers winding in a majestic course along the rich plain, and in some places skirted by woods decked

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with perpetual verdure. There rich savannahs opened to distant scenes, where the foot of European had seldom trod. Every thing which could please the eye, all that could satiate avarice, and gratify luxury, were here combined! But, ah! dreadful were the means by which the latter were accomplished. Here poor toiling wretches dragged on a miserable existence, to contribute to the artificial wants of others; and while plenty smiled around them, they were obliged to satisfy the cravings of hunger with a piece of dried fish, their common and scanty fare!

In the generous, the humane, the well-formed minds of Lewis and Archibald, such an abuse of power could create no other sensations than detestation of the oppressor, and pity for the oppressed; and they resolved, if Providence should so far prosper their industry as to place them in a higher station, their dependents should sweeten the bread of labour with the smiles of freedom.

They were soon employed in cultivating the little ground their father possessed, and this, so far from considering as a degradation, was the source of their highest pleasures: they were giving the strongest proofs of filial affection, they were returning some part of the debt they had contracted with their late munificent father.

In a country so bountiful as Jamaica, the necessaries of life were easily procured; but Lewis and his brother sought for their father those luxuries to which he was still but too much attached.

Their little plantation flourished beyond their most sanguine expectations, and bestowed an ample reward on their pious industry. The next year they increased their quantity of land, and had again the most abundant crops. They now found it necessary to employ more servants, but slavery contaminated not their labours. The generous youths gave them emancipation, and then hired them, leaving them so far masters

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of themselves, as to be able to leave their situation whenever it became unpleasant.

In the course of twenty years, by their industry, upright integrity, and the blessing of heaven, they acquired a very large fortune, and now, with their father, returned to England. There they lived, not to squander, but to enjoy their wealth; to taste the only real delight wealth can impart, that of assisting the needy, and comforting the afflicted.

Mr. Jeffries lived not long after his return to England, and on his death-bed, calling his sons and friends around him, he spoke to them thus: "Twenty years have I been supported by the industry of my sons; who have much more than repaid, whatever they may have received from me. They have been resigned in adversity, cheerful in the midst of affliction, have patiently borne with all my infirmities, and have been the unshaken props of my old age. Heaven has looked upon them with its most favouring eye, and has amply rewarded their exemplary virtue. May their sons deserve, and receive from them such praises as, even now, it is my delight to bestow! In the midst of plenty, even when fortune smiled upon me, I never experienced half the real pleasure the worth of my children has imparted to my heart. Oh, deserving objects of my fondest affection, receive my blessing; accept all the gratitude a parent can bestow!" Here he ceased, the shades of death closed his eyes, and he sunk to eternal repose.

As soon as Lewis and Archibald had paid the last duties to their father, they hastened to Mr. Briant, whom they considered as a second parent, to testify to him that gratitude which warmed their bosoms. It was to him they owed the early culture of their hearts; it was he who had first led them to the paths of virtue, and taught them those useful exercises, which, as they are conducive to the support of man, no one ought to be ashamed to perform. The muta-

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bility of human affairs may convince us, that he who is born to riches is not always secure of their possession. Some unlooked-for storm may blast his fairest prospects; some unexpected misfortune destroy his dearest hopes. How helpless, how contemptible is the state of that man, who is bereaved of pleasures whose loss he has not fortitude to support, nor knowledge sufficient to regain! Ignorant of every thing useful, of every thing which makes the real boast of man, he sinks to the grave unpitied and unlamented. But, on the contrary, what can misfortune take from those, who, like Lewis and Archibald, are capable of supporting themselves under every adversity; who are not influenced by that false shame which disdains what is useful, because it is menial. Poverty can take but little from those who are temperate and industrious. Heaven seldom fails to reward the labours of virtue, and its blessing is more peculiarly promised to those, who, in all trials, pursue the road of integrity and honour.

DISSOLUTION OF A PARENT.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

Mrs. Hunter.

MY father took his seat near my mother, and my sister Penelope placed herself upon his knee.—"We only want our Reginald here," observed my invalid mother, taking his hand; but to-morrow morning, I hope, he will be with us."—"He must have received my letter," answered my father; "I expect him every hour."—"Nothing will prevent it," replied my mother, faintly flushing, "unless he is unfortunately absent from Oxford." My father made no answer, but sighed deeply. I rose and opened the

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door. "That is not amiss, my dear child," said my mother to me; "the room is too close." Then addressing herself to my sister Penelope, she said, "I see your brother has not cured you of the spirit of monopolizing; you still keep possession of your father's knee, or the little parlour as you used to call it."—"Oh! there is plenty of room for my dear Gilbert," cried she, nestling closer to him; "See! here is more than half: Is there not, papa?" The suddenness of the question; the tender moment; and, it may be a recollection from conscience, that an unoffending, but neglected, child then stood before him as a suppliant for nearly a first embrace, appeared to have confounded my father. He coloured; but holding out his hand to me, said, "You are now too old, Gilbert, for a seat in my little parlour; but not so for one in my bosom." He drew me towards him, and pressing my face to his own, with emotion, said, "God bless you, my poor boy!"

Awakened sensibility gave to this unexpected benediction the tone of relenting nature. Compassion vibrated on his heart; and his melting eyes indicated the passing thought of tender sorrow. It struck on my mother's feeble frame like an electric shock; for a moment her pale countenance was suffused with the fleeting hue of health; her languid eyes beamed with animation and joy; and, suddenly half-raising herself, she, with trembling eagerness, said, "Oh! let me hear these blessed words again, and I die happy! Once more bless your *poor* Gilbert! Once more let me behold him in his father's embrace! Bless your son, my Gilbert," added she, with inconceivable agitation and energy; "receive your Penelope's last test of faith, of truth, and your future comfort!"

"May heaven refuse to hear me in my hour of need;" answered my father, bursting into agonizing tears; "may I be cut off for ever when I refuse to give him the blessing which he has never forfeited,

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and which you crave for him!—God bless you, my son!" continued he, straining me to his agitated bosom; "God for ever bless you, for the sake of that angel who bore you. Oh! implore him, with me, to preserve that life in which is centred all our earthly happiness!"

It is enough," faintly murmured my mother, sinking on her pillows. "God of my salvation! I am——" Her eyes closed; her lips still moved; a convulsive sigh escaped; and her pure spirit left, without a pang, its fragile, though, even in death, beauteous prison.

AN ALLEGORICAL DREAM.

Franklin.

IN a dream I thought myself in a solitary temple. I saw a kind of phantom coming towards me; but as he drew near, his form expanded, and he became more than human; his robe hung majestically down to his feet; six wings, whiter than snow, whose extremities were edged with gold, covered a part of his body: then I saw him quit his material substance, which he had put on to avoid terrifying me; his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair, and I was sensible I was travelling in the æthereal plains without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow sent from a bow, drawn by a supple and nervous arm. A thousand glowing orbs rolled beneath me: but I could only cast a rapid glance on all those globes distinguished by the striking colours with which they were diversified. I now suddenly perceived so beautiful, so flourishing, so fertile a country, that I conceived a strong desire to alight upon it. My wishes were instantly gratified; I felt myself gently landed on its surface, where I was surrounded by a balmy at-

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mosphere. I found myself reposed at the dawn, upon the soft verdant grass. I stretched out my arms, in token of gratitude to my celestial guide, who pointed to a resplendent sun, towards which swiftly rising, he disappeared in the luminous body.

I arose, and imagined myself to be transported to the garden of Eden. Every thing inspired my soul with soft tranquillity. The most profound peace covered this new globe; nature was here ravishing and incorruptible, and a delicious freshness expanded my sense to ecstacy; a sweet odour accompanied the air I breathed; my heart, which beat with an unusual power, was immerged in a sea of rapture; while pleasure, like a pure and immortal light, penetrated the inmost recesses of my soul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet me; and after saluting me they took me by the hand. Their noble countenances inspired confidence and respect; innocence and happiness were depicted in their looks; they often lifted their eyes towards heaven, and as often uttered a name which I afterwards knew to be that of the Eternal, while their cheeks were moistened with tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I conversed with these sublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the most sincere tenderness; and the voice of reason, most majestic, and no less melting, was at the same time conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I soon perceived this abode was totally different from that which I had left. A divine impulse made me fly into their arms;—I bowed my knees to them; but being raised up in the most endearing manner, I was pressed to the bosoms that inclosed such excellent hearts, and I conceived a presentiment of celestial amity, of that amity which united their souls, and formed the greatest portion of their felicity.

The angel of darkness, with all his artifice, was never able to discover the entrance into this world!—

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notwithstanding his ever-watchful malice, he never found out the means to spread his poison over this happy globe. Anger, envy, and pride, were there unknown; the happiness of one appeared the happiness of all! an ecstatic transport incessantly elevating their souls at the sight of the magnificent and bountiful hand that collected over their heads the most astonishing prodigies of the creation.

The lovely morning, with her humid saffron wings, distilled the pearly dew from the shrubs and flowers, and the rays of the rising sun multiplied the most enchanting colours, when I perceived a wood embellished by the opening dawn.

The youth of both sexes there sent forth hymns of adoration towards heaven; and were filled at the same time with the grandeur and majesty of God, which rolled almost visibly over their heads; for in this world of innocence, he vouchsafed to manifest himself by means unknown to our weak understandings. All things announced his august presence, the serenity of the air, the dyes of the flowers, the brilliancy of the insects, a kind of universal sensibility spread over all beings, and which vivified bodies that seemed the least susceptible of it, every thing bore the appearance of sentiment; and the birds stopped in the midst of their flight, as if attentive to the affecting modulations of their voices. But no pencil can express the ravishing countenances of the young beauties, whose bosoms breathed love. Who can describe that love of which we have not any idea, that love for which we have no name, that love, the lot of pure intelligent beings, divine love, which they only can conceive and feel; the tongue of man, incapable, must be silent!—The remembrance of this enchanting place suspends at this moment all the faculties of my soul.

The sun was rising—the pencil falls from my hand. O Thomson, never did thy muse view such a sun!—What a world, and what magnificent order! I trod,

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with regret, on the flowery plants, endued, like that we call sensitive, with a quick and lively feeling; they bent under my foot, only to rise with more brilliancy: the fruit gently dropped, on the first touch from the complying branch, and had scarcely gratified the palate when the delicious sensation of its juices was felt glowing in every vein; the eye, more piercing, sparkled with uncommon lustre; the ear was more lively; the heart, which expanded itself over all nature, seemed to possess and enjoy its fertile extent: the universal enjoyment did not disturb any individual; for union multiplied their delights, and they esteemed themselves less happy in their own fruition than in the happiness of others. This sun did not resemble the comparative paleness and weakness which illuminates our gloomy terrestrial prison; yet the eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itself in a kind of ecstacy in its mild and pure light; it enlivened at once the sight and the understanding, and even penetrated the soul. The bodies of those fortunate persons became, as it were, transparent; while each read in his brother's heart the sentiments of affability and tenderness with which himself was affected.

There darted from the leaves of all the shrubs that the planet enlightened, a luminous matter, which resembled, at a distance, all the colours of the rainbow; its orb, which was never eclipsed, was crowned with such sparkling rays that the daring prism of Newton could not divide. When this planet set, six brilliant moons floated in the atmosphere; their progression in different orbits, each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of stars, which seem to us as if scattered by chance, were here seen in their true point of view, and the order of the universe appeared in all its pomp and splendour.

In this happy country, when a man gave way to sleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terrestrial elements, gave no opposition to the soul, but

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contemplated in a vision, bordering on reality, the lucid region, the throne of the Eternal, to which it was soon to be elevated. Men awaked from a light slumber without perturbation or uneasiness; enjoying futurity by a forcible sentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with the image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed. Grief, the fatal result of the imperfect sensibility of our rude frames, was unknown to these innocent men; a light sensation warned them of the objects that could hurt them: and nature removed them from the danger, as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pitfall. I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord; my existence became most valuable to me; but in proportion as the charms which surrounded me were lively, the greater was my sorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted. All the calamities of the human race united, as in one point, to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteously—"Alas! the world I inhabited, formerly resembled yours; but, peace, innocence, and chaste pleasures, soon vanished.—Why was I not born among you? what a contrast! the earth that was my sorrowful abode is incessantly filled with tears and sighs; there the smaller number oppress the greater; the demon of property infects what he touches, and what he covets. Gold is there a god, and they sacrifice on his altar, love, humanity, and the most valuable virtues. Shudder, you that hear me! the greatest enemy that man has is man; his chiefs are his tyrants; they make all things bend under the yoke of their pride or their caprice; the chains of oppression are in a manner extended from pole to pole; a monster who assumes the mask of glory, makes lawful whatever is most horrible, violence and murder. Since the fatal invention of an inflammable powder, no mortal can say, to-morrow I shall repose in peace;—to-morrow the arm of despotism will not crush my head;—to-

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morrow dreadful sorrow will not depress my soul;—to-morrow the wailings of an useless despair, proceeding from a distressed heart, will not escape my lips, and tyranny bury me alive as in a stone coffin! Oh, my brethren! weep, weep over us! We are not only surrounded with chains and executioners, but are moreover dependent on the seasons, the elements, and the meanest insects. All nature rebels against us; and even if we subdue her, she makes us pay dearly for the benefits our labour forces from her. The bread we eat is earned by our tears and the sweat of our brow; then greedy men come and plunder us, to squander it on their idle favourites. Weep, weep with me, my brethren! hatred pursues us; revenge sharpens its poniard in the dark; calumny brands us, and even deprives us of the power of making our defence; the object of tenderness betrays our confidence, and forces us to curse this otherwise consolatary sentiment. We must live in the midst of all the strokes of wickedness, error, pride, and folly."

Whilst my heart gave a free course to my complaints, I saw a band of shining seraphs descending from heaven; on which shouts of joy were immediately sent forth from the whole race of these fortunate beings. As I gazed with astonishment, I was accosted by an old man, who said, "Farewell, my friend; the moment of our death draws near; or rather, that of a new life. The ministers of the God of clemency are come to take us away from this earth; we are going to dwell in a world of still greater perfection."

"Why, father," said I, "are you then strangers to the agonies of death, the anguish, the pain, the dread, which accompany us in our last moments?" "Yes, my child," he replied, "these angels of the Highest come at stated periods, and carry us all away, opening to us the road to a new world, of which we have an idea by the undoubted conviction of the unlimited

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bounty and magnificence of the Creator." A cheerful glow was immediately spread over their countenances; their brows already seemed crowned with immortal splendor; they sprang lightly from the earth in my sight; I prest the sacred hand of each for the last time, while with a smile they held out the other to the seraph, who had spread his wings to carry them to heaven. They ascended all at once, like a flock of beautiful swans, that, taking flight, raise themselves, with majestic rapidity, over the tops of our highest palaces. I gazed with sadness; my eye followed them in the air, until their venerable heads were lost in the silver clouds, and I remained alone on this magnificent deserted land. I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wished to return to this unfortunate world of expiation: thus the animal escaped from his keeper returns, following the track of his chain, with a mild aspect, and enters his prison.

Awaking, the illusion was dispelled, which it is beyond the power of my weak tongue or pen to describe in its full splendor; but this illusion I shall for ever cherish: and, supported by the foundation of hope, I will preserve it till death in the inmost recesses of my soul.

ON HAPPINESS OF TEMPER.

Goldsmith.

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure; I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts

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of rustic mirth: thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit; and questions and commands the most rational way of spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue! I find that age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure the best actor gives, can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag who imitated a quaker's sermon. The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to shew, that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment; and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession; some may be awkward, others ill-dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! an happy constitution supplied philosophy; and, though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opprtunity of mirth; and, though some thought him from his insensibility a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate; for all

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philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when Nature seems to deny the means.

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception: if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself, that, instead of loving the lady, he only fancied that he had loved her, and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine, (being confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes), he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences, of life, he still retained his

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good-humour; laughed at all the little spite of his enemies; and carried the jest so far, as to be revenged, by writing the life of his gaoler.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good-humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even ideotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it: for my own part I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people, who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its ambition.

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money-matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. "I leave my second son Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds." "Ah! father," cried Simon, (in great affliction to be sure), "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always

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been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter." "Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now not only excessively good-humoured, but competently rich

Yes, let the world cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce: at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good-humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume; it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method, we forget our miseries; by the last, we only conceal them from others: by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict, but a sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

Hervey.

THE earth is assigned us for a dwelling.—The skies are stretched over us like a magnificent canopy, dyed in the purest azure, and beautified now with pictures of floating silver, now with colourings of reflected crimson.—The grass is spread under us, as a spacious carpet, wove with silken threads of green, and damasked with flowers of every hue.—The sun, like a golden lamp, is hung out in the ethereal vault;

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and pours his effulgence all the day to lighten our paths.—When night approaches, the moon takes up the friendly office, and the stars are kindled in twinkling myriads, to cheer the darkness with their milder lustre, not to disturb our repose by too intense a glare. —The clouds, besides the rich paintings they hang around the heavens, act the part of a shifting screen, and defend us, by their seasonable interposition, from the scorching beams of summer. May we not also regard them, as the great watering pots of the globe? which, wafted on the wings of the wind, dispense their moisture evenly through the universal garden; and fructify, with their showers, whatever our hand plants. The fields are our exhaustless granary.—The ocean is our vast reservoir.—The animals spend their strength, to dispatch our business, resign their clothing to replenish our wardrobe, and surrender their very lives to provide for our tables.—In short, every element is a store-house of conveniences; every season brings us the choicest productions; all nature is our caterer.— And which is a most endearing recommendation of these favours, they are all as lovely as they are useful. You observe nothing mean or inelegant All is clad in beauty's fairest robe, and regulated by proportion's nicest rule. The whole scene exhibits a fund of pleasures to the imagination, at the same time, that it more than supplies all our wants.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUNSET.

Idem.

THE sun has almost finished his daily race, and hastens to the goal. He descends lower and lower, till his chariot-wheels seem to hover on the utmost verge of the sky. What is somewhat remark-

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able, the orb of light, upon the point of setting, grows considerably broader. The shadows of objects, just before they become blended in undistinguishable darkness, are exceedingly lengthened.— Like blessings, little prized, while possessed; but highly esteemed, the very instant they are preparing for their flight; bitterly regretted when once they are gone, and to be seen no more.

The radiant globe is, now, half-immersed beneath the dusky earth. Or, as the ancient poets speak, is shooting into the ocean, and sinks in the western sea. And could I view the sea at this juncture, it would yield a most amusing and curious spectacle. The rays, striking horizontally on the liquid element, give it the appearance of floating glass; or reflected in many a different direction, form a beautiful multiplicity of colours.—A stranger, as he walks along the sandy beach, and, lost in pensive attention, listens to the murmurings of the restless flood, is agreeably alarmed by the gay decorations of its surface. With entertainment, and with wonder, he sees the curling waves here glistering with white, there glowing with purple; in one place, wearing an azure tincture, in another, glancing a cast of undulating green; in the whole, exhibiting a piece of fluid scenery, that may vie with yonder pencil tapestries, though wrought in the loom, and tinged with the dyes of heaven.

APPEARANCE OF NATURE AFTER SUNSET.

Idem.

THE great luminary is sunk beneath the horizon, and totally disappears. The whole face of the ground is overspread with shades, or with, what one of the finest painters of nature calls, a *dun obscurity.*

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Only a few very superior eminences are tipt with streaming silver. The tops of groves, and lofty towers, catch the last smiles of day, are still irradiated by the departing beams.—But O! how transient is the distinction! how momentary the gift! like all the blessings, which mortals enjoy here below, it is gone, almost as soon as granted. See! how languishingly it trembles on the leafy spire; and glimmers, with a dying faintness, on the mountain's brow. The little vivacity that remains, decays every moment. It can no longer hold its station. While I speak it expires; and resigns the world to the gradual approaches of night.

Every object, a little while ago, glared with light; but now, all appears under a more qualified lustre. The animals harmonize with the insensible creation; and what was gay in those, as well as glittering in this, gives place to an universal gravity. In the meadows, all was jocund and sportive; but now the gamesome lambs are grown weary of their frolicks, and the tired shepherd has imposed silence on his pipe. In the branches, all was sprightliness and song; but now the lively green is wrapt in the descending glooms, and no tuneful airs are heard, only the plaintive stock-dove, cooing mournfully through the grove.

THE GARDEN OF HOPE.

Johnson.

THERE is no temper so generally indulged as hope; other passions operate by starts on particular occasions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every

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stage and period, always urging us forward to new acquisitions, and holding out some distant blessing to our view, promising us either relief from pain, or increase of happiness.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be unsupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was musing on this strange inclination which every man feels to deceive himself, and considering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay prospect of futurity, when, falling asleep, on a sudden I found myself placed in a garden, of which my sight could descry no limits. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of spring, and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves. When I had recovered from the first raptures, with which the confusion of pleasure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that, at a small distance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all their power of melody. The

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trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with blossoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the sight of ripe fruits, which seemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked hastily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the birds flew still singing before me, and though I pressed onward with great celerity, I was still in sight of pleasures of which I could not yet gain the possession, and which seemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with so many alternations of joy and grief, I yet persisted to go forward, in hopes that these fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I saw an innumerable multitude of every age and sex, who seemed all to partake of some general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with eagerness: yet each appeared to have some particular and secret pleasure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themselves. Most of them seemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too busy to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, and therefore I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troublesome enquiries. At last I observed one man worn with time, and unable to struggle in the crowd; and therefore, supposing him more at leisure, I began to accost him: but he turned from me with anger, and told me he must not be disturbed, for the great hour of projection was now come, when Mercury should lose his wings, and slavery should no longer dig the mine for gold.

I left him, and attempted another, whose softness of mien, and easy movement, gave me reason to hope for a more agreeable reception: but he told me, with a low bow, that nothing would make him more happy than an opportunity of serving me, which he could

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not now want, for a place which he had been twenty years soliciting would be soon vacant. From him I had recourse to the next, who was departing in haste to take possession of the estate of an uncle, who by the course of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treasure in a new-invented bell; and another was on the point of discovering the longitude.

Being thus rejected wheresoever I applied myself for information, I began to imagine it best to desist from enquiry, and try what my own observation would discover: but seeing a young man, gay and thoughtless, I resolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the garden of Hope, the daughter of Desire, and that all those whom I saw thus tumultuously bustling round me, were incited by the promises of Hope, and hastening to seize the gifts which she held in her hand.

I turned my sight upward, and saw a goddess in the bloom of youth, sitting on a throne: around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the blessings of life were spread abroad to view; she had a perpetual gaiety of aspect, and every one imagined that her smile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himself, and triumphed in his own superiority to others, who had conceived the same confidence from the same mistake.

I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extensive view of the whole place, and could with less perplexity consider the different conduct of the crowds that filled it. From this station I observed, that the entrance into the garden of Hope was by two gates, one of which was kept by Reason, and the other by Fancy. Reason was surly and scrupulous, and seldom turned the key without many interrogatories and long hesitation; but Fancy was a kind and gentle portress, she held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the district under her super-

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intendency; so that the passage was crowded by all those who either feared the examination of Reason, or had been rejected by her.

From the gate of Reason there was a way to the throne of Hope, by a craggy, slippery, and winding path, called the *Streight of difficulty*, which those who entered with the permission of the guard endeavoured to climb. But though they surveyed the way very cheerfully before they began to rise, and marked out the several stages of their progress, they commonly found unexpected obstacles, and were obliged to frequently stop on the sudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thousand intricacies embarrassed them, a thousand slips threw them back, and a thousand pitfalls impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and so frequent the miscarriages, that many returned from the first attempt, and many fainted in the midst of the way, and only a very small number were led up to the summit of Hope, by the hand of Fortitude. Of these few the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which Hope had promised them, regretted the labour which it cost, and felt in their success the regret of disappointment; the rest retired with their prize, and were led by Wisdom to the bowers of Content.

Turning then towards the gate of Fancy, I could find no way to the seat of Hope; but though she sat full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that side inaccessibly steep, but so channelled and shaded, that none perceived the impossibility of ascending it, but each imagined himself to have found a way to which the rest were strangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this industrious tribe, of whom some were making themselves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never rose above the ground, or

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quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of Hope, but continued still to gaze at a distance, and laughed at the slow progress of those whom they saw toiling in the *Streight of Difficulty*.

Part of the favourites of Fancy, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the rest, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of Idleness, a calm and undisturbed retirement, from whence they could always have Hope in prospect, and to which they pleased themselves with believing that she intended speedily to descend. These were indeed scorned by all the rest; but they seemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were resolved to expect at ease the favour of the goddess.

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to answer all my questions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but turning round I saw two dreadful monsters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be Age, and the other Want. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and an universal shriek of affright and distress burst out and awaked me.

MODESTY REWARDED.

Stretch.

A CERTAIN cardinal, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occasion for the world to call him the patron of the poor. This ecclesiastical prince had a constant custom, once a week, to give public audience to all indigent people, in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, or the motions of his own goodness.

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One day, a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his bounty, came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard among a crowd of petitioners, the cardinal, observing the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She, blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed herself to him: "My lord, I owe for the rent of my house five crowns, and such is my misfortune, that I have no way left to pay it, except that which would break my heart, (and my landlord threatens to force me to it,) which is, to prostitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto, with great care, educated in the principles of virtue. What I beg of your eminence is, that you would be pleased to interpose your authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till, by honest industry, we can procure the money for him." The cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and modest request, bade her be of good courage: then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the woman's hand, "Go," said he, "to my steward, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent." The widow, overjoyed, and returning the cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note. When he had read it he told out fifty crowns. She, astonished at the circumstance, and not knowing what the cardinal had written, refused to take above five crowns, saying, she mentioned no more to his eminence, and she was sure it was some mistake. On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns. Wherefore, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent prince,

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and he was fully informed of the business; "It is true," said he, "I mistook in writing fifty crowns, give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Upon which he wrote again, saying to the woman, "So much modesty and virtue deserves a recompence: here I have ordered you five hundred crowns: what you can spare of it, lay up as a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage."

The CHOICE *and* CRITERION *of* RELIGION.

J. Moir.

WOULD you wish, amidst the vast variety of religious systems in vogue, to make a distinction, and prefer the best? Recollect the character of Christ: keep a steady eye on that universal and permanent good-will to men, in which he lived, by which he suffered, for which he died. What now would you expect from a mind so purely and habitually benign? Is it possible to suppose that a heart thus warm and wide could harbour a narrow wish, or utter a partial sentiment? Most luckily, in this point, the fullest satisfaction is in every man's power. Go, search the religion he has left, to the bottom: not in those artificial theories, however, which have done it the most essential and lasting injury; not in their manner who assume his name, but overlook his example, and who are talking for ever about the merits of his death, at the expence of those virtues which adorned his life; not in those wild and romantic opinions, which, to make us Christians, would make us fools: but in those writings, and in those alone, which contain his genuine history and gospel; and which, in the most peculiar and exclusive sense, are the words of eternal

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life. Commentators are good for nothing but perplexing the head, and repressing the ardour of the heart. Do you want sentiment? so do they; do ye want devotion? so do they; do ye want information? so do they. For my own part, I never saw one in my life, which was not a thousand times more unintelligible than the text. Do read the scriptures then as you would the LAST WILL of some deceased friend, in which you expected a large bequest; and tell me, in the sincerity of your soul, what you see there to circumscribe the social affections, to quash the risings of benevolence, to check the generous effusions of humanity? Littleness of mind and narrowness of temper were certainly no part of our Saviour's character; and he enjoins nothing which he did not himself uniformly and minutely exemplify. Strange! that an institution, which begins and ends in benignity, should be prostituted to countenance the workings of malevolent passions, should produce animosities among those minds it was intended to unite! But there is not a corruption of the human heart which has not sometimes borrowed the garb of religion. Christianity, however, is not the less precious to the honest, that knaves and hypocrites have so long abused her: and let bigots and sceptics say what they will, she softens and enlarges the heart, warms and impregnates the mind of man, as certainly, and as sensibly too, as the sun does the earth. This CRITERION is as obvious as it is decisive. True generosity is always open, always acceptable, and always known. Whoever would be thought pious, without this genuine signature of piety; be his behaviour as starch, and his face as sad and sanctimonious as you will, mark him down for a hypocrite. But he whose bosom heaves with kindness, who would not say or do a thing to hurt another for the world, whose ruling disposition is to be obliging and beneficent, (whatever system he has adopted), lives under the visible influence of true goodness.

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Esteem him as a brother and kinsman: the same spirit which lives in you lives in him: the divine image is stamped on him as well as on you; and he copies that example which leads us all to immortality.

PORTRAIT OF THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

Robinson

THE pious man is often disdained in society by men of the world. He is often taxed with narrowness of genius and meanness of soul. He is often dismissed to keep company with those whom the world calls "good folks." But what unjust appraisers of things are mankind! How little doth it become them to distribute glory! Christian is a grand character! A Christian man unites in himself what is most grand, either in the mind of a philosopher, or in the heart of a hero. The unknown steadiness of his soul elevates him above whatever is most grand in the mind of a philosopher. The philosopher flatters himself that he is arrived at this grandeur, but he only imagines so, it is the Christian who possesses it. He alone knows how to distinguish the true from the false: The Christian is the man who knows how to ascend heaven, to procure there and diffuse it upon earth. It is the Christian who having learnt by the accurate exercise of his reason, the imperfection of his knowledge, and having supplied the want of perfection in himself, by submitting to the decisions of an infallible being, steadily resisteth all the illusions, and all the sophisms of error and falsehood. And as he possesseth and surpasseth whatever is most grand in the mind of a philosopher, so he possesseth whatever is most grand in the heart of a hero: That grandeur

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of which the worldly hero vainly imagines himself in possession of, the Christian alone truly enjoys. It is the Christian who first forms the heroical design of taking the perfections of God for his model, and then surmounteth every obstacle that opposeth his laudable career. It is the Christian who hath the courage, not to rout an army, neither to cut a way through a squadron, nor to scale a wall, but to stem an immoral torrent, to free himself from the maxims of the world, to bear pain, and to despise shame; and, what perhaps may be yet more magnanimous, and more rare, to be impregnable against whole armies and voluptuous attacks. It is the Christian, then, who is the only true philosopher—the only real hero.

ON BIGOTRY.

W. Jay.

THE readiest way in the world to thin heaven and replenish the regions of hell, is to call in the spirit of bigotry. This will immediately arraign, and condemn, and execute, all that do not bow down and worship the image of our idolatry. Possessing exclusive prerogative, it rejects every other claim—"Stand by, I am *sounder* than thou. The temple of the Lord—the temple of the Lord—the temple of the Lord are we!" How many of the dead has this intolerance sentenced to eternal misery, who will shine like stars in the kingdom of our father; how many living characters does it not reprobate as enemies to the cross of Christ, who are placing in it all their glory! No wonder if under the influence of this consuming zeal, we form lessening views of the number of the saved. *I only am left*—yes, they are few indeed, if none belong

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to them who do not belong to your party—that do not see with your eyes—that do not believe election with you, or universal redemption with you—that do not worship under a steeple with you, or in a meeting with you—that are not dipped with you, or sprinkled with you. But hereafter we shall find, that *the righteous* were not so circumscribed, when we shall see "many coming from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."

SIDNEY; OR, THE PARENTAL BEGGAR.

A MORAL TALE.

Anonymous.

IT was in one of those unpleasant evenings, when Winter, with all his gloomy followers, visit the earth, and for a time seem to estrange the heart of man from the love of nature, that young Sidney quitted the house of a friend; and, through an unfrequented valley, sought his own habitation. The pouring rain, and pelting hail, beat hard on his shoulders; while the boisterous wings of Boreas directed the elementary storm with redoubled rage against the solitary traveller. He had buttoned his great coat around his body; and, with a cheerful mind, occasioned by a good conscience, proceeded on his journey, while his thoughts turned on the recollection of his situation in life. He considered himself as an orphan; having, like another Telemachus, never remembered his father, or even his mother. His virtues, good character, and industry, had gained him an amiable consort; and, with her, a considerable fortune: he wanted now

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but to know the fate of his parents, for the completion of his bliss, and to make him one of the happiest men in existence. As he was thus absorbed in thought, a cry of—" Remember the distressed!" assailed his ear. His heart, ever open to the pitying cries of the wretched, immediately prompted his eye to survey the object that claimed relief. It was an old man, whose age seemed to border on the verge of sixty, and whose body was greatly emaciated, thinly clothed, and open in many parts to the inclemencies of the weather. Misfortune and penury seemed to have bent his frame, more than the hand of time had disfigured his countenance, which yet bore the traces of ancient Affluence chilled by the icy grasp of Poverty. His eyes were hollow, his beard was long, his countenance dejected, and his whole form truly affecting.

The heart of Sidney was ever susceptible of humanity, and his hand had never denied the charitable pittance; but he found, now, a greater propensity than ever to relieve the decrepid mendicant. " Who knows," said he, as he crossed the road towards him, " but my father may be reduced to the same ebb of extreme misery?" Then, coming up to the beggar—" Here, friend," said he, presenting to him all his silver, " take this, and may heaven send you more in abundance!"—" Thank you, young man," replied the poor old mendicant; " and may heaven's Almighty Ruler prosper and preserve you! I had once a son," continued he, weeping; but, alas!——" He could say no more. His heart was too full; the tears poured down his venerable face; nature throbbed with the shock; his breast heaved with the force of his feelings, and he could only, by a bow, thank the kindness of the generous youth. " My wife," said he, recovering a little, and pointing to a cluster of oaks, " is yonder! We have lately been delivered from the jaws of an Algerine dungeon, and have not a friend in the world!" The feelings of Sidney were now more

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and more awakened. The tears of pity starting from his eyes, gently rolled down his cheeks, and the firmness of the man was insensibly overpowered by the weakness of nature. "May I see your consort?" said he, in a voice stifled with sighs. The beggar could not reply: he looked wistfully, and, taking hold of his arm in one hand, with the other pointed to the spot, where he instantly conducted him.

If the scene was before affecting, it was doubly so now. A venerable matron was sitting on the ground, in vain attempting, with a ragged cloak, to screen her from the storm. Tears poured from her eyes in abundance; while every feature, every limb, trembled with the excessive cold.

"Here, Maria," said the husband, presenting Sidney to her, "is a young man who infinitely claims your most respectful thanks; he has relieved our want, the very moment I requested it.—Forgive me," continued he, turning to Sidney, "if I did not give those unbounded thanks your generosity deserves. It was the first time that ever I asked such a boon, and my feelings at your behaviour were too great to be expressed." The woman also arose; and, in a like gentle manner, thanked him for his kindness. The man, not leaving our hero time to reply, began as follows to relate the incidents which had reduced them to beggary—"My life," said he, "has been a continual series of melancholy events. My mother died when I was an infant, and left me to the care of an inhuman father, whose riches exceeded his generosity, liberality, and affection for his children. As I was the only son that arrived to manhood, every branch of learning was exhausted to enable my mind to despise my inferiors, and make me believe my fortune put me above the rest of mankind. Foolish man! Literature only served to polish my mind with virtue; and philosophy taught me that the ploughman was equal—morally considered—to the proudest peer. In short, I had so fortified

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myself with virtue, that I had not long left the university, and had been admitted a partner in my father's business, when I placed my affection on a neighbouring farmer's daughter. She had been initiated in as good morality as myself; and, though the walls of an university had never enclosed her, was very intelligent, and strictly virtuous. Her heart, like mine, was soon susceptible of love; and, knowing the temper of my brutal father, I secretly married, and for a long time visited her privately. An amiable boy, at length, crowned our sincere loves. The news soon reached the ears of my father: I was banished his presence: my fortune, at least what was to have been mine, settled on his nephew; and my wife ordered to leave me for ever. Confounded at my father's brutality, not daring to see any of my friends or acquaintances, the very kingdom became hateful, and I avowed my intentions of quitting it immediately. My wife, "sad soother of my cares!" in vain attempted to assuage my grief; and, at length, finding it ineffectual, left her child to her father's care, and sought with me some asylum in a foreign country. But, alas! we had scarcely left England, when we were captured by an Algerine corsair, confined in a deadly dungeon, till the generosity of a British gentleman relieved us, and sent us home. But, oh!" cried he, weeping afresh, "the worst is yet to come. Scarcely had we landed, and enquired for our son, when we found that his protector was dead, and Frederick, my pretty Frederick, an outcast orphan——" "I know where!" cried Sidney, throwing his arms around his neck. "Cease, O my father, the mournful tale! Behold, my parents! behold your son, your Frederick Sidney!——" He would have said more; but his excessive joy stopped his utterance; the tears poured down his face, and mingled with those of his parents. In vain do I attempt to sketch the scene; in vain would my feeble powers paint the picture: let those who possess huma-

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nity, think what they must feel, on beholding a son, a father, and a mother, after thirty years of tedious absence, meet again! Suffice it for me to say, that happiness, content, and plenty, crowned the remaining days of the venerable pair, and blessed the youthful, the filial Sidney.

HUMOUROUS APOLOGY FOR AUTHORS.

Cumberland.

I HOPE the candid reader now and then calls to mind how much more nimbly he travels over a book than the writer did. When our dulness is complained of, it would be but charity in him to reflect how much pains that same dulness has cost us; more, he may be assured, than our brighter intervals, where we sprung nimbly forward with easy weight, instead of toiling like a carrier's horse, whose slow and heavy pace argues the load he draws, and the labour he endures. Alas! for us poor Novelists, if there was no mercy for dull authors, and our countrymen, like the barbarous Libethrians of old, should take it into their minds to banish music and the muses out of the land, and murder every Orpheus that did not fiddle to their taste. They should consider that the man, who makes a book, makes a very pretty piece of furniture; and if they will but consign us to a quiet station on a shelf, and give us wherewithal to cover us in a decent trim, the worst among us will serve to fill up the file, and stop a gap in the ranks.

It is hard indeed to toil, as we sometimes do, to our own loss and disappointment; to sweat in the field of fame, merely to reap a harvest of chaff, and pile up reams of paper for the worm to dine upon. It is a cruel thing to rack our brains for nothing, run our

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jaded fancies to a stand-still, and then lie down at the conclusion of our race, a carcase for the critics. And what is our crime all the while? A mere mistake between our readers and ourselves, occasioned by a small miscalculation of our capacities and their candour; all which would be avoided, if happily for us they had not the wit to find out our blunders; or, happily for them, had all that good-nature for us that we generously exercise towards ourselves. If once they could bring their tempers to this charming complacency, they might depend upon having books in plenty; authors would multiply like polypusses, and the press would be the happiest mother in the kingdom.

How many worthy gentlemen are there in this blessed island of ours, who have so much time on their hands, that they do not know what to do with it? I am aware how large and respectable a portion of this enlightened nation centre their delights in the chace, and draw an elegant resource from the sagacity of the hound and the vigour of the horse; but they cannot always be on the saddle; the elements they cannot command; and frost and snow will lock them up within their castle walls; there it is possible that solitude may surprise them, and dismiss them for a time to their own lucubrations: now, with all possible respect for their resources, I should think it may sometimes be worth their while to make experiment of other people's lucubrations, when they have worn out their own, for those must be but sorry thoughts, which are not better than not thinking at all; and the least they can gain by an author is a nap.

The ingenuity of man has invented a thousand contrivances for innocently disposing of idle time; let us, then, who write books, have only the idlers on our side, in gratitude for the amusement we give them, and let the rest of the world be as splenetic as they will, we may set their spleen at nought; the majority will be with us.

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If a querulous infant is stilled by a rattle, the maker of the rattle has saved somebody's ears from pain and persecution; grant, therefore, that a novel is nothing better than a toy for children of a larger growth and more unruly age, society has some cause to thank the writer of it; it may have cheered the debtor in his prison, or the country squire in a hard frost. Traders will cry up the commodity they deal in, therefore I do not greatly insist on the praises which some that write books have bestowed on book-writing; but I do observe, that great respect is paid to an author by those who cannot read him, wherefore I conclude, those who can read, and do not praise him, are only silent because they wanted words to express their admiration and gratitude; while those sanguine flatterers, who, in the excess of their respect for our persons, cry down our performances, give evident proof how much higher they had pitched their expectations of what our talents would produce, than our productions could make good; but though in their zeal for our reputations, they tell us how ill we write, they seldom neglect at the same time to shew us how we might have written still worse.

Some over-wise people have pretended to discover, that this altercation between author and critic is nothing more than a mere plot and contrivance to play into each other's hands, like Mountebank and Zany; but this is over-acted sagacity, and an affectation of finding more mysteries in the art of authorship, than really belong to it; for my own part, I believe it is a business of a more simple nature than most which can be taken up, and that authors in general require nothing more than pen, ink, and paper, to set up with. In ancient times, the trade was in few hands, and the work seems then to have been composed with much pains and forethought; materials were collected with great care, and put together with consummate accuracy and attention; every part was fitted to its place, polish-

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ed to the height, and finished to perfection; there were inspectors on the part of the public, men of sound judgment, and fully competent to the office, who brought the work to a standard of rule and measure, and insisted upon it, that every whole should have a *beginning*, a *middle*, and an *end*. Under these strict regulations the ancients wrote; but now that practice has made us perfect, and the trade is got into so many hands, these regulations are done away, and so far from requiring of us a *beginning*, *middle*, and *end*, it is enough if we can shew a head and a tail; and it is not always that even these can be made out with any tolerable precision. As our authors write with less labour, our critics review with less care; and for every one fault that they mark in our productions, there probably might be found one hundred that they overlook. It is an idle notion, however, to suppose that therefore they are in league and concert with the authors they revise; for where could that poor fraternity find a fund to compensate them for suffering a vocation once so reputable to fall into such utter disgrace under their management, as to be no longer the employ of a gentleman? As for our readers, on whom we never fail to bestow the terms of candid, gentle, courteous, and others of the like soothing cast, they certainly deserve all the fair words we can give them; for it is not to be denied, but that we make occasionally very great demands upon their candour, gentleness, and courtesy, exercising them frequently and fully with such trials as require those several endowments in no small proportion.

But are there not also fastidious, angry, querulential readers? readers with full stomachs, who complain of being surfeited and over-loaded with the story-telling trash of our circulating libraries? It cannot be altogether denied, but still they are readers; if the load is so heavy upon them as they pretend it is, I will put them in the way of getting rid of it, by reviving the

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law of the ancient Cecerteans, who obliged their artists to hawk about their several wares, carrying them on their backs, till they found purchasers to ease them of the burden. Was this law put in force against authors, few of us, I doubt, would be found able to stand under the weight of our own unpurchased works.

But while the public are contented with things as they are, where is the wonder if the reform is never made by us till they begin it in themselves? Let their taste lead the fashion, and our productions must accord to it. While the Cookeries of Hannah Glasse outcirculate the Commentaries of Blackstone, authors will be found, who prefer the compilation of receipts to that of records, as the easier and more profitable task of the two. If puerilities are pleasing, men will write *ut pueris placeant.*

ON DISAPPOINTING EXPECTATIONS.

Anonymous.

TO raise expectations and to dash them, after the mind has been long habituated to indulge on the pleasing dream, is a refinement of malice that would do honour to the ingenuity of demons. From such a nefarious practice the generous would shrink with horror, the honest revolt with disdain: and none but the unfeeling and the unprincipled could think of it without the self-consciousness of a turpitude too base to be named.

To do all the good in your power is only performing a duty. When a favour is conferred on a deserving object, you most particularly oblige yourself. To be satisfied with the poor, the negative merit of doing

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neither good nor harm, may save you from detestation, though it cannot procure esteem; but should you encourage false hopes, and practise on the unsuspecting to deceive, you do an injury for which you can never atone; and if you have any conscience you wound it to the core.

The courtier's promise, the lover's vow, and fashion's smile, are proverbial for their insincerity; but the frequency and justice of this remark can never lessen the infamy of those who deserve it; for till right and wrong are lost in undistinguishable confusion, truth will still be the ornament of human nature —and falsehood its disgrace.

But it is not only by words and smiles that a person may deceive. Hope may be wafted on a breath—it may be founded on a look—it may be sanctioned by minute regards which it would argue insensibility rather than vanity not to understand and apply. A number of slender circumstances combining to favour the delusion of expectation, so natural to the human breast, may amount to absolute demonstration; and mean is the subterfuge of a cautious suppression of words, or of freedom from the legal forms of agreement.

However fashionable insincerity may be, still pride yourself on adhering to the golden maxims of truth. This conduct will secure your own peace of mind, it will promote the happiness of your connections, and render you estimable and esteemed. The smoothness of hypocrisy, and the gloss of artifice, may obtain you the character of being a man of the world; but they will debar you from ever reaching the character of being a good man.

Be scrupulously attached to your word—this is no more than common justice; be also careful not to excite hopes which you either cannot or mean not to gratify. Whether this is done by direct profession, or indirect innuendo, the guilt and the misery are the

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same. Numbers, whose unsuspecting innocence have rendered them credulous, and whom it is the greater villany to deceive, have forfeited every sublunary joy by an insinuation from the artful, or a promise from the unprincipled. The virtuous mind is averse to suspicion; it is only a long habitude with vice, and a conscious sense of moral depravity, that teaches the low caution of distrust, and the vigilance of jealousy.

In the soft intercourse of hearts which cannot exist without a virtuous confidence, how base is it to dissemble! In such a case as this, to plant the tender shoots of hope, and not to nourish them, or to pluck them up again, is to tear the faithful heart whose fibres cling round them, and to cloud the eye that beams, perhaps, with the pure splendours of a generous love.

But cases might be multiplied without end, where deception is frequently fatal—and surely it is always criminal. Be extremely cautious, then, of inspiring hope; but when once you have encouraged its delightful visions in others, if possible, never frustrate its reasonable expectations. Remember, that truth and sincerity are virtues which will dignify the lowest station; while no splendour of birth, no accumulation of honours or wealth, can compensate for their want. These, indeed, will render the deficiency more conspicuous and deplorable; for greatness should always be united to superior goodness.

ON PREJUDICE.

Pratt.

THE power of education appears stronger with the majority of mankind than the appetites of nature. Most of those who publish their sentiments, have pass-

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ed their lives rather in turning over volumes, than in tracing accurately the shifting scene, and deliberately considering the written page with a design to enrich themselves with original ideas; rather in rapid reading than in correct thinking. On the other hand, the majority of those who are most eager after the pursuits of books, are directed by tutors to read a certain set, on the faith and credit of which, their future maxims, opinions, and behaviour, are to be formed. Thus both writers and readers go in leading-strings. The one prints what has been printed, with some slight alteration; the other considering as incontestible, those tenets which they have found in their favourite authors, or heard from the lips of friends and masters, who are probably under the dominion of equally strong prejudices.

There are, indeed, certain self-evident propositions, the truth of which, like the sun at its meridian, strike unobstructed light upon the mind. To cavil or conjecture against these, would be to war with demonstration, and combat Heaven. There are, also, a variety of opinions, rendered awful by the general belief of men, which have been adopted as maxims out of the reach of confutation. On this account, if at any time a man has dared to oppose a notion, handed down from father to son with the same care as the rent-rolls of a family estate; which was put into our mouths with the milk of our mothers, and pinned upon our understandings as early as the bibs on our bosoms; what is the consequence? He is condemned as a dangerous innovator; as one, who would overset the established system of things, a system which antiquity has rendered venerable and decisive. Strange bigotry! 'tis a despondency beneath the natural freedom of the mind. An intellectual obligation is more servile than a pecuniary one. One would not, indeed, like Mandeville, oppose every thing from the obstinate tenacity of founding a new system upon the ruins of the old;

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since that were as absurd as setting fire to one's house, because some flaws and errors were perceptible through the building; but it would be an act of wisdom to do the best to repair it.

It is likely, I may advance opinions, not wholly correspondent to the general *imitation* of thinking,—for, I am sorry to say, that our usual ideas are derived from a very silly, as well as a very servile imitation; the most sensible people are frequently parroted: they think as they are bid to think, and talk the dull dialect of their teachers, from the cradle to the coffin. A man of original contemplation, is therefore a prodigy; and, like a prodigy, the eyes of every body are upon him the moment he appears; even the few that are pleased with his fortitude, admit the very conviction they feel with some reluctance; we part from nothing we have for any length of time been accustomed to venerate, without pain. Hence, many who have talents for speculation, check the generous impulse, through a dislike of being thought particular. On this account genius rusts in inactivity, and men content themselves with going on, in the old road, to avoid the charge of singularity, and the smile of derision; not considering that a smile much oftener betrays ignorance, than it discovers sagacity.

TRANSMIGRATIONS *of an* EASTERN PRINCE.

Anonymous.

BEING a warm admirer of the metempsychosical doctrine of Pythagoras, I was one evening amusing myself with reading the adventures of a flea: and, while my passions were much agitated with the recital, my meditations were disturbed by the discord-

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ant strains of two noisy cats, who had chosen a situation near my study, for the scene of their nocturnal amusement.

Vexed at this unseasonable and ungrateful interruption, I rung my bell, and ordered a servant to remove those teasing animals. He obeyed me in an instant; and, with a heart glowing with every tender and humane sensation, I soon committed myself to the arms of Morpheus.

I had not, however, long enjoyed my slumbers, before Fancy began to exert her mimic power, and to present her train of varied illusions.

Things past, present, and future, crowded into my imagination at once, and I was perplexed with a multiplicity of objects; when, methought, a young man of extraordinary beauty entered the room, and waving his hand, demanded my attention.

I am well acquainted, said he, with the philanthropy of your disposition, and I am convinced it will afford you the highest satisfaction, to find you have unknowingly contributed to my felicity. The sense of gratitude, which must ever fill my bosom, at present impels me to relate the adventures in which I have been engaged: to you, they will no doubt appear very extraordinary; and happy, indeed, shall I esteem myself, if the only return I am able to make you should prove any way acceptable.

Know, then, that the first time I assumed the human form, and consequently the æra from which I must date my faculty of recollection, was about half a century ago. I was born the heir-apparent of the Rajah of Cananore; and brought up with a tenderness and care to which my expectations entitled me. My early years were spent in acquiring the literature of the east, and in hearing precepts of wisdom and virtue from the best and most enlightened men in my father's court. My youth was chiefly spent in the gratification of those passions to which the cus-

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toms of that country do not deem it criminal to yield. I was indulged with the most expensive amusements, and was taught to demand them as my due; youth and beauty voluntarily surrendered themselves into my arms; and my wishes, however extravagant, were generally complied with, the instant they were known. In this round of irrational pleasures, I forgot the maxims which had been early taught me; I disregarded the counsels of age, and the dictates of prudence; attached myself to the juvenile and gay, whose pursuits, and whose pleasures, were similar to my own; and with the contamination of whose vices my soul became every day more base and enfeebled.

But repetition soon renders a life of this sort irksome, and, indeed, every pleasure which has not its source in the mind, infallibly palls on the sense. I was not long permitted to indulge in these vicious excesses; the cup had hardly become vapid, when it was at once dashed from my lips.

The English, who had already possessed themselves of some of the most fertile provinces of Indostan, having heard of the riches of my father's dominions, wanted no other occasion to commence war against him. The most respectful representations of his pacific disposition, and the innocence of his conduct, with respect to them, were of no avail: they were bent on war, and I, as heir-apparent, was called to the command of my father's troops, that I might fight for the protection of those dominions over which I was born to reign.

We met our enemies with a numerous army; but neither our skill nor our courage were by any means equal to theirs: their immoderate thirst of gold made them despise every danger which opposed its acquisition; while we, who were at once enervated with plenty, and wholly untrained to arms, were routed in the very first onset. I was myself wounded, and taken prisoner; and though I was amused by the most

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flattering promises, and treated with the utmost attention, that I might be induced to make discoveries respecting my paternal wealth, death closed my eyes on the third day after the defeat—and I immediately found myself transformed into an APE, and ranging the forests of Madagascar. In this state of savage solitude, I had time to reflect on the follies of my former conduct, and was unable to deny that my low rank in creation had been well deserved by the turpitude of my past offences. I avoided, as much as possible, the society of those animals whose form I was doomed to bear; and, retreating from the thick impervious woods, where prudence had taught my companions to remain, I roved in search of some human habitation; under the foolish idea of making my condition known, and of exciting commiseration for my fate.

I soon discovered the abodes of men: but, alas! I still found myself at a loss for the means of making my sad story known; and while I remained in this state of hesitation, doubt and despair, the trumpets began to sound, the hunters appeared, and I fled for the preservation of life; since, wretched as it was, I had not sufficient resolution to make a voluntary surrender of it, lest I should be consigned to a still more miserable future existence.

Some of the train, however, having noticed the course I took, soon made it known to the rest; and the King of Madagascar, with his whole court, now pursued me with the most determined perseverance. Unacquainted with the stratagems of the species for eluding my unpitying pursuers, I set up a hideous cry, as I fled: my voice led the hunters to their prey; and, in a few minutes, I was surrounded by men and dogs, with whose united force I maintained an unequal combat for some minutes, when the spear of a grandee pierced my heart, and gave me a new existence.

My soul was now infused into a SLOTH, and I opened my eyes in another quarter of the globe. Under

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this form, my miseries were undescribable; every effort was attended with excruciating pain; and I often envied the lot of my former companions, whose society I had till then despised, and whose lives I had regarded as the summit of infelicity. Odious in my form, and incapable of an extensive sphere of action, I spent three years under this melancholy transformation; till at length, having ascended a tree, and consumed all the verdure within my reach; to save the trouble of making a wearisome descent, I collected myself into as narrow a compass as possible; and dropping from a branch to the ground, unfortunately fell on a rattle-snake, who stung me with a fury which the hurt it had received naturally prompted; and in a few hours, I was liberated from this most horrible of lives.

My next transformation was into an inhabitant of the sky. I was clothed with the plumage of the ALBATROSS, and endowed with all the instincts natural to that remarkable race. I was now a denizen of the purer air, and thought my sufferings were drawing near to a conclusion. I congratulated myself on being emancipated from the bodies of an ape and a sloth; and formed such ideas of bliss, in my new state, as I was very eager to realize. Accordingly, I joined my feathered companions, and soared into the immense regions of ether. Here, it is true, I was free from danger, and from fear; but the calls of nature demanded gratifications which were with difficulty satisfied. Continually hovering on the wing, in search of prey, I became emaciated with fatigue and expectation; and, being regarded as one of the most formidable enemies of the winged tribe, our society was shunned with the most careful circumspection, and our very sight dreaded as the certain messengers of death.

I soon became weary of a life of such incessant hunger and fatigue, and almost wished to re-animate

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even the inactive body of the sloth. Sleeping, one day, on the bosom of the air, and lowering too near the watery element, I became entangled in the shrouds of a ship, which was navigating the great South Sea; and, being instantly secured by the watchful mariners, was closely confined, as an object of considerable curiosity in natural history. During the voyage, I was treated with every indulgence, and seemed happy in the exchange I had made; but no sooner had the ship arrived in England, to which country she belonged, than I was consigned to the founder of a celebrated museum in London; and, either from the change of climate, or the effects of food to which I had been unaccustomed, I soon paid the debt of nature; and my soul was sent to animate the body of a RACE-HORSE.

I was now treated with a respect almost bordering on adoration; I had servants to attend me, with provisions in abundance; and, under this form, might have been perfectly happy, had not the recollection of my original state rendered me dissatisfied with every condition inferior to that which I once possessed. I had now reached my third year, and every assiduity was doubled to render my situation more agreeable; but, alas! little did I then know for what purpose. I was, however, soon brought under the menage; and in being broke, as my owner called it, suffered pains inexpressible. No sooner was my education completed, than I was entered to run at Newmarket; and the most extravagant sums were betted on my success. I entered the lists with ardour, lest I should suffer for my ill-success; acclamations attended my course; and every face was filled with admiration at my fleetness. I won the prize; but, in straining against my formidable opponent, I burst a principal blood vessel, and fell down at the post in the moment of victory.

My next rank in the scale of existence, was that of a CAT; and it was my lot to fall under the protection

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of a lady of quality in this neighbourhood, remarkable for her attachment to the feline race. Here I enjoyed every pleasure which the choicest viands and attendance could bestow, and rose higher in my mistress's regard than most of her own species; but I was confined to her room, and restraint is always irksome. I found means, however, this evening, to escape from my prison; and tempted by the charms of your tabby, was induced to linger beyond the hours of prudence. The servant whom you commissioned to remove me, executed his order with effect: he presently caught me in the dark; and, seeing I was a stranger, had a mind to an experiment, by wrenching my jaws open, and pouring a glass of brandy down my throat. He had heard that this operation was fatal to our race, and the event has proved that he was not mistaken. I died in a few minutes, in agonies not to be expressed: and, with ineffable pleasure, found myself once more endued with the human form.

Such have been my adventures; and I entreat you to lay them before the public. If humanity can touch the breasts of your countrymen, if feeling be not totally extinct, they will perhaps commiserate my misfortunes, and learn to prevent evils similar to those which their cruelty has doomed me to experience.

I was about to congratulate my agreeable intruder on his elevation to his former rank; and, in fancy, eagerly seized his hand. The effort I made was too violent for the silken bands of sleep; I opened my eyes, and the vision was no more.

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THE HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

AN EASTERN TALE.

Idem.

THE sun had long since sunk behind the adjacent mountains, and the sage Ibrahim was retiring to rest, when a knocking at the door of his hermitage drew him thither; he opened it, and there stood before him a youth, whose care-marked visage spoke him to be the child of grief: "Sire," said the youth, "permit a stranger to pass the night beneath your friendly roof, till the returning morn enables him to pursue his way with safety." The hermit bid him welcome to his cot, and spread his homely board before him. Roots supplied the place of costly viands, and water from a neighbouring spring, the place of blood-inflaming wine. The sigh, the starting tear, and all the behaviour of his guest, filled the sage with emotions of compassion; and desiring, if possible, to alleviate the pains of the stranger, he thus addressed him:—

"In a face so young, in a breast so untutored in this world's cares, it seems to me a wonder that sorrow is a guest; and might it not be thought a bold intrusion, I would ask the spring of these your cares; perhaps you mourn the pangs of disappointed love, the loss of some dear friend or earthly joy. Say, if your grief be of the common course, perchance my riper years may speak the wished-for comfort."—"Sire," replied the youth, "your kind intentions demand at once my thanks and my compliance.

"My father was a merchant: in point of wealth, Bagdad had not his equal; early he left me to possess his fortunes; the loss of my father was soon forgot amidst the riches, flatterers, and friends, that now

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surrounded me. But when reflection took place, happiness became my desire, and I vainly thought to be rich was to be happy. I enlarged my merchandise, I trafficked to all parts of the globe, and not a wind blew into port, but it brought an increase to my store; but yet I was not happy, my desires increased with my possessions, and I was yet miserable. I then determined to apply to *honour*, and there seek the happiness riches would not afford me. I sold off my wares, and by dint of friends and wealth, I soon obtained a commission, and on several occasions gave proofs of my valour, till I was sent by the sovereign to oppose a rebellion that had broken out in a distant province. I went, was successful, and returned in triumph, laden with honours; and so much was the sultan possessed in my favour, that he offered me his daughter in marriage.

"A while I thought myself happy; but the envy of some, and the artifice of others soon convinced me of my error. I now resolved to quit public life, and to seek in *pleasure* the happiness hitherto unknown. My palace now became the scene of continued delights; the richest viands were daily on my table, the most costly liquors sparkled in my bowl, and the beauties of all nations adorned my seraglio; in short, my life was a continued round of pleasure. But, alas! frequent debauchery impaired my health, and the diversions of the night embittered the reflections of the morning.

"I now was determined to quit my home, and seek in solitude and retirement, that happiness I had hitherto sought in vain, and which I am at times inclined to believe, is no more than the object of creative fancy. For this purpose I consigned to the care of a friend, all my possessions, and was on the search after a proper place of retirement, when night overtook me, and I implored the shelter of your hospitable roof." Here paused the youth, and thus the sage began:—

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"The object of your pursuit, my son, indeed is good, and your not hitherto attaining it, arises not from its non-existence, but from your errors in the pursuit of it. Happiness, my son, has not its seat in *honour, pleasure,* or *riches:* to be happy is in the power of every individual; to all, the great Supreme has given wisely; and those who receive what he gives with thankfulness and content, are the only happy.

"Return then, my son, to thy possessions, employ the power of doing good lent by thy Creator, and know that contentment is the substance, and happiness her shadow; those who have the one, possess the other."

The words of the sage sunk deep in the breast of the stranger; he retired to rest in peace, and in the morn he returned again to his house, where he witnessed the truth of Ibrahim's advice; and embracing every method to do good, he lived in peace and tranquillity; and experienced that to be content is truly to be happy.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS DOG.

Idem

BEING upon a visit to a friend near York, as I was one day walking on the bridge in company with some ladies, a grey-haired old man came towards us; he supported himself with a stick; appeared so lame, that he could scarcely walk, and was followed by a little terrier. On approaching us, he said, "Good ladies, will you buy my dog?" The ladies answering that they did not want a dog: he came up to me, and said in a more pressing manner, and with a more sup-

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plicating tone of voice: "Sir, I beseech you buy my dog!" On my answering likewise that I did not want one, the old man remained a few minutes leaning on his stick; and looking at me with an air of disappointment, seemed to reproach me for declining his request, and then uttering a deep sigh continued his journey.

As he walked on slowly, before he was out of sight Louisa, one of the young ladies, whispered me, "Pray Sir, go after him and buy his dog, for the poor man seems in distress." I accordingly called the old man back, and asked him what was the price of the dog? "What you please," he returned. "Here is a *crown*," I replied; "if that will satisfy you, take it, and leave me your dog."—"The dog is yours," said the old man, "and God bless you with it."—"But," said I, "he will never follow me, how shall I prevent his escape?"—"True," replied the old man, "he must be tied, or he will follow *me*." He then untied his garter, called, "*Trim*," took him up in his arms, and placed him upon the parapet of the bridge; while he was fastening the garter round his neck, I perceived the hands of the old man trembling, which I imputed to his age; for his countenance did not change. Having fastened the knot, he inclined his head towards the dog, and fixing his mouth upon his body, remained for a few minutes in that posture motionless and without uttering a single word. I approached him, and said, "Friend, what is the matter?"—"Nothing," he answered, "but what will soon be forgotten;" and I observed his cheek was wet with tears. "You seem," said I, "to regret parting with your dog."—"Alas! it is truly so; he is the only friend I have in the world; we have never been separated from each other He was my guard on the road when I was asleep; and whenever he saw me fatigued and suffering, the poor creature licked my face, and seemed to ease my pain with his caresses: he loves me

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so much, that it is but natural I should love him in return. But all this is nothing to *you*, he is now yours:" and he offered me the garter which he had just fastened round his neck.

"You must have a very bad opinion of me," said I, "if you think that I am capable of depriving you of a faithful friend, and the only friend you have in the world." He seemed affected, and offered to return the crown; but I told him to keep the money and the dog too. Before I could prevent him, the old man threw himself upon his knees, and exclaimed, "Good Sir, I owe you my life; hunger had reduced me to the most extreme necessity."——

These expressions urged my curiosity; and leading him from one question to another, I collected the following account: "Thank heaven," he said, "I have lived *fifty* years by the labour of my hands, and yesterday, for the first time in my life, I asked charity. I am by trade a carpenter, and was settled at Catterick, till on chopping a piece of wood, I cut my leg with an axe, and have been since incapable of working. I am now going to Sheffield, where I have a son who is employed in the manufactures, and who will not let me want for any thing. But as the journey is long, and I can scarcely drag myself along on account of my wound, I have spent the little money which I had been able to save, and am obliged to beg for sustenance; though, as I do not look poor, I got but little; and being exhausted with hunger, I had nothing but my poor dog——"

Here his voice failed him; and his sobs prevented him from continuing. "At your age," I replied, "and in this hot weather, and with a bad leg, I cannot suffer you to continue so long a journey on foot; you will inflame your wound, and render it incurable. Follow me; Providence here offers you an asylum, where you will find rest, assistance, and perhaps a cure." The old man said nothing, but untying his

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dog, followed me to the infirmary. Fortunately the surgeon happened to be in the house, and on mentioning the poor man's situation, he immediately looked at the wound, which was highly inflamed with the heat of the weather, and the fatigue of the journey. "It is fortunate," said the surgeon, "that he did not continue his journey a few hours later, as he must have lost his leg, but I can now cure it."—"He will then get well?" said I. "Yes," replied the surgeon; "I will answer for the cure, provided he will continue perfectly quiet."

As he was going up stairs, followed by his faithful terrier, the porter laid hold of *Trim*, and was preparing to carry him out of the house. "*Trim*," said the old man, "may not poor *Trim* follow me?"—"It is against the rules of the house," returned the matron, "to admit any dogs into the wards."—"Alas," replied the old man, "*Trim* will not be happy if he is not with me, and I shall not be happy if he is unhappy."—"It is a pity to part good friends," said the surgeon; "I am convinced that my patient will soon get well, if *Trim* and he are not parted." Then, turning to the matron, "For once," he said, "let us break through the rules of the house. If *Trim* behaves well, let him stay by his master's bed."—"I will answer," returned the old man, "for *Trim's* behaviour; he will lie by me whole hours without stirring from his situation, and if he may be suffered to follow me, I am sure he will be as quiet as a mouse."

These words interested every one in favour of *Trim*; the porter instantly set him down, *Trim* bounded up stairs with great agility, and as if aware of what had passed, fawned upon the surgeon, and then quietly followed his master.

Having thus left the old man and his dog in such good hands, I returned to the company, and related all that had passed: all pitied the poor man, and rejoiced at the hopes of his recovery; but Louisa first

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put half-a-guinea into my hands; the remainder of the company followed her example, some gave more and some less; and I undertook to be the old man's treasurer.

Meanwhile the story circulated, and every one wished to hear the tale of the *Old Man and his Dog Trim*. In repeating it I particularly dwelt upon the crown which I offered for the dog, and several ironically admired the excess of my generosity. Louisa would say, "Only a *crown* for so inestimable a dog!" and her opinion was sure to be adopted by the generality of the company. "And you, Sir," I would say, "and you, Madam, how much would you have given?" Each person mentioned the sum which they would have contributed, augmenting or diminishing it according to the sensibility of their hearts; or the impression which the recital had made upon them. "Well," I replied, "the old man is not far from hence, and you may now contribute what you would have given in my place."

By these means their charity was excited by emulation; a comfortable sum was obtained; the old man recovered, and I conducted him to the mansion-house, almost as lively and as frisky as his dog. Both were received with general satisfaction, poor *Trim* was the most taken notice of: in his life he never received so many caresses, and from none more than from the charming Louisa. *Trim* was at first confounded, but he soon appeared as if he knew why he was so much caressed. The old man dined and supped in the servant's hall, with Trim by his side.

The next morning, he came to take leave of me; I put into his hands the collection that had been made for him; and in vain I assured him that I had contributed nothing. "I can never forget," exclaimed he, "that I owe you every thing:" in saying these words he endeavoured to throw himself at my feet: in struggling to prevent him, he fell into my arms, and we

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embraced and bid adieu to each other, as if we had been old friends. "Sir," said he, "you have loaded me with favours, but I shall ask of you another favour; you have embraced me will you condescend to pat *Trim?* I shall be happy to acquaint my son that you have caressed my dog. Come, *Trim*, the gentlemen will do you the honour to caress you." *Trim* rose upon his hind legs, and pawed me with his fore feet, as I stooped down to pat him; and as I inclined my head, the figure of the old man inclining his head on the dog as I was then doing, and thinking that he was embracing him for the last time, presented itself so forcibly to my imagination, that the tears started from my eyes. "Ah!" exclaimed the old man, "ah! you love *Trim*, I see; keep him; he is still your's." "No, my good friend," I replied, "go, and the blessing of God attend you. I now feel myself happier than I deserve, and be assured that the image of you and your dog will never be effaced from my recollection."

At this moment Louisa entered the room with a plate of meat for the dog. She set it down before him, and while Trim was feeding, she tied round his neck a rose-coloured ribband. I said to the old man, "There is the person to whom your thanks are due; without her I should never have bought your dog; without her you would never have been cured; and without her your little favourite *Trim* would not have been decorated with this rose-coloured collar." The old man, instantly taking up his dog, placed it in Louisa's arms. "*Trim*, here is your mistress: this, madam, is the only recompence in my power to make for your kind favours;" and seeing the dog struggling to get loose, he added, "*Trim* is not fond of strangers, but soon becomes attached to those he knows, and who are kind to him. He is not handsome, but he is a good creature. I am happy in procuring for him a kind and affectionate mistress." So saying, he drew

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his hand across his eyes, and quitted the door. Louisa, holding the dog in her arms, continued stroking and caressing it; but when the creature, instead of returning her caresses, struggled to get loose, she opened the house-door, and putting the dog upon the ground, *Trim* immediately ran after his master, and soon overtook him. The old man stopped, took him up in his arms, and pressed him to his bosom; then taking off his hat, and waving it as a token of satisfaction and gratitude, hastened his pace, and in a few minutes both he and *Trim* were out of sight.

NICOLAS PEDROSA.

Cumberland.

NICOLAS PEDROSA, a busy little being, who followed the trades of shaver, surgeon, and man-midwife, in the town of Madrid, mounted his mule at the door of his shop in the Plazuela de los Affligidos, and pushed through the gate of San Bernardino, being called to a patient in the neighbouring village of Foncarral on a pressing occasion. Every body knows that the ladies in Spain, in certain cases, do not give long warning to practitioners of a certain description, and no body knew it better than Nicolas, who was resolved not to lose an inch of his way, nor of his mule's best speed by the way, if cudgelling could beat it out of her. It was plain to Nicolas's conviction as plain could be, that his road laid straight forward to the little convent in front; the mule was of opinion, that the turning on the left down the hill towards the Prado was the road of all roads most familiar and agreeable to herself, and accordingly began to dispute the point of topography with Nicolas, by fixing her

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fore feet resolutely in the ground, dipping her head at the same time between them, and launching heels and crupper furiously into the air, in the way of argument. Little Pedrosa, who was armed at heel with one massy silver spur, of stout, though ancient, workmanship, resolutely applied the rusty rowel to the shoulder of his beast, and at the same time, adroitly tucking his blue cloth capa under his right arm, and flinging the skirt over the left shoulder *en cavalier*, began to lay about him with a stout ashen sapling, upon the ears, pole, and cheeks of the recreant mule. The fire now flashed from a pair of Andalusian eyes, as black as charcoal, and not less inflammable, and taking the segara from his mouth, with which he had vainly hoped to have regaled his nostrils in a sharp winter's evening by the way, raised such a thundering troop of angels, saints, and martyrs, from St. Michael downwards, not forgetting his own namesake Saint Nicolas de Tolentino by the way, that if curses could have made the mule to go, the dispute would have been soon ended, but not a saint could make her stir any other way than upwards and downwards at a stand. A small troop of mendicant friars were at this moment conducting the host to a dying man.—'Nicolas Pedrosa,' says an old friar, 'be patient with your beast and spare your blasphemies; remember Balaam.' —'Ah, father,' replied Pedrosa, 'Balaam cudgelled his beast till she spoke, so will I mine till she roars.' —'Fie, fie, profane fellow!' cries another of the fraternity. 'Go about your work, friend,' quoth Nicolas, 'and let me go about mine; I warrant it is the more pressing of the two; your patient is going out of the world, mine is coming into it.' 'Hear him,' cries a third, 'hear the vile wretch, how he blasphemes the body of God!' And then the troop passed slowly on to the tinkling of the bell.

A man must know nothing of a mule's ears, who does not know what a passion they have for the tink-

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ling of a bell, and no sooner had the jingling chords vibrated in the sympathetic organs of Pedrosa's beast, than bolting forward with a sudden spring she ran roaring into the throng of friars, trampling on some and shouldering others at a most profane rate; when Nicolas, availing himself of the impetus, and perhaps not able to control it, broke away, and was out of sight in a moment. 'All the devils in hell blow fire into thy tail, thou beast of Babylon,' muttered Nicolas to himself, as he scampered along, never once looking behind him, or stopping to apologize for the mischief he had done to the bare feet and shirtless ribs of the holy brotherhood.

Whether Nicolas saved his distance, as likewise, if he did, whether it was a male or female Castalian he ushered into the world, we shall not just now enquire, contented to await his return in the first of the morning next day, when he had no sooner dismounted at his shop, and delivered his mule to a sturdy Arragonese wench, when Don Ignacia de Sontos Aparicio, alguazil mayor of the supreme and general inquisition, put an order into his hand, signed and sealed by the inquisidor general, for the conveyance of his body to the Casa, whose formidable door presents itself in the street adjoining to the square, in which Nicolas's brazen basin hung forth the emblems of his trade.

The poor little fellow, trembling in every joint, and with a face as yellow as saffron, dropt a knee to the altar, which fronts the entrance, and crossed himself most devoutly; as soon as he had ascended the first flight of stairs, a porter habited in black opened the tremendous barricade, and Nicolas with horror heard the grating of the heavy bolts that shut him in. He was led through passages and vaults and melancholy cells, till he was delivered into the dungeon, where he was finally left to his solitary meditations. Hapless being! what a scene of horror.—Nicolas felt all the terrors of his condition, but being an Andalusian, and

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like his countrymen, of a lively imagination, he began to turn over all the resources of his invention for some happy fetch, if any such might occur, for helping him out of the dismal limbo he was in: he was not long to seek for the cause of his misfortune; his adventure with the barefooted friars was a ready solution of all difficulties of that nature, had there been any: there was however another thing, which might have troubled a stouter heart than Nicolas's—he was a Jew.—This of a certain would have been a staggering item in a poor devil's confession, but then it was a secret to all the world but to Nicolas, and Nicolas's conscience did not then urge him to reveal it: he then began to overhaul the inventory of his personals about him, and with some satisfaction counted three little medals of the blessed Virgin, two Agnus Deis, a Saint Nicolas de Tolentino, and a formidable string of beads, all pendent from his neck and within his shirt; in his pockets he had a paper of dried figs, a small bundle of segaras, a case of lancets, squirt and forceps, and two old razors in a leathern envelope; these he had delivered one by one to the alguazil, who first arrested him,—'and let him make the most of them,' said he to himself, 'they can never prove me an Israelite by a case of razors.' On a closer rummage, however, he discovered in a secret pocket a letter, which the alguazil had overlooked, and which his patient Donna Leonora de Casafonda had given him in charge to deliver as directed.—'Well, well,' cried he, 'let it pass; there can be no mystery in this harmless scrawl; a letter of advice to some friend or relation, I'll not break the seal; let the fathers read it if they like, 'twill prove the truth of my deposition, and help out my excuse for the hurry of my errand, and the unfortunate adventure of my refractory mule.'—And now no sooner had the recollection of the wayward mule crossed the brain of poor Nicolas Pedrosa, than he began to blast her at a furious rate—'The scratches and the scab to

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boot confound thy scurvy hide,' quoth he, 'thou ass-beggotten bastard, whom Noah never let into his ark! The vengeance take thee, for an uncreated barren beast of promiscuous generation! What devil's crotchet got into thy capricious noddle, that thou shouldst fall in love with that Nazaritish bell, and run bellowing like Lucifer into the midst of those barefooted vermin, who are more malicious and more greedy than the locusts of Egypt? Oh! that I had the art of Simon Magus to cōnjure thee into this dungeon in my stead; but I warrant thou art chewing thy barley-straw without any pity for thy wretched master, whom thy jade's tricks have delivered bodily to the tormentors, to be the sport of these uncircumcised sons of Dagon.' And now the cell door opened, when a savage figure entered, carrying a huge parcel of clanking fetters, with a collar of iron, which he put round the neck of poor Pedrosa, telling him with a truly diabolic grin, whilst he was rivetting it on, that it was a proper cravat for the throat of a blasphemer.— 'Jesu-Maria,' quoth Pedrosa, 'is all this fallen upon me for only cudgelling a restive mule?' 'Aye,' cried the demon, 'and this is only a taste of what is to come,' at the same time slipping his pincers from the screw he was forcing to the head, he caught a piece of flesh in the forceps and wrenched it out of his cheek, laughing at poor Nicolas, whilst he roared aloud with the pain, telling him it was a just reward for the torture he had put him to a while ago, when he tugged at a tooth till he broke it in his jaw. 'Ah, for the love of Heaven,' cried Pedrosa, 'have more pity on me: for the sake of Saint Nicolas de Tolentino, my holy patron, be not so unmerciful to a poor barber-surgeon and I will shave your worship's beard for nothing as long as I have life.' One of the messengers of the auditory now came in, and bade the fellow strike off the prisoner's fetters, for that the holy fathers were in council and demanded him for examination. 'This is something extraor-

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dinary,' quoth the tormentor, 'I should not have expected it this twelvemonth to come' Pedrosa's fetters were struck off; some brandy was applied to staunch the bleeding of his cheek; his hands and face were washed, and a short jacket of coarse ticking thrown over him, and the messenger, with an assistant, taking him each under an arm, led him into a spacious chamber, where at the head of a long table sat his excellency the inquisidor general with six of his assessors, three on each side the chair of state: the alguazil mayor, a secretary, and two notaries, with other officers of the holy council were attending in their places.

The prisoner was placed behind a bar at the foot of the table between the messengers who brought him in, and having made his obelsance to the awful presence in the most supplicating manner, he was called on according to the usual form of questions by one of the junior judges, to declare his name, parentage, profession, age, place of abode, and to answer various interrogatories of the like trifling nature: his excellency the inquisidor general now opened his reverend lips, and in a solemn tone of voice, that penetrated to the heart of the poor trembling prisoner, interrogated him as follows:—

'Nicolas Pedrosa, we have listened to the account you give of yourself, your business, and connections, now tell us for what offence or offences you are here standing a prisoner before us; examine your own heart, and speak the truth from your conscience without prevarication or disguise.'

'May it please your excellency,' replied Pedrosa, 'with all due submission to your holiness and this reverend assembly, my most equitable judges, I conceive I stand here before you for no worse a crime, than that of cudgelling a refractory mule; an animal so restive in its nature (under correction of your holiness be it spoken), that altho' I were blest with the

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forbearance of holy Job (for like him too I am married, and my patieuce hath been exercised by a wife), yet could I not forbear to smite my beast for her obstinacy, and the rather because I was summoned in the way of my profession as I have already made known to your most merciful ears, on a certain crying occasion, which would not admit of a moment's delay.'

'Recollect yourself, Nicolas,' said his excellency the inquisidor general, 'was there nothing else you did, save smiting your beast?'

'I take Saint Nicolas de Tólentino to witness,' replied he, 'that I know of no other crime, for which I can be responsible at this righteous tribunal, save smiting my unruly beast.' 'Take notice, brethren,' exclaimed the inquisidor, 'this unholy wretch holds trampling over friars to be no crime.'

'Pardon me, holy father,' replied Nicolas, 'I hold it for the worst of crimes, and therefore willingly surrender my refractory mule to be dealt with as you see fit, and if you impale her alive it will be no more than she deserves.'

'Your wits are too nimble, Nicolas,' cried the judge; 'have a care they do not run away with your discretion: recollect the blasphemies you uttered in the hearing of those pious people.'

'I humbly pray your excellency.' answered the prisoner, 'to recollect that anger is a short madness, and I hope allowances will be made by your holy council for words spoke in haste to a rebellious mule: the prophet Balaam was thrown off his guard with a simple ass, and what is an ass compared to a mule? if your excellency had seen the lovely creature that was screaming in agony till I came to her relief, and how fine a boy I ushered into the world, which would have been lost but for my assistance, I am sure I should not be condemned for a few hasty words spoke in passion.'

'Sirrah!' cried one of the puisny judges, 'respect

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the decency of the court.' 'Produce the contents of this fellow's pockets before the court,' said the president, 'lay them on the table.'

'Monster,' resumed the aforesaid puisny judge, taking up the forceps, 'what is the use of this diabolical machine?'

'Please your reverence,' replied Pedrosa, "aptum est ad extrahendos fœtus."—'Unnatural wretch,' again exclaimed the judge, 'you have murdered the mother.'

'The mother of God forbid!' exclaimed Pedrosa, 'I believe I have a proof in my pocket that will acquit me of that charge;' and so saying, he tendered the letter we have before made mention of: the secretary took it, and by command of the court read as follows:—

Senor Don Manuel de Herrera,

When this letter, which I send by Nicolas Pedrosa, shall reach your hands, you will know that I am safely delivered of a lovely boy after a dangerous labour, in consideration of which I pray you to pay to the said Nicolas Pedrosa the sum of twenty gold pistoles, which sum his excellency————

'Hold!' cried the inquisidor general, starting hastily from his seat, and snatching away the letter, 'there is more in this than meets the eye; break up the court; I must take an examination of this prisoner in private.'

As soon as the room was cleared the inquisidor general beckoning to the prisoner to follow him, retired into a private closet, where, throwing himself carelessly into an arm-chair, he turned a gracious countenance upon the poor affrighted accoucheur, and bidding him sit down upon a low stool by his side, thus accosted him—'Take heart, senor Pedrosa, your imprisonment is not likely to be very tedious, for I

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have a commission you must execute without loss of time: you have too much consideration for yourself to betray a trust, the violation of which must involve you in inevitable ruin, and can in no degree attaint my character, which is far enough beyond the reach of malice: be attentive, therefore, to my orders; execute them punctually, and keep my secret as you tender your own life: dost thou know the name and condition of the lady whom thou hast delivered?' Nicolas assured him he did not, and his excellency proceeded as follows:—'Then I tell thee, Nicolas, it is the illustrious Donna Leonora de Casafonda; her husband is the president of Quito, and daily expected with the next arrivals from the South Seas; now, though measures have been taken for detaining him at the port, wherever he shall land, till he shall receive further orders, yet you must be sensible Donna Leonora's situation is somewhat delicate: it will be your business to take the speediest measures for her recovery, but as it seems she has had a dangerous and painful labour, this may be a work of more time than could be wished, unless some medicines more efficacious than common are administered; art thou acquainted with any such, friend Nicolas?'—'So please your excellency,' quoth Nicolas, 'my processes have been tolerably successful; I have bandages and cataplasms, with oils and conserves, that I have no cause to complain of; they will restore nature to its proper state in all decent time.'—'Thou talkest like a fool, friend Nicolas,' interrupting him, said the inquisidor; 'what tellest thou me of thy swathings and swadlings? quick work must be wrought by quick medicines: hast thou none such in thy botica? I'll answer for it thou hast not; therefore, look you, sirrah, here is a little vial compounded by a famous chymist; see that you mix it in the next apozem you administer to Donna Leonora; it is the most capital sedative in nature; give her the whole of it, and let her husband return when he will,

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depend upon it he will make no discoveries from her.' —'Humph!' quoth Nicolas within himself, 'well said Inquisidor!' He took the vial with all possible respect, and was not wanting in professions of the most inviolable fidelity and secrecy.—'No more words, friend Nicolas,' quoth the inquisidor, 'upon that score; I do not believe thee one jot the more for all thy promises, my dependence is upon thy fears and not thy faith; I fancy thou hast seen enough of this place not to be willing to return to it once for all.' Having so said, he rang a bell, and ordered Nicolas to be forthwith liberated, bidding the messenger return his clothes instantly to him with all that belonged to him, and having slipt a purse into his hand well filled with doubloons, he bade him begone about his business, and not see his face again till he had executed his commands.

Nicolas bolted out of the porch without taking leave of the altar, and never checked his speed till he found himself fairly housed under shelter of his own beloved brass basin.—'Aha!' quoth Nicolas, 'my lord inquisidor, I see the king is not likely to gain a subject more by your intrigues: a pretty job you have set me about; and so, when I have put the poor lady to rest with your cursed sedative, my tongue must be stopt next to prevent its blabbing: but I'll shew you I was not born in Andalusia for nothing.' Nicolas now opened a secret drawer, and took out a few pieces of money, which in fact was his whole stock of cash in the world; he loaded and primed his pistols, and carefully lodged them in the housers of his saddle, he buckled to his side his trusty spada, and hastened to caparison his mule. 'Ah, thou imp of the old one,' quoth he, as he entered the stable, 'art thou not ashamed to look me in the face? But, come, hussey, thou owest me a good turn, methinks, stand by me this once, and be friends for ever! thou art in good case, and if thou wilt put thy best foot foremost, like a

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faithful beast, thou shalt not want for barley by the way.' The bargain was soon struck between Nicolas and his mule, he mounted her in the happy moment, and pointing his course towards the bridge of Toledo, which proudly strides with half a dozen lofty arches over a stream scarcely three feet wide, he found himself as completely in a desert in half a mile's riding, as if he had been dropt in the centre of Arabia Petræa. As Nicolas's journey was not a tour of curiosity, he did not amuse himself with a peep at Toledo, or Talavera, or even Merida, by the way; for the same reason he took a circumbendibus round the frontier town of Badajoz, and crossing a little brook, refreshed his mule with the last draught of Spanish water, and instantly congratulated himself on entering the territory of Portugal. 'Brava!' quoth he, patting the neck of his mule, 'thou shalt have a supper this night of the best sieve-meat that Estramadura can furnish: we are now in a country where the scattered flock of Israel fold thick, and fare well.' He now began to chant the song of Solomon, and gently ambled on in the joy of his heart.

When Nicolas at length reached the city of Lisbon, he hugged himself in his good fortune; still he recollected that the inquisition had long arms, and he was yet in a place of no perfect security. Our adventurer had in early life acted as assistant surgeon in a Spanish frigate bound to Buenos Ayres, and being captured by a British man of war and carried into Jamaica, had very quietly passed some years in that place as journeyman apothecary, in which time he had acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the English language: no sooner then did he discover the British ensign flying on the poop of an English frigate then lying in the Tagus, than he eagerly caught the opportunity of paying a visit to the surgeon, and finding he was in want of a mate, offered himself, and was entered in that capacity for a cruize against the French and Spaniards, with

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whom Great Britain was then at war. In this secure asylum Nicolas enjoyed the first happy moments he had experienced for a long time past, and being a lively good-humoured little fellow, and one that touched the guitar and sung sequidillas with a tolerable grace, he soon recommended himself to his shipmates, and grew in favour with every body on board from the captain to the cook's mate.

When they were out upon their cruize, hovering on the Spanish coast, it occurred to Nicolas that the inquisidor general at Madrid had told him of the expected arrival of the president of Quito, and having imparted this to one of the lieutenants, he reported it to the captain, and, as the intelligence seemed of importance, he availed himself of it by hauling into the track of the homeward-bound galleons; and great was the joy, when at the break of the morning the man at the mast-head announced a square-rigged vessel in view: the ardour of a chace now set all hands at work, and a few hours brought them near enough to discern that she was a Spanish frigate, and seemingly from a long voyage: little Pedrosa, as alert as the rest, stript himself for his work, and repaired to his post in the cockpit, whilst the thunder of the guns rolled incessantly overhead; three cheers from the whole crew at length announced the moment of victory, and a few more minutes ascertained the good news that the prize was a frigate richly laden from the South Seas, with the governor of Quito and his suite on board.

Pedrosa was now called upon deck, and sent on board the prize as interpreter to the first lieutenant, who was to take possession of her. He found every thing in confusion, a deck covered with the slain, and the whole crew in consternation at an event they were in no degree prepared for, not having received any intimation of a war. He found the officers in general, and the passengers without exception, under the most horrid impressions of the English, and expecting to be

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plundered, and perhaps butchered without mercy. Don Manuel de Casafonda the governor, whose countenance bespoke a constitution far gone in a decline, had thrown himself on a sofa in the last state of despair, and given way to an effusion of tears; when the lieutenant entered the cabin, he rose trembling from his couch, and with the most supplicating action presented to him his sword, and with it a casket which he carried in his other hand; as he tendered these spoils to his conqueror, whether through weakness or of his own will, he made a motion of bending his knee; the generous Briton, shocked at the unmanly overture, caught him suddenly with both hands, and turning to Pedrosa, said aloud—'Convince this gentleman he has fallen into the hands of an honourable enemy.'—'Is it possible!' cried Don Manuel, and lifting up his streaming eyes to the countenance of the British officer, saw humanity, valour, and generous pity so strongly charactered in his youthful features, that the conviction was irresistible. 'Will he not accept my sword?' cried the Spaniard. 'He desires you to wear it till he has the honour of presenting you to his captain.'—'Ah, then he has a captain!' exclaimed Don Manuel, 'his superior will be of another way of thinking; tell him this casket contains my jewels; they are valuable; let him present them as a lawful prize, which will enrich the captor; his superior will not hesitate to take them from me.'—'If they are your excellency's private property,' replied Pedrosa, 'I am ordered to assure you, that if your ship were loaded with jewels, no British officer in the service of his king will take them at your hands; the ship and effects of his Catholic Majesty are the only prize of the captors; the personals of the passengers are inviolate.'—'Generous nation!' exclaimed Don Manuel, 'how greatly have I wronged thee!'—The boats of the British frigate now came alongside, and part of the crew were shifted out of the prize, taking their clothes and

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trunks along with them, in which they were very cordially assisted by their conquerors. The barge soon after came aboard with an officer in the stern-sheets, and the crew in their white shirts and velvet caps, to escort the governor and the ship's captain on board the frigate, which lay with her sails to the mast awaiting their arrival; the accommodation ladder was slung over the side, and manned for the prisoners, who were received on the gang-way by the second lieutenant, whilst perfect silence and the strictest discipline reigned in the ship, where all were under the decks, and no inquisitive curious eyes were suffered to wound the feelings of the conquered even with a glance; in the door of his cabin stood the captain, who received them with that modest complaisance, which does not revolt the unfortunate by an over-strained politeness; he was a man of high birth and elegant manners, with a heart as benevolent as it was brave; such an address, set off with a person finely formed and perfectly engaging, could not fail to impress the prisoners with the most favourable ideas, and as Don Manuel spoke French fluently, he could converse with the British captain without the help of an interpreter: as he expressed an impatient desire of being admitted to his parole, that he might revisit friends and connections, from which he had been long separated, he was overjoyed to hear that the English ship would carry her prize into Lisbon; and that he would there be set on shore, and permitted to make the best of his way from thence to Madrid; he talked of his wife with all the ardor of the most impassioned lover, and apologized for his tears by imputing them to the agony of his mind and the infirmity of his health, under the dread of being longer separated from an object so dear to his heart, and on whom he doated with the fondest affection. The generous captor indulged him in these conversations, and, being a husband himself, knew how to allow for all the tenderness of his sensations. 'Ah, sir,' cried

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Don Manuel, 'would to heaven it were in my power to have the honour of presenting my beloved Leonora to you on our landing at Lisbon—Perhaps,' added he, turning to Pedrosa, who at that moment entered the cabin, 'this gentleman, whom I take to be a Spaniard, may have heard the name of Donna Leonora de Casafonda; if he has been at Madrid, it is possible he may have seen her; should that be the case, he can testify to her external charms; I alone can witness to the exquisite perfection of her mind.'—'Senor Don Manuel,' replied Pedrosa, 'I have seen Donna Leonora, and your excellency is warranted in all you can say in her praise; she is of incomparable beauty.' These words threw the uxorious Spaniard into raptures; his eyes sparkled with delight; the blood rushed into his emaciated cheeks, and every feature glowed with unutterable joy: he pressed Pedrosa with a variety of rapid enquiries, all which he evaded by pleading ignorance, saying that he had only had a casual glance of her as she passed along the Pardo. The embarrassment, however, which accompanied these answers, did not escape the English captain, who shortly after drawing Pedrosa aside into the surgeon's cabin, was by him made acquainted with the melancholy situation of that unfortunate lady, and every particular of the story as before related; nay, the very vial was produced, with its contents, as put into the hands of Pedrosa by the inquisidor.

'Can there be such villany in man!' cried the British captain, when Pedrosa had concluded his detail; 'alas! my heart bleeds for this unhappy husband: assuredly that monster has destroyed Leonora; as for thee, Pedrosa, whilst the British flag flies over thy head, neither Spain, nor Portugal, nor inquisitors, nor devils, shall annoy thee under its protection; but if thou ever venturest over the side of this ship, and rashly settest one foot upon catholic soil, when we arrive at Lisbon, thou art a lost man.'—'I were worse

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than a madman,' replied Nicolas, 'should I attempt it'—'Keep close in this asylum then,' resumed the captain, 'and fear nothing: had it been our fate to have been captured by the Spaniard, what would have become of thee?'—'In the worst of extremities,' replied Nicolas, 'I should have applied to the inquisidor's vial; but I confess I had no fears of that sort; a ship so commanded and so manned is in little danger of being carried into a Spanish port.'—'I hope not,' said the captain, 'and I promise thee thou shalt take thy chance in her, so long as she is afloat under my command, and if we live to conduct her to England, thou shalt have thy proper share of prize-money, which, if the galleon breaks up according to her entries, will be something towards enabling thee to shift, and if thou art as diligent in thy duty, as I am persuaded thou wilt be, whilst I live thou shalt never want a seaman's friend.'——At these cheering words, little Nicolas threw himself at the feet of his generous preserver, and with streaming eyes poured out his thanks from a heart animated with joy and gratitude.—The captain raising him by the hand, forbade him, as he prized his friendship, ever to address him in that posture any more; 'thank me, if you will,' added he, 'but thank me as one man should another; let no knees bend in this ship but to the name of God.—But now,' continued he, 'let us turn our thoughts to the situation of our unhappy Casafonda; we are now drawing near to Lisbon, where he will look to be liberated on his parole.'—'By no means let him venture into Spain,' said Pedrosa; 'I am well assured there are orders to arrest him in every port or frontier town, where he may present himself.'—'I can well believe it,' replied the captain; 'his piteous case will require further deliberation; in the mean time let nothing transpire on your part, and keep yourself out of his sight as carefully as you can.'—This said, the captain left the cabin, and both parties repaired to their several occupations.

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As soon as the frigate and her prize cast anchor in the Tagus, Don Manuel de Casafonda impatiently reminded our captain of his promised parole. The painful moment was now come, when an explanation of some sort became unavoidable: the generous Englishman, with a countenance expressive of the tenderest pity, took the Spaniard's hand in his, and seating him on a couch beside him, ordered the centinel to keep the cabin private, and delivered himself as follows:—

'Senor Don Manuel, I must now impart to you an anxiety which I labour under on your account; I have strong reason to suspect you have enemies in your own country, who are upon the watch to arrest you on your landing; when I have told you this, I expect you will repose such trust in my honour and the sincerity of my regard for you, as not to demand a further explanation of the particulars on which my intelligence is founded.'—'Heaven and earth!' cried the astonished Spaniard, 'who can be those enemies I have to fear, and what can I have to deserve them?'—'So far I will open myself to you,' answered the captain, 'as to point out the principal to you, the inquisidor general.'—'The best friend I have in Spain,' exclaimed the governor, 'my sworn protector, the patron of my fortune: he my enemy? impossible.'—'Well, sir,' replied the captain, 'if my advice do not meet belief, I must so far exert my authority for your sake, as to make this ship your prison, till I have waited on our minister at Lisbon, and made the enquiries necessary for your safety; suspend your judgment on the seeming harshness of this measure till I return to you again;' and at the same time rising from his seat, he gave orders for the barge, and leaving strict injunctions with the first lieutenant not to allow of the governor's quitting the frigate, he put off for the shore, and left the melancholy Spaniard buried in profound and silent meditation.

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The emissaries of the inquisition having at last traced Pedrosa to Lisbon, and there gained intelligence of his having entered on board the frigate, our captain had no sooner turned into the porch of the hotel at Buenos-Ayres, than he was accosted by a messenger of state, with a requisition from the prime minister's office, for the surrender of one Nicolas Pedrosa, a subject of Spain, and a criminal, who had escaped out of the prison of the Inquisition in Madrid, where he stood charged of high crimes and misdemeanors.—As soon as this requisition was explained to our worthy captain, without condescending to a word in reply he called for pen and ink, and writing a short order to the officer commanding on board, instantly dispatched the midshipman, who attended him, to the barge, with directions to make the best of his way back to the frigate, and deliver it to the lieutenant: then turning to the messenger, he said to him, in a resolute tone—'That Spaniard is now borne on my books, and before you shall take him out of the service of my king, you must sink his ship.'—Not waiting for a reply, he immediately proceeded, without stop, to the house of the British Minister, at the further end of the city: here he found Pedrosa's intelligence, with regard to the governor of Quito, expressly verified, for the order had come down even to Lisbon on the chance of the Spanish frigate's taking shelter in that port: to this minister he related the horrid tale which Pedrosa had delivered to him, and with his concurrence it was determined to forward letters into Spain, which Don Manuel should be advised to write to his lady and friends at Madrid, and to wait their answer before any further discoveries were imparted to him respecting the blacker circumstances of the case: in the mean time it was resolved to keep the prisoner safe in his castle.

The generous captain lost no time in returning to his frigate, where he immediately imparted to Don

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Manuel the intelligence he had obtained at the British minister's.—'This, indeed,' cried the afflicted Spaniard, 'is a stroke I was in no respect prepared for; I had fondly persuaded myself there was not in the whole empire of Spain a more friendly heart than that of the inquisidor's; to my beloved Leonora he had ever shewn the tenderness of a paternal affection from her very childhood; by him our hands were joined; his lips pronounced the nuptial benediction, and thro' his favour I was promoted to my government: grant, Heaven, no misfortune hath befallen my Leonora! surely she cannot have offended him and forfeited his favour.'—'As I know him not,' replied the captain, 'I can form no judgment of his motives; but this I know, that if a man's heart is capable of cruelty, the fittest school to learn it in must be the inquisition.' The proposal was now suggested of sending letters into Spain, and the governor retired to his desk for the purpose of writing them; in the afternoon of the same day the minister paid a visit to the captain, and receiving a packet from the hands of Don Manuel, promised to get it forwarded by a safe conveyance according to direction.

In due course of time this fatal letter from Leonora opened all the horrible transaction to the wretched husband:—

The guilty hand of an expiring wife, under the agonizing operation of a mortal poison, traces these few trembling lines to an injured wretched husband. If thou hast any pity for my parting spirit fly the ruin that awaits thee, and avoid this scene of villany and horror. When I tell thee I have borne a child to the monster, whose poison runs in my veins, thou wilt abhor thy faithless Leonora; had I strength to relate to thee the subtle machinations which betrayed me to disgrace, thou wouldst pity and perhaps forgive me. Oh agony! can I write his name?—the Inquisidor is my murderer.—My pen falls from my hand.—Farewell for ever!

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Had a shot passed through the heart of Don Manuel, it could not more effectually have stopt its motions, than the perusal of this fatal writing: he dropped lifeless on the couch, and but for the care and assistance of the captain and Pedrosa in that posture he had probably expired. Grief like his will not be described by words, for to words it gave no utterance; 'twas suffocating silent woe.

Let us drop the curtain over this melancholy pause in our narration, and attend on the mournful widower now landing upon English ground, and conveyed by his humane and generous preserver to the house of a noble earl, the father of our amiable captain and a man by his virtues still more conspicuous than by his rank. Here amidst the gentle solicitudes of a benevolent family, in one of the most enchanting spots on earth, in a climate most salubrious and restorative to a constitution exhausted by heat, and a heart nearly broken with sorrow, the reviving spirits of the unfortunate Don Manuel gave the first symptoms of a possible recovery. At the period of a few tranquillizing weeks here passed in the bosom of humanity, letters came to hand from the British minister at Lisbon, in answer to a memorial, that I should have stated to have been drawn up by the friendly captain before his departure from that port, with a detail of facts deposed and sworn to by Nicolas Pedrosa, which memorial, with the documents attached to it, was forwarded to the Spanish court by special express from the Portuguese premier. By these letters it appeared that the high dignity of the person impeached by this statement of facts had not been sufficient to screen him from a very serious and complete investigation; in the course of which, facts had been so clearly brought home to him by the confession of his several agents, and the testimony of the deceased Leonora's attendants, together with her own written declarations, whilst the poison was in operation, that though no public

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sentence had been executed upon the criminal, it was generally understood he was either no longer in existence, or in a situation never to be heard of any more, till roused by the awakening trump he shall be summoned to his tremendous last account. As for the unhappy widower it was fully signified to him from authority, that his return to Spain, whether on exchange or parole, would be no longer opposed, nor had he any thing to apprehend on the part of government, when he should there arrive. The same was signified in fewer words to the exculpated Pedrosa.

Whether Don Manuel de Casafonda will in time to come avail himself of these overtures time alone can prove: as for little Nicolas, whose prize-money has set him up in a comfortable little shop in Duke's-place, where he bleeds the veins and cleanses the bowels of his Israelitish brethren in a land of freedom and toleration, his merry heart is at rest; save only when with fire in his eyes and vengeance on his tongue, he anathematizes the inquisition; and struts into the synagogue every sabbath with as bold a step and as erect a look, as if he was himself High Priest of the Temple, going to perform sacrifice on the re-assembling of the scattered tribes.

SENSIBILITY.

Sterne.

DEAR Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys or costly in our sorrows!—thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw—and 'tis thou who liftest him up to heaven—eternal fountain of our feelings!—'tis here I trace thee!—and this is "thy divinity which stirs within me"—not that, in some sad and sickening moments, "my soul shrinks

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back upon herself, and startles at destruction"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself——all comes from thee, great—great sensorium of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our head but fall upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.—Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—this moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—Oh! had I come one moment sooner!—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it.—

Peace to thee, generous swain! I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the sharer of it,—and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

GENEROSITY.

Pratt.

O GENEROSITY! what a source of joy art thou to thyself and others! Thou art the sun of the soul: the clouds of distress flee from before thee; the storms of misery are dispersed; and as thy impartial beam spreads comforts and blessings on every side, thou appearest only to shine the brighter, in proportion to the felicity that is thus benignly extended. Continue then, oh! continue to illume my bosom: let this hand forget its employment, and this heart cease its motion, when it ceases to feel thy amiable energy!

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THE FORCE OF EDUCATION.

Addison.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have dis-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears

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of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, tho' it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? That we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity, that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy that passed about twelve years ago at St. Christopher's, one of our British leeward islands. The negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had at the same time two young fellows who were likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female negroe abovementioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with

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her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropped expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistress along with them: where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corpse, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the English family with the news of what he had seen; who upon coming to the place saw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing instance of barbarity, what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Though the action which I have recited is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable education.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish: though it must be confessed, there are, even

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in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantage of a more liberal education, rise above one another by different degrees of perfection. For to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features, sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profest myself in this paper a promoter of these great ends; and I flatter myself that I do from day to day contribute something to the polishing of men's minds: at least my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be.

SIR BERTRAND.—A FRAGMENT.

Barbauld.

SIR Bertrand turned his steed towards the wolds, hoping to cross those dreary moors before the curfew. But, ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his

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course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil; and then instantly retired behind it, having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide-extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage a while urged him to push forwards; but, at length, the increasing darkness, and fatigue of body and mind, overcame him: he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs; and, alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground.

He had not long continued in that posture, when the sullen toll of a distant bell struck his ears—he started up; and turning towards the sound, discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was stopped by a moated ditch surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and, by a momentary glimpse of moonlight, he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it—The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gateway at each end, led to the court before the building.

He entered; and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along, and vanished: at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever —All was silent.—Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed; and, approaching the house, traversed its whole front, with light and slow footsteps.—All was still as death!—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not distinguish a single object through the

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impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch; and seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and, hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke. The noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again!— He repeated the stroke more boldly, and louder.—Another interval of silence ensued!—A third time he knocked; and a third time all was still! He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front. It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away as before.—At the same instant, a deep, sullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop!—He was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed—but shame stopped his flight; and, urged by honour, and a resistless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch, and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door, creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand:—he applied his shoulder to it, and forced it open. He quitted it, and stepped forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled!—He turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it —but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large stair-case, a pale blueish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—It retired. He came to the foot of the stairs; and after a moment's deliberation, ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery.—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled

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him. It led him to the foot of another stair-case, and then vanished.— At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness; and, with his arms extended, began to ascend the second stair-case. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless in his—He dropped it, and rushed forwards with a desperate valour.

The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair-case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron gate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to show the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault.—He went forwards; and, proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and, aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock —with difficulty he turned the bolt— instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room on

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both sides were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards; and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady, in a shroud and black veil, rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clashed their sabres, and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil, and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash.

Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance; and, on recovering, found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs, more fair than the Graces. She advanced to the knight; and, falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head; and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table; and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast, delicious music playing all the time.

Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures.

After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady; who, leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words——

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CONTENTMENT IN PROSPERITY.

Anonymous.

THERE are very few questions which have more puzzled philosophers, than one in particular relating to the regimen of ourselves in prosperity and adversity. The contest was never finally determined, whether it was the greater bravery to moderate ourselves in plenty, or to bear up with constancy under the pressures of want. The dispute, I think, is not very material; but the necessity of contentment appears manifestly from both sides, in order to enjoy any felicity in either condition.

Murmuring and complaint generally proceed from the difference of men's situations in life. The sordid are apprehensive they shall never have enough; and the profuse want more to animate their extravagance. They who have but small fortunes cannot relish the scantiness of moderation; grandeur and gaiety do not always sit easy on the wealthy; and the necessitous are dissatisfied that they are exposed to the severity of indigence.

A strange variety of passions thus daily distract the human mind, and for want of knowing how to be easy, too many make themselves miserable. But all these repinings are in reality criminal: man is properly his own tormentor; he disquiets himself in vain; and by neglecting the observation of one easy virtue, he never tastes the fruit of genuine contentment.—To regulate our desires, and limit our pleasures, is what I mean by contentment in a plentiful condition—a state which requires great circumspection to keep the passions from running into excess!

Prosperity is a trying and dangerous state, in which, as we exercise our judgment, we shall display either

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the greatest folly, or the most exemplary wisdom. Good fortune is apt to delude us with its smiles, and strangle us in its embraces. It unbends the mind, and slackens its powers; and by a fraudulent gratification of sense it insensibly steals away the use of our reason. Many have stood inflexible under the shock of poverty, who have afterwards fallen a sacrifice to a plentiful fortune.

Temptations to a fatal security are too prevalent, when the mind is lulled into carelessness and neglect. We apprehend no difficulty, because we feel none; and we promise ourselves safety, because a treacherous confidence blinds us to our danger.

But when fortune smiles, let us rouse up our circumspection. Our passions then require a tight rein, lest our actions should hurry us into insolence and presumption. Confidence in our possessions is too apt to obliterate the remembrance of duty; and too great an opinion of our own merit, sometimes creates a forgetfulness of our dependence on God.

The desires, it is plain, have a tendency to violence; and an easy affluence, instead of satisfying, pushes them on to further gratifications. When the heart is thus enlarged, and the spirits too volatile, we are naturally inclined to embark in new undertakings: we are insensible of any difficulties which should stop us in our career, and, for want of proper restraint, our desires hurry us into extravagance, which seldom ends in any thing but ruin.

Thus fallen from the summit of grandeur, we shall become the objects of scorn and contempt. Whilst our fields stood thick with corn, and our garners abounded with all manners of stores, the sycophants were ready to attend our tables, din our ears with compliment, and try to persuade us that we were more than men: but no sooner is the scene changed, and a sad alteration appears in our circumstances, than these infamous animals all vanish, and (like vermin which

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fly from a tottering house) forsake and abandon us in our misfortunes.

The virtue of contentment, in the midst of prosperity, seems in this point very necessary, as it tends to preserve a good fortune in hand, and to prevent a shame which must be grating on the loss of it. A strict vigilance would keep passion within due bounds. Our fall from an elevated station might be prevented by an evenness of temper, and a proper circumspection; but for want of it our misfortune will be reflected on with remorse, and the invidious will rejoice, and persecute us with severity. In short, let us embrace contentment, as a most amiable virtue, and restrain our passions, as most conducive to our temporal as well as eternal welfare. Then we shall relish our enjoyments without surfeiting, and have a true taste of the delights of life, without neglecting the duties of Christianity.

SABINUS AND OLINDA.

Goldsmith.

IN a fair, rich, flourishing country, whose cliffs are washed by the German ocean, lived Sabinus, a youth formed by Nature to make a conquest wherever he thought proper; but the constancy of his disposition fixed him only with Olinda.

He was, indeed, superior to her in fortune; but that defect on her side was so amply supplied by her merit, that none was thought more worthy of his regards than she. He loved her, he was beloved by her; and, in a short time, by joining hands publicly, they avowed the union of their hearts. But, alas! none, however happy, are exempt from the shafts of envy, and the

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malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unsafe, how detestable are they who have this fury for their guide! How certainly will it lead them from themselves, and plunge them into errors they would have shuddered at, even in apprehension. Ariana, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted, and injuriously treated, since his marriage with Olinda. By incautiously suffering this jealousy to corrode in her breast, she began to give a loose to passion: she forgot those many virtues, for which she had been so long, and so justly applauded. Causeless suspicion, and mistaken resentment, betrayed her into all the gloom of discontent: she sighed without ceasing; the happiness of others gave her intolerable pain: she thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what she was, the cheerful, the prudent, the compassionate Ariana!

She continually laboured to disturb an union so firmly, so affectionately founded, and planned every scheme which she thought most likely to disturb it.

Fortune seemed willing to promote her unjust intentions; the circumstances of Sabinus had been long embarrassed by a tedious law-suit, and the court determining the cause unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch of penury from the highest affluence.

From the nearness of relationship, Sabinus expected from Ariana those assistances his present situation required; but she was insensible to all his entreaties, and the justice of every remonstrance, unless he first separated from Olinda, whom she regarded with detestation. Upon a compliance with her desires in this respect, she promised her fortune, her interest, and her all, should be at his command. Sabinus was shocked at the proposal; he loved his wife with inexpressible tenderness, and refused those offers with indignation which were to be purchased at so high a price: Ariana

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was no less displeased to find her offers rejected, and gave a loose to all that warmth which she had long endeavoured to suppress.

Reproach generally produces recrimination; the quarrel rose to such a height, that Sabinus was marked for destruction; and the very next day, upon the strength of an old family debt, he was sent to jail, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miseries. In this mansion of distress they lived together with resignation, and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal, and he read for her while employed in the little offices of domestic concern. Their fellow-prisoners admired their contentment; and whenever they had a desire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying those little comforts that a prison affords, Sabinus and Olinda were sure to be of the party. Instead of reproaching each other for their mutual wretchedness, they both lightened it, by bearing each a share of the load imposed by Providence. Whenever Sabinus shewed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she conjured him by the love he bore her, by those tender ties which now united them for ever, not to discompose himself: that so long as his affection lasted, she defied all the ills of fortune, and every loss of fame or friendship: that nothing could make her miserable, but his seeming to want happiness; nothing pleased but his sympathizing with her pleasure.

A continuance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrible appearance; yet still was neither found to murmur; they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room, with inexpressible yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform them that Ariana was dead; and that her will, in favour of a very distant relation, and who was now in another country, might be easily procured, and burnt; in which case, all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir at law.

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A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror; they ordered the messenger immediately out of the room, and falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of sorrow: for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by Ariana to sound the disposition of a man she loved at once and persecuted.

This lady, though warped by wrong passions, was naturally kind, judicious, and friendly. She found that all her attempts to shake the constancy or the integrity of Sabinus were ineffectual: She had, therefore, begun to reflect, and to wonder how she could, so long and so unprovoked, injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

She had, from the next room, herself heard the reception given to the messenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of superior virtue; she therefore re-assumed her former goodness of heart; she came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the severity of her former treatment. She bestowed her first care in providing them all the necessary supplies, and acknowledged them as the most deserving heirs of her fortune. From this moment Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness with Olinda, and both were happy in the friendship and assistance of Ariana, who, dying soon after, left them in possession of a large estate; and, in her last moments confessed, that Virtue was the only path to true glory; and that, however Innocence may for a time be depressed, a steady perseverance will in time lead it to a certain victory.

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TRUE HONOUR.

Blair.

THE proper honour of man arises not from those splendid actions and abilities which excite high admiration. Courage and prowess, military renown, signal victories and conquests, may render the name of a man famous, without rendering his character truly honourable. To many brave men, to many heroes renowned in story, we look up with wonder. Their exploits are recorded. Their praises sung. They stand as on an eminence, above the rest of mankind. Their eminence, nevertheless, may not be of that sort before which we bow with inward esteem and respect. Something more is wanted for that purpose, than the conquering arm, and the intrepid mind. The laurels of the warrior must at all times be dyed in blood, and bedewed with the tears of the widow and the orphan. But if they have been stained by rapine and inhumanity; if sordid avarice has marked his character; or low and gross sensuality has degraded his life; the great hero sinks into a little man. What at a distance, or on a superficial view, we admire, becomes mean, perhaps odious, when we examine it more closely. It is like the Colossal statue, whose immense size struck the spectator afar off with astonishment; but, when nearly viewed, it appears disproportioned, unshapely, and rude.

Observations of the same kind may be applied to all the reputation derived from civil accomplishments; from the refined politics of the statesman, or the literary efforts of genius and erudition. These bestow, and, within certain bounds, ought to bestow, eminence and distinction on men. They discover talents which in themselves are shining; and which become highly

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valuable, when employed in advancing the good of mankind. Hence, they frequently give rise to fame. But a distinction is to be made between fame and true honour. The former is a loud and noisy applause; the latter, a more silent and internal homage. Fame floats on the breath of the multitude; Honour rests on the judgment of the thinking. Fame may give praise while it with-holds esteem; true honour implies esteem mingled with respect. The one regards particular distinguished talents; the other looks up to the whole character. Hence the statesman, the orator, or the poet, may be famous, while yet the man himself is far from being honoured. We envy his abilities. We wish to rival them. But we would not chuse to be classed with him who possessed them.

From all this it follows, that in order to discern where man's true honour lies, we must look, not to any single adventitious circumstance of fortune; not to any sparkling quality; but to the whole of what forms a man; what entitles him, as such, to rank high among the class of beings to which he belongs; in a word, we must look to the mind and the soul. A mind superior to fear, to selfish interest and corruption; a mind governed by the principles of uniform rectitude and integrity; the same in prosperity and adversity; which no bribe can seduce, nor terror overawe; neither by pleasure melted into effeminacy, nor by distress sunk into dejection; such is the mind which forms the distinction and eminence of men.—One, who in no situation of life is either ashamed or afraid of discharging his duty, and acting his proper part with firmness and constancy; true to the God whom he worships, and true to the faith in which he professes to believe; full of affection to his brethren of mankind; faithful to his friends, generous to his enemies, warm with compassion to the unfortunate; self-denying to little private interests and pleasures, but zealous for public interest and happiness; magnanimous, without being

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proud; humble, without being mean; just, without being harsh; simple in his manners, but manly in his feelings; on whose word you can entirely rely; whose countenance never deceives you; whose professions of kindness are the effusions of his heart; one, in fine, whom, independent of any views of advantage, you would choose for a superior, could trust in as a friend, and could love as a brother:—This is the man, whom in your heart, above all others, you do, you must honour.

THE TWO BEES.

Anonymous.

ON a fine morning in May, two bees set forward in quest of honey; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant: they soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were spread before them: the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, in spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but being suspicious of danger flew off to fruits and flowers, where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish

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for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend to enquire whether he would return to the hive, but found him surfeited in sweets which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath that 'though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.'

ADVANTAGES OF REVELATION.

Robinson.

REVELATION dissipates all our obscurities, and teaches us clearly, without a doubt, that God willeth our immortality. It carries our thoughts forward to a future state, as to a fixed period whither the greatest part of the promises of God tend. It commands us, indeed, to consider all the blessings of this life, the aliments that nourish us, the rays which enlighten us, the air that we breathe; sceptres, crowns, and kingdoms, as effects of the liberality of God, and as grounds of our gratitude: but at the same time it requires us to surmount the most magnificent earthly objects. It commands us to consider light, air, and aliments; crowns, sceptres, and kingdoms, as unfit to constitute the felicity of a soul created in the image of the blessed God, and with whom the blessed God has formed a close and intimate union. It assures us that an age of life cannot fill the wish of duration, which it is the noble prerogative of an immortal soul to form. It does not ground the doctrine of immortality on metaphysical speculatious, nor on complex arguments,

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above the comprehension of the greatest part of mankind, and which will always leave some doubts in the minds of philosophers. The gospel grounds the doctrine on the only principle that can support the weight with which it is encumbered.—The principle which I mean, is, the will of the Creator; who, having created our souls at first by an act of his will, can either eternally preserve them, or totally annihilate them—whether they be material or spiritual, mortal, or immortal by nature. Thus the disciple of revealed religion does not float between doubt and assurance, hope and fear, as the disciple of nature does. He is not obliged to leave the most interesting question, that poor mortals can agitate, undecided:—whether their souls perish with their bodies, or survive their ruins. He does not say, as Cyrus said to his children—"I know not how to persuade myself that the soul lives in this mortal body, and ceases to be when this body expires: I am more inclined to think that it acquires after death more penetration and purity." He does not say as Socrates said to his judges—"And now we are going—I to suffer death, and you to enjoy life:—God only knows which is best." He does not say as Cicero said, speaking on this important article—"I do not pretend to say, that what I affirm is as infallible as the Pythian oracle, I speak only by conjecture." The disciple of revelation, authorized by Jesus Christ, who "hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel," boldly affirms—"Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

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THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Idem.

THUS speaks the dying Christian: When I consider the awful symptoms of death, and the violent agonies of dissolving nature, they appear to me as medical preparations—sharp, but salutary; they are necessary to detach me from life, and to separate the remains of inward depravity from me: besides, I shall not be abandoned to my own frailty, but my patience and constancy will be proportional to my sufferings; and that powerful arm which hath supported me through life, will uphold me under the pressure of death. If I consider my sins, many as they are, I am invulnerable; for I go to a tribunal of mercy, where God is reconciled, and justice is satisfied. If I consider my body, I perceive I am putting off a mean and corruptible habit, and putting on robes of glory. Fall, fall, ye imperfect senses, ye frail organs!—Fall, house of clay, into your original dust! ye will be sown in corruption, but raised in incorruption; sown in dishonour, but raised in glory; sown a natural body, but raised a spiritual body. If I consider my soul, it is passing I see from slavery to freedom. I shall carry with me that which thinks and reflects; I shall carry with me the delicacy of taste; the harmony of sounds; the beauty of colours; and the fragrance of odoriferous smells. I shall surmount heaven and earth, nature, and all terrestrial things, and my ideas of all their beauties will multiply and expand. If I consider the future œconomy to which I go, I have, I own, very inadequate notions of it; but my incapacity is the ground of my expectation. Could I perfectly comprehend it, it would argue its resemblance to some of the present objects of my senses, or its minute proportion

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to the present operations of my mind. If worldly dignities and grandeur—if accumulated treasures—if the enjoyment of the most refined voluptuousness, were to represent to me celestial felicity, I should suppose, that, by partaking of their nature, they partook of their vanity. But if nothing here can represent the future state, it is because that state surpasses every other.—My ardour is increased by my imperfect knowledge of it. My knowledge and virtue, I know, will be perfected; I know I shall comprehend truth, and obey order; I know I shall be free from all evils, and in possession of all good; I shall be present with God, I know, and with all the happy spirits who surround his throne; and this perfect state, I am sure, will continue for ever and ever.——Such are the all-sufficient supports which revealed religion affords against the fears of death.—Such are the meditations of a dying Christian.

THE HISTORY OF

ALMAMOULI *the* SON *of* NOURADIN.

Johnson.

IN the reign of Jenghiz Can, conqueror of the east, in the city of Samarcand, lived Nouradin the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of India for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouses were filled with all the commodities of the remotest nations; every rarity of nature, every curiosity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was useful, hasted to his hand. The streets were crowded with his carriages; the sea was covered with his ships; the streams of Oxus were wearied with

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conveyance, and every breeze of the sky wafted wealth to Nouradin.

At length Nouradin felt himself seized with a slow malady, which he first endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury and indulgence; but finding his strength every day less, he was at last terrified, and called for help upon the sages of physic; they filled his apartments with alexipharmics, restoratives, and essential virtues; the pearls of the ocean were dissolved, the spices of Arabia were distilled, and all the powers of nature were employed to give new spirits to his nerves, and new balsam to his blood. Nouradin was for some time amused with promises, invigorated with cordials, or soothed with anodynes; but the disease preyed upon his vitals, and he soon discovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deserted by his physicians, and rarely visited by his friends; but his unwillingness to die flattered him long with hopes of life.

At length, having passed the night in tedious languor, he called to him Almamoulin, his only son; and dismissing his attendants:—"My son," says he, "behold here the weakness and fragility of man; look "backward a few days, thy father was great and happy, fresh as the vernal rose, and strong as the cedar "of the mountain; the nations of Asia drank his "dews, and art and commerce delighted in his shade. "Malevolence beheld me, and sighed: His roots, "she cried, is fixed in the depths; it is watered by "the fountains of Oxus; it sends out branches afar, "and bids defiance to the blast; prudence reclines "against his trunk, and prosperity dances on his top. "Now, Almamoulin, look upon me withering and "prostrate; look upon me and attend. I have traf-"ficked, I have prospered, I have rioted in gain: "my house is splendid, my servants are numerous; "yet I displayed only a small part of my riches; the

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"rest, which I was hindered from enjoying by the "fear of raising envy, or tempting rapacity, I have "piled in towers, I have buried in caverns, I have "hidden in secret repositories, which this scroll will "discover. My purpose was, after ten months more "spent in commerce, to have withdrawn my wealth "to a safer country: to have given seven years to de-"light and festivity, and the remaining part of my "days to solitude and repentance; but the hand of "death is upon me; a frigorific torper encroaches "upon my veins; I am now leaving the produce of "my toil, which it must be thy business to enjoy "with wisdom." The thought of leaving his wealth filled Nouradin with such grief that he fell into convulsions, became delirious, and expired.

Almamoulin, who loved his father, was touched a while with honest sorrow, and sat two hours in profound meditation, without perusing the paper which he held in his hand. He then retired to his own chamber, as overborne with affliction, and there read the inventory of his new possessions, which swelled his heart with such transports, that he no longer lamented his father's death. He was now sufficiently composed to order a funeral of modest magnificence, suitable at once to the rank of Nouradin's profession, and the reputation of his wealth. The two next nights he spent in visiting the tower and the caverns, and found the treasures greater to his eye than to his imagination.

Almamoulin had been bred to the practice of exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expence of other young men: he therefore believed, that happiness was now in his power, since he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accustomed to regret the want. He resolved to give a loose to his desires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneasiness no more.

He immediately procured a splendid equipage,

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dressed his servants in rich embroidery, and covered his horses with golden caparisons. He showered down silver on the populace, and suffered their acclamations to swell him with insolence. The nobles saw him with anger, the wise men of the state combined against him, the leaders of armies threatened his destruction. Almamoulin was informed of his danger: he put on the robe of mourning in the presence of his enemies, and appeased them with gold, and gems, and supplication.

He then sought to strengthen himself, by an alliance with the princes of Tartary, and offered the price of kingdoms for a wife of noble birth. His suit was generally rejected, and his presents refused; but a princess of Asaracan once condescended to admit him to her presence. She received him sitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and shining with the jewels of Golconda; command sparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on her forehead. Almamoulin approached and trembled. She saw his confusion and disdained him: How, says she, dares the wretch hope my obedience, who thus shrinks at my glance? Retire, and enjoy thy riches in sordid ostentation; thou wast born to be wealthy, but never canst be great.

He then contracted his desires to more private and domestic pleasures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he transplanted forests, he levelled mountains, opened prospects into distant regions, poured fountains from the tops of turrets, and rolled rivers through new channels.

These amusements pleased him for a time; but languor and weariness soon invaded him. His bowers lost their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchased large tracts of land in distant provinces, adorned them with houses of pleasure, and diversified them with accommodations for different seasons. Change of place at first relieved his satiety,

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but all the novelties of situation were soon exhausted; he found his heart vacant, and his desires, for want of external objects, ravaging himself.

He therefore returned to Samarcand, and set open his doors to those whom idleness sends out in search of pleasure, His tables were always covered with delicacies; wines of every vintage sparkled in his bowls, and his lamps scattered perfumes. The sound of the lute, and the voice of the singer, chased away sadness; every hour was crowded with pleasure; and the day ended and began with feasts and dances, and revelry and merriment. Almamoulin cried out, "I "have at last found the use of riches; I am sur- "rounded by companions, who view my greatness "without envy; and I enjoy at once the raptures of "popularity, and the safety of an obscure station. "What trouble can he feel whom all are studious to "please, that they may be repaid with pleasure? "What danger can he dread, to whom every man "is a friend?"

Such were the thoughts of Almamoulin, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay assembly regaling at his expence; but in the midst of this soliloquy, an officer of justice entered the house, and, in the form of legal citation, summoned Almamoulin to appear before the emperor. The guests stood a while aghast, then stole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a single voice to witness his integrity. He now found one of his most frequent visitants accusing him of treason, in hopes of sharing his confiscation; yet, unpatronized and unsupported, he cleared himself by the openness of innocence, and the consistence of truth; he was dismissed with honour, and his accuser perished in prison.

Almamoulin now perceived with how little reason he had hoped for justice or fidelity from those who live only to gratify their senses; and, being now weary with vain experiments upon life and fruitless researches

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after felicity, he had recourse to a sage, who, after spending his youth in travel and observation, had retired from all human cares, to a small habitation on the banks of Oxus, where he conversed only with such as solicited his counsel. "Brother," said the philosopher, "thou hast suffered thy reason to be deluded "by idle hopes, and fallacious appearances. Having "long looked with desire upon riches, thou hadst "taught thyself to think them more valuable than na"ture designed them, and to expect from them, what "experience hath now taught thee, that they cannot "give. That they do not confer wisdom, thou mayest "be convinced, by considering at how dear a price "they tempted thee, upon thy first entrance into the "world, to purchase the empty sound of vulgar ac"clamation. That they cannot bestow fortitude or "magnanimity, that man may be certain, who stood "trembling at Astracan, before a being not naturally "superior to himself. That they will not supply un"exhausted pleasure, the recollection of forsaken "palaces, and neglected gardens, will easily inform "thee. That they rarely purchase friends, thou didst "soon discover, when thou wert left to stand thy "trial uncountenanced, and alone. Yet think not "riches useless; there are purposes, to which a wise "man may be delighted to apply them; they may, by "a rational distribution to those who want them, ease "the pains of helpless disease, still the throbs of rest"less anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, "and raise imbecility to cheerfulness and vigour. "This they will enable thee to perform, and this will "afford the only happiness ordained for our present "state, the confidence of divine favour, and the "hope of future rewards."

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The INDIAN *and* BRITISH OFFICER.

A TRUE STORY.

DURING a late war in America, a company of the Delaware Indians attacked a small detachment of the British troops, and defeated them. As the Indians had greatly the advantage of swiftness of foot, and were eager in the pursuit, very few of the fugitives escaped; and those who fell into the enemy's hands, were treated with a cruelty of which there are not many examples even in that country.

Two of the Indians came up with a young officer, and attacked him with great fury; as they were armed with a kind of battle-axe, which they call a tomahawk, he had no hope of escape, and thought only of selling his life as dearly as he could; but just at this crisis another Indian came up, who seemed to be advanced in years, and was armed with a bow and arrows. The old man instantly drew his bow; but after having taken his aim at the officer, he suddenly dropped the point of his arrow, and interposed between him and his pursuers, who were about to cut him in pieces—they retired with respect.

The old man then took the officer by the hand, soothed him into confidence by caresses; and, having conducted him to his hut, treated him with kindness which did honour to his professions. He made him less a slave than a companion, taught him the language of the country, and instructed him in the rude arts that are practised by the inhabitants. They lived together in the most cordial amity; and the young officer found nothing to regret, but that sometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and, having regarded him for some minutes, with a steady and silent attention, burst into tears.

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In the mean time the spring returned; and the Indians having recourse to their arms, again took the field. The old man, who was still vigorous, and well able to bear the fatigues of war, set out with them, and was accompanied by his prisoner. They marched above two hundred leagues, across the forest, and came at length to a plain where the British forces were encamped. The old man shewed his prisoner the tents at a distance, at the same time remarked his countenance with the most diligent attention. "There," says he, "are your countrymen; there is the enemy who wait to give us battle. Remember that I have saved thy life, that I have taught thee to construct a canoe, and to arm thyself with a bow and arrows; to surprise the beaver in the forest, to wield the tomahawk, and to scalp the enemy. What wast thou when I first took thee to my hut? Thy hands were those of an infant; they were fit neither to procure thee sustenance nor safety. Thy soul was in utter darkness; thou wast ignorant of every thing; and thou owest all things to me. Wilt thou then go over to thy nation, and take up the hatchet against us?"

The officer replied, "That he would rather lose his own life than take away that of his deliverer." The Indian then bending down his head, and covering his face with both his hands, stood some time silent; then looking earnestly at his prisoner, he said, in a voice that was at once softened by tenderness and grief, "Hast thou a father?"—"My father," said the young man, "was alive when I left my country."—"Alas," said the Indian, "how wretched must he be!" He paused a moment, and then added, "Dost thou know that I have been a father? I am a father no more. I saw my son fall in battle; he fought at my side; I saw him expire! but he died like a man. He was covered with wounds when he fell dead at my feet; but I have revenged him!"

He pronounced these words with the utmost vehe-

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mence; his body shook with a universal tremor; and he was almost stifled with sighs that he would not suffer to escape him. There was a keen restlessness in his eye; but no tear would flow to his relief. At length he became calm by degrees, and turning towards the east, where the sun was then rising, "Dost thou see," said he to the young officer, "the beauty of that sky, which sparkles with prevailing day? and hast thou pleasure in the sight?"—"Yes," replied the young officer, "I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a sky."—"I have none," said the Indian; and his tears then found their way.

A few minutes after he shewed the young man a magnolia in full bloom. "Dost thou see that beautiful tree?" says he; and dost thou look upon it with pleasure?"—"Yes," replied the officer, "I do look with pleasure upon that beautiful tree."—"I have pleasure in looking upon it no more," said the Indian hastily; and immediately added, "Go, return to thy countrymen, that thy father may still have pleasure when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring."

MARIA, *the* MAID *of* MOULINES.

PART I.

Sterne.

——THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly—'Tis Maria, said the postillion, observing I was listening—Poor Maria continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us,) is sitting upon a bank,

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playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent, and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four and twenty sous piece when I got to Moulines——

——And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postillion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick witted, and amiable a maid; and a better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her banns forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them——

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the same notes;—yet were ten times sweeter; it is the evening service to the virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decypher-ing something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side——she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ach, it was the moment I saw her——

——God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the seve-

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ral parish churches and convents around for her,—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible, for short intervals, that the virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on alternately——

——Well, Maria, said I softly—What resemblance do you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is,—that I asked the question; and I would not have let fall an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of misery, to be entitled to all the wit that even Rabelais scattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor helpless damsel!—some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived, for that moment she took her pipe, and told such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

MARIA, *the* MAID *of* MOULINES.

PART II.

Idem.

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now—to travel it through the Bour-

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bounnois, the sweetest part of France—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up——a journey through each step of which music beats time to labour, and all their children are rejoicing as they carry their clusters——to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me——and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes—and alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into——and half of these must be taken up with the poor Maria my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disconsolate maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strongly into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures——but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door: her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth——She had lost her husband: he had died, she said, of anguish for the loss of Maria's senses, about a month before—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road—

—Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only

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to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar——she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand;—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines, and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net.—— She had superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for, as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away, as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then steep'd it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wiped her's again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribeable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me to the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man who

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had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it in her pocket, to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine-leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she had found her way alone across the Appennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell——but *God tempers the wind*, said Maria, *to the shorn lamb*.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio——in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down, I would say my prayers: and when I had done thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart,

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steep'd too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream—and where will you dry it, Maria? said I.—I will dry it in my bosom, said she—'twill do me good.

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And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touch'd upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then without saying any thing, took her pipe and played her service to the Virgin—the string I touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said to Moulines. Let us go, said I, together.——Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine——and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should not only eat of my bread, and drink of my own cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden! imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journieth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

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DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Brooke.

WHEN Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, to die on a certain day, he prayed permission to retire, in the mean time, to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon. He instantly offered himself to confinement in place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The king and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs: and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise, to impose upon the weak. They therefore imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly; to a defect of understanding merely, and no way to any virtue, or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon.—Having reproached him for the extravagance of his conduct, and rallied him some time on his madness, in presuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as romantic as himself—"My lord," said Pythias with a firm voice, and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence.

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But I pray, I beseech the gods to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours: and suffer him not to arrive till, by my death, I have redeemed a life a thousand times of more estimation, than my own: more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. Oh! leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon." Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner, still more affecting, in which they were uttered. He felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him. He hesitated. He would have spoken. But he looked down; and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne, drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanor of the prisoner. Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and, beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned, and, with a pleasing countenance, thus addressed the assembly.—"My prayers are heard. The gods are propitious.—You know my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come: he could not conquer impossibilities. He will be here to-morrow; and the blood which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend.—Oh! could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble—that his truth is unimpeachable—that he will speedily approve it—that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing

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himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I hasten to prevent his speed.—Executioner, do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise amongst the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The crowd caught the words; and "Stop, stop the execution," was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias closely embraced. "You are safe," he cried, "you are safe, my friend, my beloved! the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer: and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches, which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, and almost speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents, "Fatal haste!—Cruel impatience!— What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour!—But I will not be wholly disappointed. Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you."

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truths so incontestibly proved by facts. He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold. "Live! live, ye incomparable pair!" he exclaimed. "Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue!— Live happy! live renowned! And, oh! form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship."

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FALSE MODESTY.

Addison.

I COULD not but smile at the account that was yesterday given me of a modest young gentleman, who being invited to an entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the confidence to refuse his glass in his turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, he abused every one of the company, and flung a bottle at the gentleman's head who treated him. This has given me occasion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious modesty, and to remember the saying of Brutus, as it is quoted by Plutarch, that 'the 'person has had but an ill education, who has not 'been taught to deny any thing.' This false kind of modesty has, perhaps, betrayed both sexes into as many vices as the most abandoned impudence, and is more inexcusable to reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than itself, and is punished with a kind of remorse, not only like other vicious habits when the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to right reason: false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humour of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined effect; the former is that instinct, limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

We may conclude that modesty to be false and vicious which engages a man to do any thing that is ill

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or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life, lend sums of money which they are not able to spare, are bound for persons whom they have but little friendship for, give recommendatory characters of men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow places on those whom they do not esteem, live in such a manner as they themselves do not approve, and all this merely because they have not the confidence to resist solicitation, importunity, or example.

Nor does this false modesty expose us only to such actions as are indiscreet, but very often to such as are highly criminal. When Xenophanes was called timorous, because he would not venture his money in a game at dice: 'I confess,' said he, 'that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do an ill thing.' On the contrary, a man of vicious modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himself go to every action or discourse, however unjustifiable in itself, so it be in vogue among the present party. This, though one of the most common, is one of the most ridiculous dispositions in human nature, that men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational manner, but that one who is in their company should be ashamed of governing himself by the principles of reason and virtue.

In the second place we are to consider false modesty, as it restrains a man from doing what is good and laudable. My reader's own thoughts will suggest to him many instances and examples under this head. I shall only dwell upon one reflection, which I cannot make without a secret concern. We have in England a particular bashfulness in every thing that regards religion. A well-bred man is obliged to conceal any serious sentiments of this nature, and very

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often to appear a greater libertine than he is, that he may keep himself in countenance among the men of mode. Our excess of modesty makes us shame-faced in all the exercises of piety and devotion. This humour prevails upon us daily; insomuch, that at many well-bred tables, the master of the house is so very modest a man, that he has not the confidence to say grace at his own table: a custom which is not only practised by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens themselves. English gentlemen who travel into Roman catholic countries, are not a little surprised to meet with people of the best quality kneeling in their churches, and engaged in their private devotions, though it be not at the hours of public worship. An officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleasure in those countries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred man, should he be seen to go to bed, or sit down at table, without offering up his devotions on such occasions. The same show of religion appears in all the foreign reformed churches, and enters so much in their ordinary conversation, that an Englishman is apt to term them hypocritical and precise.

This little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation, may proceed in some measure from that modesty which is natural to us, but the great occasion of it is certainly this: those swarms of sectaries that over-ran the nation in the time of the great rebellion, carried their hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthusiam; insomuch, that upon the Restoration men thought they could not recede too far from the behaviour and practice of those persons, who had made religion a cloak to so many villanies. This led them into the other extreme; every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical, and falling into the hands of the ridiculers who flourished in that reign, and attacked every thing that was serious, it has ever since

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been out of countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that vicious modesty, which has in some measure worn out from among us the appearance of Christianity in ordinary life and conversation, and which distinguishes us from all our neighbours.

Hypocrisy cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally destructive to the person who is possessed with them; but in regard to others, hypocrisy is not so pernicious as bare-faced irreligion. The due mean to be observed is to be sincerely virtuous, and at the same time to let the world see we are so. I do not know a more dreadful menace in the Holy Writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have this perverted modesty, to be ashamed before men in a particular of such unspeakable importance.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Anonymous.

'HAVE the goodness to buy a nosegay of a poor orphan!' said a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was passing the corner of the Hay-market. I turned, and beheld a girl of fourteen; whose drapery, tho' ragged, was clean, and her form such as a painter might have chosen for a youthful Venus. Her neck, without covering, was of the purest white; and her features, though not perfectly beautiful, were interesting, and set off by a transparent complexion; her dark and intelligent eyes, were shaded by loose ringlets of raven black, which shed their sweetly supplicating beams through the silken shade of long lashes. On one arm hung a basket of

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roses,—the other was stretched towards me with a bud. I drew out of my pocket some money.—'Take this,' sweet innocent!' said I, putting it into her hand,—'and may thy existence and thy virtue be long preserved!' I was turning from her, when she burst into a flood of tears. Her look touched my soul;—I was melted by the artless gratitude of this poor girl, and a drop of sympathy fell from my own cheek. —I returned to console her, when she added as follows.—'Your's, sir, have been the first kind words I have heard since I lost all that was dear to me on earth. A sob interrupted her discourse. 'O, sir,' she continued, 'I have no father, no mother, no relation; alas! I have no friend in the world!' She was silent for a moment before she could proceed. 'My only friend is God! on him, therefore, will I rely. O may I support, with fortitude, the miseries I am born to experience, and may that God ever protect you!' She dropped a curtesy full of humility and native grace. I returned her benediction, and went on.—

'And can I thus leave thee, poor creature?' said I, as I walked pensively on;—'can I leave thee for ever, without emotion? What have I done that can entitle me to thy prayers? Preserved thee a few days from death—that is all! And shall I quit thee, fair blossom! to see thee no more? leave thee to be destroyed by the rude blast of adversity? to be cropped by some cruel spoiler? to droop thy lovely head, beneath the blight of early sorrow? No; thou hast been nurtured by the soft tears of maternal affection; thou hast budded under the sweet sun of domestic content; and under it thou shalt bloom! I returned to her, my heart beating with its newly formed purpose.—The beautiful flower girl was again before me. I took her hand—the words of triumphant virtue burst from my lips. 'Come, lovely forlorn one! come, and add one more to the happy group who call me father!

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Their home shall be thine; thou shalt share their comforts; thou shalt be taught with them that virtue alone constitutes true happiness.' Her eyes flashed with frantic joy: she flung herself upon her knees before me, and burst into rapturous tears. I raised her in my arms; I hushed her eloquent gratitude; and led her to a home of peace and tranquillity. She loves my children; she loves their father; and the poor orphan of the Hay-market is now the wife of my son!

The CHARACTER *of a* TRUE FRIEND.

Dr. Enfield.

CONCERNING the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions for which others are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence, when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and, instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connection, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy

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scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your "tale of symptoms," and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do all this, may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer—but, depend upon it, he is not your friend.

THE HERMIT.

Shenstone.

'TWAS in that delightful month which Love prefers before all others, and which most reveres the Deity: that month which ever weaves a verdant carpet for the earth, and embroiders it with flowers, The banks became inviting through their coverlets of moss; the violets, refreshed by the moisture of descending rains, enriched the tepid air with their agreeable perfumes. But the shower was past; the sun had dispersed the vapours; and the sky was clear and lucid, when Polydore walked forth. He was of a complexion altogether plain and unaffected; a lover of the Muses, and beloved by them. He would oftentimes retire from the noise of mixed conversation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the murmurs of a waterfall. His neighbours often smiled at his peculiarity of temper; and he, no less, at the vulgar cast of their's, He could never be content to pass his irrevocable time in an idle comment on a newspaper, or in adjusting the precise difference of temperature betwixt the weather of to-day and yesterday. In short, he was not

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void of some ambition; but what he felt he acknowledged, and was never averse to vindicate. As he never censured any one who indulged their humour inoffensively, so he claimed no manner of applause for those pursuits which gratified his own. But the sentiments he entertained of honour, and the dignity conferred by royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the thoughts of obscurity and oblivion. He mentioned, with applause, the youths, who by merit had arrived at station; but he thought that all should in life's visit leave some token of their existence; and that their friends might more reasonably expect it from them, than they from their posterity.

There were few he thought, of talents so very inconsiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame: and in regard to such as had a liberal education, he ever wished that in some art or science they would be persuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be some pleasure to reflect, that their names would, at least, be honoured by their descendants, altho' they might escape the notice of such as were not prejudiced in their favour.

What a lustre, said he, does the reputation of a Wren, a Waller, or a Walsingham, cast on their remotest progeny! and who would not wish rather to be descended from them, than from the mere carcase of nobility? Yet wherever superb titles are faithfully offered as the reward of merit, he thought the allurements of ambition were too transporting to be resisted. But to return.

Polydore, a new inhabitant in a sort of wild uninhabited country, was now ascended to the top of a mountain, and in the full enjoyment of a very extensive prospect. Before him a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landscape. Fertile meadows, glittering streams, pendent rocks and nodding ruins. But these, indeed, were much less the objects of his attention, than those distant hills and

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spires that were almost concealed by one undistinguished azure. The sea, indeed, appeared to close the scene, though distant as it was, it but little variegated the view. Hardly, indeed, were it distinguishable but for the beams of a descending sun, which, at the same time, warned our traveller to return, before the duskiness and dews of evening had rendered his walk uncomfortable.

He had now descended to the foot of the mountain, when he remarked an old hermit approaching to a little hut which he had formed with his own hands, at the very bottom of the precipice. Polydore, all enamoured of the beauties he had been surveying, could not avoid wondering at his conduct, who, not content with shunning all commerce with mankind, had contrived as much as possible to exclude all views of nature. He accosted him in the manner following:—'Father,' said he, 'it is with no small surprise, that I observe your choice of situation, by which you seem to neglect the most distant and delightful landscape that ever my eyes beheld. The hill, beneath which you have contrived to hide your habitation, would have afforded you such a variety of natural curiosities, as to a person so contemplative, must appear highly entertaining: and as the cell to which you are advancing is seemingly of your own contrivance, methinks it was probable you would so have placed it, as to present them, in all their beauty to your eye.'

The hermit made him this answer. 'My son, said he, 'the evening approaches, and you have deviated from your way. I would not therefore detain you by my story, did I not imagine the moon would prove a safer guide to you, than that setting sun, which you must otherwise rely on. Enter, therefore, for awhile into my cave, and I will then give you some account of my adventures, which will solve your doubts perhaps more effectually than any method I can propose. But before you enter my lone abode,

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calculated only for the use of meditation, dare to contemn superfluous magnificence, and render thyself worthy of the being I contemplate.

'Know, then, that I owe what the world is pleased to call my ruin (and, indeed, justly, were it not for the use which I have made of it) to an assured dependence, in a literal sense, on confused and distant prospects: a consideration, which hath, indeed, so affected me, that I shall never henceforth enjoy a landscape that lies at so remote a distance, as not to exhibit all its parts. And, indeed, were I to form the least pretensions to what your world calls taste, I might even then perhaps contend, that a well discriminated landscape, was at all times to be preferred to a distant and promiscuous azure.

'I was born in the parish of a nobleman who arrived to the principal management of the business of the nation. The heir of his family and myself were of the same age, and for some time school-fellows. I had made considerable advances in his esteem; and the mutual affection we entertained for each other, did not long remain unobserved by his family or my own. He was sent early on his travels, pursuant to a very injudicious custom, and my parents were solicited to consent that I might accompany him. Intimations were given to my friends, that a person of such importance as his father might contribute much more to my immediate promotion, than the utmost diligence I could use in pursuit of it. My father, I remember, assented with reluctance: my mother, fired with the ambition of her son's future greatness, through much importunity, "wrung from him his slow leave." I, for my own part, wanted no great persuasion. We made what is called the great tour of Europe. We neither of us, I believe, could be said to want natural sense; but being banished so early in life, were more attentive to every deviation from our own indifferent customs, than to any useful examination of their

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polices or manners. Judgment, for the most part, ripens very slowly. Fancy often expands her blossoms all at once.

'We were now returning home from a six years absence; anticipating the caresses of our parents and relations, when my ever-honoured companion was attacked by a fever. All possible means of safety proving finally ineffectual, he accosted me in one of his lucid intervals as follows.

'Alas! my Clytander! my life, they tell me, is of very short continuance. The next paroxysm of my fever will probably be conclusive. The prospect of this sudden change does not allow me to speak the gratitude I owe thee; much less to reward the kindness on which it is so justly grounded. Thou knowest I was sent away early from my parents, and the more rational part of my life has been passed with thee alone. It cannot be but they will prove solicitous in their enquiries concerning me. Thy narrative will awaken their tenderness, and they cannot but conceive some for their son's companion and his friend. What I would hope is, that they will render thee some services, in place of those their beloved son intended thee, and which I can unfeignedly assert, would have been only bounded by my power. My dear companion! farewell! All other temporal enjoyments have I banished from my heart; but friendship lingers long, and it is with tears I say, farewell!'

'My concern was truly so great, that on my arrival in my native country, it was not at all increased by the consideration that the nobleman on whom my hopes depended, was removed from all his places. I waited on him; and he appeared sensibly grieved that the friendship he had ever professed could now so little avail me. He recommended me, however, to a friend of his that was then of the successful party, and who, he was assured, would at his request, assist me to the utmost of his power. I was now in the prime of life,

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which I effectually consumed on the empty forms of court-attendance. Hopes arose before me like bubbles upon a stream; as quickly succeeding each other, as superficial, and as vain. Thus busied in my pursuit, and rejecting the assistance of cool examination, I found the winter of life approaching, and nothing procured to shelter or protect me when my second patron died. A race of new ones appeared before me, and even yet kept my expectations in play. I wished, indeed, I had retreated sooner; but to retire at last unrecompensed, and when a few month's attendance might happen to prove successful, was beyond all power of resolution.

'However, after a few years more attendance, distributed in equal proportions on each of these new patrons, I at length obtained a place of much trouble and small emolument. On the acceptance of this, my eyes seemed open all at once. I had no passion remaining for the splendor which was grown familiar to me, and for servility and confinement I entertained an utter aversion. I officiated, however, for a few weeks in my post, wondering still more and more how I could ever covet the life I led. I was ever most sincere, but sincerity clashed with my situation every moment of the day. In short, I returned home to a paternal income, not, indeed, intending that austere life in which you at present find me engaged. I thought to content myself with common necessaries, and to give the rest, if aught remained, to charity; determined, however, to avoid all appearance of singularity. But alas! to my great surprise, the person who supplied my expences had so far embroiled my little affairs, that, when my debts, &c. were discharged, I was unable to subsist in any better manner than I do at present. I grew at first entirely melancholy; left the country where I was born, and raised the humble roof that covers me in a country where I am not known. I now begin to think myself happy in

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my present way of life: I cultivate a few vegetables to support me; and the little well there is a very clear one. I am now an useless individual; little able to benefit mankind; but a prey to shame, and to confusion, on the first glance of every eye that knows me. My spirits are, indeed, something raised by a clear sky, or a meridian sun; but as to extensive views of the country, I think them well enough exchanged for the warmth and comfort which this vale affords me. Ease, is at least, the proper ambition of age, and it is confessedly my supreme one. Yet will I not permit you to depart from a hermit, without one instructive lesson. Whatever situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniencies attending it. I utterly contemned and rejected, after a month's experience, the very post I had all my lifetime been solicitous to procure.'

IDLENESS AND IRRESOLUTION.

Percival.

HORACE, a celebrated Roman poet, relates, that a countryman, who wanted to pass a river, stood loitering on the banks of it, in the foolish expectation that a current so rapid, would soon discharge its waters. But the stream still flowed; increased, perhaps, by fresh torrents from the mountains; and it must for ever flow, because the sources from which it is derived are inexhaustible. Thus the *idle and irresolute youth* trifles over his books, or wastes in play his precious moments; deferring the task of improvement, which at first is easy to be accomplished, but which will become more and more difficult the longer it is neglected.

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AFFECTION TO PARENTS.

Idem.

AN amiable youth was lamenting, in terms of the sincerest grief, the death of a most affectionate parent. His companion endeavoured to console him by the reflection, that he had always behaved to the deceased with duty, tenderness, and respect. So I thought, replied the youth, whilst my parent was living: but now I recollect, with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement.

IMMODERATE STUDY.

Idem.

SOPHRON had passed the day, in very intense application to a favourite study. The shades of the evening insensibly stole on him. He called for his lamp, and supplied it with an extraordinary quantity of oil, that it might burn till midnight. The flame was languid and glimmering.—He added more oil.—It yielded a still fainter light. Again he replenished the lamp.—The flame became dimmer.—He closed his book; and was soon left in total darkness. Ah! studious youth, use not with profusion the sacred oil of learning! Thus lavishly applied, it will extinguish, not brighten the intellectual lamp that burns within thee.

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ANNINGAIT AND AJUT.

A GREENLAND HISTORY.

Johnson.

OF the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions; part is distributed by nature, and part is in a great measure apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves; nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diseases. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

One of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is less superable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exercise for this philosophical abstraction. A native of England, pinched with the frosts of December, may lessen his affection for his own country, by suffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Asia, and sport among the woods that are always green, and streams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar

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regions, and considers the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst mountains of snow, he will soon recover his tranquillity, and while he stirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence, that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.

The barrenness of the earth and the severity of the skies in these dreary countries, are such as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of necessity and distress, so that the care of escaping death from cold and hunger, should leave no room for those passions which, in lands of plenty, influence, conduct, or diversify characters; the summer should be spent only in providing for the winter, and the winter in longing for the summer.

Yet learned curiosity is known to have found its way into these abodes of poverty and gloom; Lapland and Iceland have their historians, their critics, and their poets; and love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the same power in the Greenlander's hut as in the palaces of eastern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted by this gal-

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lantry; yet, however, from that time, was observed rarely to appear but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested, that "She was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains: that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morse, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice: that he would pursue her, though she should pass the snows of the midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves of the eastern cannibals; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of Amaroc, and rescue her from the ravine of Hafgufa." He concluded with a wish, that, "whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with Ajut, might be buried without his bow, and that in the land of souls his skull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments, but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage; he attacked the sea-

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horses on the ice; pursued the seals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast, before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities. "O "virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, "consider," said Anningait, "what thou hast re- "quired. How easily may my return be precluded "by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs: then must "the night be passed without my Ajut. We live not, "my fair, in those fabled countries, which lying "strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole "year is divided into short days and nights; where "the same habitation serves for summer and winter; "where they raise houses in rows above the ground, "dwell together from year to year, with flocks of "tame animals grazing in the fields about them; can "travel at any time from one place to another, "through ways inclosed with trees, or over walls "raised upon the inland waters; and direct their "course through wide countries by the sight of green "hills or scattered buildings. Even in summer, we "have no means of crossing the mountains, whose "snows are never dissolved; nor can remove to any

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" distant residence, but in our boats coasting the bays. " Consider, Ajut; a few summer-days, and a few " winter-nights, and the life of man is at an end. " Night is the time of ease and festivity, of revels and " gaiety; but what will be the flaming lamp, the " delicious seal, or the soft oil, without the smile of " Ajut?"

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of winter.

Anningait, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens of amorous respect; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of sea-unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the sea-side; and, when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud, that he might return with plenty of skins and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood awhile to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside, from that hour, her white deer skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing-coat, a small boat, and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus busied, solaced her labours with a song, in which she prayed, " that her lover might have hands stronger

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" than the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the " feet of the rein-deer; that his dart might never " err, and that his boat might never leak; that he " might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in the " water; that the seal might rush on his harpoon, " and the wounded whale might dash the waves in " vain."

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families, are always rowed by women; for a man will not debase himself by work which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and swim back to his mistress; but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed in wild numbers, and uncouth images, his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears. " O life," says he, " frail and " uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy re- " semblance but on ice floating on the ocean? It " towers on high, it sparkles from afar; while the " storms drive and the waters beat it, the sun melts " it above, and the rocks shatter it below. What art " thou, deceitful pleasure! but a sudden blaze stream- " ing from the north, which plays a moment on the " eye, mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, " and then vanishes for ever? What, love, art thou " but a whirlpool, which we approach without know- " ledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible de- " grees, till we have lost all power of resistance and " escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of " Ajut, while I had yet not called her to the banquet, " I was careless as the sleeping morse, I was merry " as the singers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze " upon thy graces? why, my fair, did I call thee to

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" the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember " Anningait, and meet my return with the smile of " virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the " whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and un- " wearied as the summer sun. In a few weeks I shall " return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roe- " fish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and " hare shall cover thy couch; the tough hide of the " seal shall shelter thee from cold, and the fat of the " whale illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait, having with these sentiments consoled his grief and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing-boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity: and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngsuk, on his return from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in child-birth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five and twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngsuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the feli-

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sity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and by a present of two seals and a marble kettle obtained a promise, that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls. Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and enquired what events were to befal her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction should flatter her desires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret; and Norngsuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander; they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She entreated; she remonstrated; she wept, and raved; but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare; taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

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Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach: where, finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were changed into stars: others imagine, that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay, from which the hapless maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

ON THE SPRING.

Watts.

WHAT astonishing variety of artifices, what innumerable millions of exquisite works, is the God of nature engaged in every moment! How gloriously are his all-pervading wisdom and power employed in this useful season of the year, this Spring of Nature! What infinite myriads of vegetable beings is

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he forming this very moment, in their roots and branches, in their leaves and blossoms, their seeds and fruit! Some, indeed, begun to discover their bloom amidst the snows of January, or under the rough cold blasts of March: those flowers are withered and vanished in April, and their seeds are now ripening to perfection.—Others are shewing themselves this day in all their blooming pride and beauty; and while they adorn the gardens and meadows with gay and glowing colours, they promise their fruits in the day of harvest. The whole nation of vegetables is under the Divine care and culture; his hand forms them day and night with admirable skill and unceasing operation, according to the natures he first gave them, and produces their buds and foliage, their flowery blossoms, and rich fruits, in their appointed months. Their progress in life is exceeding swift at this season of the year; and their successive appearances, and sweet changes of raiment, are visible almost hourly.

But these creatures are of lower life, and give but feebler displays of the Maker's wisdom. Let us raise our contemplations another story, and survey a nobler theatre of Divine wonders. What endless armies of animals is the hand of God moulding and figuring this very moment, throughout his brutal dominions! What immense flights of little birds are now fermenting in the egg, heaving and growing towards shape and life! What vast flocks of four-footed creatures, what droves of large cattle, are now framed in their early embryos, imprisoned in the dark cells of nature! And others, perhaps, are moving towards liberty, and just preparing to see the light. What unknown myriads of insects, in their various cradles and nesting places, are now working towards vitality and motion! And thousands of them with their painted wings just beginning to unfurl, and expand themselves into fluttering and day-light; while other families of them have

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forsaken their husky beds, and exult and glitter in the warm sun-beams!

An exquisite world of wonders is complicated even in the body of every little insect, an ant, a gnat, a mite, that is scarce visible to the naked eye. Admirable engines; which a whole academy of philosophers could never contrive; which the nation of poets hath neither art nor colours to describe; nor has a world of mechanics skill enough to frame the plainest or coarsest of them. Their nerves, their muscles, and the minute atoms which compose the fluids fit to run in the little channels of their veins, escape the notice of the most sagacious mathematician, with all his aid of glasses. The active powers and curiosity of human nature are limited in their pursuit, and must be content to lie down in ignorance.

It is a sublime and constant triumph over all the intellectual powers of man, which the great God maintains every moment in these inimitable works of nature, in these impenetrable recesses and mysteries of Divine art! The flags and banners of Almighty wisdom are now displayed round half the globe, and the other half waits the return of the sun to spread the same triumph over the Southern world. The very sun in the firmament is God's prime minister in this wondrous world of Beings, and he works with sovereign vigour on the surface of the earth, and spreads his influence deep under the clods to every root and fibre, moulding them into their proper forms, by Divine direction.—There is not a plant, nor a leaf, nor one little branching thread, above or beneath the ground, that escapes the eye or influence of this benevolent star; an illustrious emblem of the Omnipotence and universal activity of the Creator.

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BRITISH CHARACTER.

Zimmerman.

BELIEVE me, all ye amiable youths from whose minds the artifices and gaieties of the world have not yet obliterated the precepts of a virtuous education; who are not yet infected with its inglorious vanities; who, still ignorant of the tricks and blandishments of seduction, have preserved the desire to perform some glorious action, and retained the power to accomplish it; who, in the midst of feasting, dancing, and assemblies, feel an inclination to escape from their unsatisfactory delights; Solitude will afford you a safe asylum. Let the voice of experience recommend you to cultivate a fondness for domestic pleasures, to incite and fortify your souls to noble deeds, to acquire that cool judgment and intrepid spirit which enables you to form correct estimates of the characters of mankind, and of the pleasures of society. But to accomplish this high end, you must turn your eyes from those trifling and insignificant examples which a degenerated race of men affords, and study the illustrious characters of the ancient Greeks, the Romans, and the modern English. In what nation will you find more celebrated instances of human greatness? What people possess more valour, courage, firmness, and knowledge? Where do the arts and sciences shine with greater splendor, or with more useful effect? But do not deceive yourselves by a belief that you will acquire the character of an Englishman by wearing a cropped head of hair: No, you must pluck the roots of vice from your minds, destroy the seeds of weakness in your bosoms, and imitate the great examples of heroic virtue which that nation so frequently affords. It is an ardent love of liberty, un-

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daunted courage, deep penetration, elevated sentiment, and well cultivated understanding, that constitute the British character, and not their cropped heads, half boots, and round hats. It is *virtue* alone, and not *dress* or *titles*, that can ennoble or adorn the human character. Dress is an object too minute and trifling wholly to occupy a rational mind; and an illustrious descent is only advantageous, as it renders the real merits of its immediate possessor more conspicuous. In tracing your genealogies, rank, ye noble youths, those only among your ancestors who have performed great and glorious actions, whose fame shines in the pages of their country's history, and whose admired characters foreign nations envy and applaud. Never, however, lose sight of this important truth, that *no one can be truly great until he has gained a knowledge of himself*; a knowledge which can only be acquired by Occasional Retirement.

FILIAL PIETY *and* MODEST BENEVOLENCE.

Muirhead.

A YOUNG man, named Robert, sat alone in his boat, in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger had stept in, and taken his seat near him, but quickly rose again; observing, that, since the master had disappeared, he would take another boat.—"This, Sir, is mine," said Robert;—"Would you sail without the harbour?"—"I meant only to move about in the bason, and enjoy the coolness of this fine evening.—But I cannot believe you are a sailor,"——"Nor am I—yet on Sundays and holidays I act the bargeman, with a view to make up a sum."—"What! covetous at your age!—Your looks had almost prepossessed me

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in your favour."—"Alas! Sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me."—"Well—perhaps I am mistaken—let us take our little cruise of pleasure, and acquaint me with your history."

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue, after a short pause, proceeded thus:—"I perceive, young man, you are sad—what grieves you thus?"—"My father, Sir, groans in fetters, and I cannot ransom him. He earned a livelihood by petty brokerage, but, in an evil hour, embarked for Smyrna, to superintend, in person, the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern. The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair, and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refuse to let him go for less than 2000 crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best—my mother and sister work day and night—I ply hard at my stated occupation of a journeyman jeweller, and, as you perceive, make the most I can on Sundays and holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead; but my mother, apprized of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage."—"Pray, do you ever hear from your father?—Under what name does he pass?—or what is his master's address?"—"His master is overseer of the royal garden at Fez—and my father's name is Robert at Tetuan, as at Marseilles."—"Robert—overseer of the royal gardens?"—"Yes, Sir."—"I am touched with your misfortunes—but venture to predict their termination."

Night drew on apace. The unknown, upon landing, thrust into young Robert's hand a purse, containing eight double louis d'or, with ten crowns in silver, and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks had passed since this adventure, and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their

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unsavoury meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment, in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner, tenderly embraced his wife and children, and thanked them, with tears of gratitude, for the fifty louis they had caused to be remitted to him, on his sailing from Tetuan, his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length, Madame Robert, suspecting her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal. "Six thousand livres" continued she, "is the sum we wanted—and we had already procured somewhat more than the half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present." A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eyeing him with the sternness of distraction, "Unfortunate boy!" exclaimed he, "what have you done? How can I be indebted to you for my freedom, and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom, without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expence of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth at once—and let us all die if you have forfeited your integrity."—"Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father," cried the son, embracing him—"No, I am not unworthy of such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment—I am not your deliverer—but I know who he is.—Recollect, mother, the unknown gentleman, who gave me the purse. He was particular in his enquiries. Should I pass my life in the pursuit, I must endeavour to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate the fruits of his beneficence." He then related to his father all that passed in the pleasure-boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, Robert again

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partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established; at last, on a Sunday morning, as his son sauntered on the quay, he recognized his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him, as his guardian angel, as the saviour of a father and a family, to share the happiness of his own creation. The stranger again disappeared in the crowd —but, reader, this stranger was Montesquieu.

The SHEPHERDS *of the* PYRENEES.

Madame de Genlis.

I TRAVELLED about twelve years ago. After having traversed part of our Southern Provinces, I arrived at that great chain of mountains which separates us from Spain. I stopped there in a delightful solitude, and hired a pretty little house, determined on passing the summer.

In my peaceful cot I heard only the majestic voice of nature; the striking and rapid fall of the cascades and torrents; the lowings of the flocks dispersed in the meadows, the rustic sound of the flageolet, the pipe, and the rural airs the young shepherd repeats sitting on the edge of the rock, in these places where the country is so charming. I devoted the greatest part of the day to walking—I explored first all the mountains that environed me. I often met the flocks; the shepherds that guarded them were all children, or young persons, the oldest of whom was not above fifteen. I remarked that these occupied the highest mountains, whilst the children, not yet venturing to climb the steep and slippery rocks, remained in the pastures of easier access. So that in descending the

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mountains you see the shepherds diminished in size and age, and you find on the little hills that border the plains, young shepherds of only eight or nine years old. This observation made me imagine, that the flocks of the vallies had still younger guardians, or at least of the same age as those of the little hills: I questioned one of the children: "Do you ever conduct your goats down there?" I asked him. "I shall go there some day," said he, smiling, "but before that a considerable time will pass, and I must make many a long journey."—"How then?"—"Why I must go first quite to the top, and after that I shall work with my father, and when I am sixty I shall go down into the valley." "What, the shepherds of the valley are old men then?"—"Yes, our eldest brothers are on the mountains, and our grandfathers in the plains." As he finished these words I left him, and descended into the delicious and fertile valley of Campan.

At first I perceived only numerous herds of oxen and flocks of sheep, which occupied almost all the space; but soon after I distinguished the venerable shepherds sitting or lying on little banks of the meadows; I experienced a painful sensation on seeing these old men insulated, left to themselves in solitude: I was going to contemplate the more charming picture, these mountains peopled with inhabitants so young, so active, and busy, this happy residence of innocence and gaiety, where the echoes repeat nothing but songs of joy, of innocent smiles, and the sweet notes of the pipe. I quitted all that is most amiable upon earth, infancy and earliest youth, and it was with a kind of melancholy that I found myself with this multitude of old men; this meeting of the two extremes of life, offered me a contrast so much the more striking, as these good sires, carelessly stretched upon the grass, seemed plunged in a profound and melancholy reverie; their pensive tranquillity seemed dejec-

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tion of spirits, and their meditations, sadness, caused by a cruel desertion. I saw them alone, far from their children; I pitied them, and advanced slowly towards them, with a mingled sentiment of compassion and respect. Walking thus, I found myself opposite to one of the old men who engaged all my attention: he had the most noble and most engaging figure, his hair, of a most dazzling whiteness, fell in silver ringlets on his venerable shoulders; candour and goodness were painted on his features, and the serenity of his brow and of his locks showed the unalterable tranquillity of his mind; he was seated at the foot of a mountain, cut to a point in this place, and covered with moss and herbage; an enormous mass of rocks placed perpendicularly over him, projected from the top of the mountain, and formed, at an elevation of more than two hundred feet, a sort of rustic canopy which covered his venerable head from the heat of the sun.

After having obtained permission of the old man to seat myself by his side, I repeated to him what the little shepherd of the mountain had just told me, and I asked him for the explanation of it. "Time out of mind (replied the old man), the men of this country have devoted to the pastoral life the two ages that seem best fitted for it; these two extremes of life, infancy, which is just come from the hands of nature, and old age, just ready to re-enter her bosom. Children, as you have seen, conduct the flocks on the mountains; it is there they acquire that vigour, that agility, that hardiness, which particularly distinguish the inhabitants of the mountains; they are trained to climb the rocks, to cross torrents; they are accustomed to contemplate, without fear, the depth of the precipices, and often run on the edge of the abyss to recover a fugitive goat; but at fifteen they quit the shepherd's life to become cultivators; at this epoch, the young man, proud of being associated to the

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labours of his father, abandons, without regret, his mountain; he joyfully resigns his crook into weaker hands; henceforth the pick-axe and the spade will more worthily employ his nervous arm; yet, before he descends into the plains, he casts a sorrowful look upon his flock, hitherto the sole object of all his cares, and he does not receive without a tender regret the last caresses of his faithful dog. Admitted into the class of labourers, we remain there till the decline of our strength; but when we can no longer labour at agriculture, we humbly resume our scrip and crook, and pass the rest of our days in these meadows." The old man was silent, a slight cloud for an instant darkened the serenity of his brow: I saw that he recalled with some regret the time when old age had forced him to devote himself for ever to a pastoral life; but he was silent and I dared not to interrogate him more; but soon after breaking silence:—"And for the remainder," resumed he, "our old age is perfectly happy, it slides away in a sweet tranquillity."—"But," interrupted I, "so long a habit of labouring must render this eternal repose tedious?" "No," replied he.—"because this repose is useful. I should be consumed with weariness if I remained unemployed in our cottages; he who does not render himself useful to others is a burthen to himself: but taking care of these flocks, sitting all day under these rocks, I am as useful to my family as when I was able to till the earth and to follow the plough; this thought alone suffices to make me love my peaceable retreat. Besides, think, that when a man has, during fifty years, exercised, without intermission, his arms and his strength, that it is a sweet reflection to have no other duty to fulfil than that of passing his days softly reclining on the turf of the meadow."—"And in this state of inaction do you never experience discontent?" "How can I experience discontent surrounded by such dear objects, and which recall to my memory

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such dear thoughts? I have traversed all those mountains which encompass us in my earliest youth, I can discover from here, by the situation of the groups of fir-trees, and of the mass of rocks, the places I oftenest frequented; my weakened sight will not permit me to distinguish all that your eyes discover; but my memory supplies the defect; it represents faithfully what my eye cannot perceive; this kind of reverie demands a certain attention which increases the interest. My imagination transports me on the elevated hills which are lost in the clouds; impressions never to be obliterated guide me to traverse those winding routs, those steep and slippery paths, which intersect and unite them, whilst my decaying memory abandons me all at once sometimes on the brink of a torrent, sometimes on the edge of a precipice; I stop, I shudder, and if that instant I can recollect the road I have lost, my heart palpitates with as much joy as in the spring of my days. It is thus without moving from my place, transported on the mountains, I see them, I run over them, and I recall all the quick emotions and all the pleasures of my youth."

As the old man ended these words, we heard at a distance, and at the summit of the mountain behind us, the notes of a flageolet: "Ah!" said the old man, smiling, "There's Tobie come on the rock; he is repeating the air that I love so much, it is the romance that I played so often at his age." In saying these words the good old man marked time slowly with his head, and gaiety sparkled in his eyes. "Who is Tobie?" I asked. "He is a shepherd in his fifteenth year, he loves my grand-daughter Lina, they are of the same age; may I see them united before I die! This is the time our grand-daughters bring us some refreshment every morning. Then Tobie always brings his goats to the rock where he knows I repose." The old man was still speaking when I perceived at a distance, at the other end of the valley, a number of

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young girls who advanced neatly dressed, and were soon dispersed in the plain: at the same time the shepherds of the hills all ran together, and appeared on the steep borders of the mountains that encompassed us; one party pressed forward to the extremity of the precipice, which made one shudder to see the earth that supported them shake under their feet; the others had climbed up trees in order to discover sooner the lively and amiable party that attended every day at the same hour: at this epoch of the day the flocks of the mountains were abandoned in an instant to wander at liberty; all was in movement on the hills and in the plain; curiosity, glowing love, paternal tenderness, produced a general emotion among both the young and old shepherds. The young villagers separated to seek their grandfathers in the meadow, to present their pretty osier baskets with fruits and cheeses: they ran with eagerness towards these good old men who held out their arms to receive them. I admired the grace and light figure of these pretty peasants of the Pyrenees, who were all remarkable for the elegance and beauty of their shapes; but my heart was most interested for Lina; she was still at a hundred paces from us when her grandfather pointed her out from a group of young girls, in saying, "There is the prettiest;" and it was not paternal fondness, for indeed Lina was charming.—She threw herself into the arms of the old man, who pressed her tenderly to his heart; she then quitted him to fetch her basket, which one of her companions held; in this motion Lina raised her timid eyes towards the summit of the mountain, and Tobie, on the point of the rock, received this tender look, for which he had impatiently waited since the rising of Aurora, and which sweetly recompensed him for all his day's labour. Tobie then threw down a bunch of roses, which fell a few paces from the group formed by Lina and her companions. Lina blushed, but dared not pick them up; the old

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man enjoyed her confusion, and the other girls laughing, with a little malice and a great deal of gaiety, cried out altogether, "*It is for Lina, it is for Lina;*" at last Lina was condemned to take the bouquet; with a trembling hand she placed it in her bosom, and to hide her embarrassment took refuge on the rock with her grandfather, and seated herself by him. I left them to enjoy the charms of a conversation full of tenderness and sweetness, and with my head full of the respectable old man, of Lina, and of Tobie, I reached my little habitation, saying, if happiness exists on earth, it is here; such are the sentiments which ought to assure us the possession.

We have seen that the life of a peasant of the Pyrenees is divided into three remarkable epochs: he is first a shepherd of the mountain, from the age of eight to fifteen; he then enters the class of the labourer, and when he arrives at old age he becomes a shepherd of the valley. The most brilliant of these periods is when the young man is promoted to the rank of a labourer; they celebrate this with great solemnity. As soon as the shepherd of the mountain has attained his fifteenth year, his father goes and conducts him into the fields or vineyards, which he is from henceforth to cultivate: this memorable day is a day of rejoicing to the young man's family; I wished to see this rural ceremony; I spoke to my good old friend, Lina's grand-father, who informed me that Tobie in a month would quit for ever the mountain and the rock, to which his love for Lina had so often conducted him. And there is another circumstance which will add still more to the interest of this ceremony: Tobie's father, who is seventy, will on that day renounce the class of a cultivator to enter into that of a shepherd; he will assemble his four sons of a first marriage; Tobie is a child of the second, and the youngest of his brothers is at least thirty. The day fixed for the ceremony at last arrived, I was on the plain three hours before sun-set.

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I found all the old shepherds assembled at the foot of the mountain, where Tobie watched his flock; soon after we perceived a crowd of peasants and villagers advancing, of all ages, fantastically attired; Lina, conducted by her mother, placed herself near me, and without doubt was not the least interested in the festival. This party preceded Tobie's father, who gravely advanced, surrounded by his four sons: the old man carried a spade, and was supported by his eldest son.

Being arrived at the foot of the mountain, all the multitude separated to let him have a free passage; but the old man stopped, and, sorrowfully surveying the steep road which led to the summit of the mountain, he sighed, and after a moment's silence:—"I ought," said he, "according to the general custom, to go myself and fetch my son, but I am seventy years old, and can only wait for him."—"Ah, my father!" cried his children, "we will carry you." They received universal applause for this proposition; the old man smiled; and his sons formed, with their arms twined together, a kind of litter, took him gently up, and began the march immediately.

All the country women remained in the plain, but I followed the old man, as I wished to be a witness of the meeting with Tobie. We walked slowly, the old man making them stop from time to time, to take breath, and to contemplate the places we were traversing, and which brought to his memory the sweet recollection of his youth. He started at hearing from all quarters, the clear sounds of the bells hung at the necks of the sheep and goats, and which are only used for the flocks of the mountain: he frequently told us of particular objects that we should see; but time had often destroyed or changed what he had represented. He regarded all that was offered to our view, on the road, with a double interest of sentiment and curiosity; as we advanced farther on, the expression of his countenance became more lively and animated; joy

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sparkled in his eyes, and he seemed to renew his life, in breathing, for the last time, the invigorating and pure air of the mountain.

At last we arrived at the end of our journey: they set the old man on a rock; he rose, and, supporting himself on the spade which he had not quitted, he contemplated with delight the immense countries that he commanded. At this instant Tobie came, and threw himself at his father's feet; and the old man, embracing him with tenderness, "Here, my son, (said he,) take this spade, which has served me half a century; may you keep it as long! To resign it myself into your hands, I have prolonged, beyond the ordinary term, the labour which is painful at my age: I quit to-day our fields, and our vineyards; but you are going to re-place me." Saying these words, the old man gave Tobie the spade, and asked his crook in exchange. "Oh, my father!" said the young man, "receive again this faithful dog, who has obeyed me seven years, and for the future will follow and defend you; he will never more usefully serve me." At these words the old man could not refrain a few tears, which gently rolled down his venerable cheeks; he caressed the dog his son presented to him; the animal struggled in Tobie's arms, and seemed to express, by his lamentations, his fear of changing his master. We all took the road to the valley, where we found all the villagers, and the festival was ended by a rustic ball; when I had the pleasure of seeing Tobie dance with Lina.

The following day I returned into the meadow, where I found my two good old friends, seated by the side of one another, entertaining themselves with an account of their youth, but mostly of their children. Lina brought them, punctually at the accustomed hour, fruits and milk. Tobie was not there, but Lina threw her eyes on the rock; she saw with quick delight the mutual friendship of the old men; it was

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for her a tender presage. In short, I have since heard, that the old men enjoyed the happiness of celebrating the nuptials of Lina and Tobie; and that Lina is now one of the tenderest and happiest wives and mothers.

IRISH GRATITUDE.

Miss Gunning.

—NOW that I do know who you are, my fine lads, by my shoul the last drop of my blood shall be spilt to do your little honours service, and that without the hope of any fee or reward, but what I shall feel in assisting the children of that sweet creature, who once took my part when I was in London—God bless her! it was before she married the old gentleman, your papa. I am sure I shall never forget her words, and will repate them to you for the honour of her worthy ladyship. You must know, some plate had been lost in the house of my lady's father, during the time we were on a visit there, and so all the servants cried out—"it must be me who was the thaif," as the butler told his honour, he would take upon himself to answer for the honesty of all his servants, (who were all English), and that he had every reason to believe it was the Irish rascal who had stolen the candlesticks; for which reason he insisted on my going before the old gentleman, "who," he said, "would force me to confess the fact, or hand me off to Bow-street." I am sure I shall never forget the time when, though as bold as a lion, from the innocence I felt, yet my knees did knock together as I followed Mr. Brown into the drawing-room, where his master and your sweet mother were sitting—I assured them on the ho-

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nour of a Connaught man, that I was as innocent, or more so, than the child unborn, and would scorn to take the value of a glass of whisky which did not belong to me—and I almost cried at the affront offered to my country in the person of Patrick O'Riley, who is as noble a spirited fellow as any of the county of Roscommon.—The dear creature looked at me as if she could have eat me; then turning to his honour, (your papa,) she said, "It appears to me, indeed, Sir Owen, this poor fellow is perfectly innocent of the alledged crime—and merely from his being a native of another country, has raised a sort of jealousy in the breasts of the other servants, who are too apt to imbibe any national prejudice without justly reflecting, that it is not this or that nation, or people, that stamps a character—nature will not change for climate, custom, or complexion—the villain, black or white, is of one nation, and the benevolent are fellow-countrymen, though born at the extremity of the globe!" This was the very speech she made; for, the minute I went out of the room, I wrote it down, word by word, and have since repeated it night and morning after my prayers.—Mr. Brown looked very angry at the interference of the dear shoul, well knowing, that if I gained her on my side, I had nothing to fear, as, at that time, Sir Owen doated on her, and no wonder, for she was the greatest beauty I ever saw out of my own country, and as sweet-tempered and good as she was pretty: well, and to be sure, she no sooner said the word, than his honour gave me two guineas, to reward me, (as he said), for the trouble I had had in being suspected as a thief, and to remove all thoughts from the servants, that the honest Irishman had disgraced his country, by turning out a rogue on his first visit to little England.....

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ON VANITY.

Shenstone.

HISTORY preserves the memory of empires and of states, with which it necessarily interweaves that of heroes, kings, and statesmen. Biography affords a place to the remarkable characters of private men. There are likewise other subordinate testimonies, which serve to perpetuate, at least prolong, the memories of men, whose characters and stations give them no claim to a place in story. For instance, when a person fails of making that figure in the world which he makes in the eyes of his own relations or himself, he is rarely dignified any farther than with his picture whilst he is living, or with an inscription upon his monument after his decease. Inscriptions have been so fallacious, that we begin to expect little from them beside elegance of style. To inveigh against the writers, for their manifest want of truth, were as absurd as to censure Homer for the beauties of an imaginary character.—But even paintings, in order to gratify the vanity of the person who bespeaks them, are taught now-a-days, to flatter, like epitaphs.

Falsehoods upon a tomb or monument may be intitled to some excuse in the affection, the gratitude, and piety of surviving friends. Even grief itself disposes us to magnify the virtues of a relation, as visible objects also appear larger through tears. But the man who through an idle vanity suffers his features to be belied or exchanged for others of a more agreeable make, may with great truth be said to lose his property in the portrait. In like manner, if he encourage the painter to belie his dress, he seems to transfer his claim to the man with whose station his assumed trappings are connected.

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I remember a bag-piper, whose physiognomy was so remarkable and familiar to a club he attended, that it was agreed to have his picture placed over their chimney-piece. There was this remarkable in the fellow, that he chose always to go barefoot, though he was daily offered a pair of shoes. However, when the painter had been so exact as to omit this little piece of dress, the fellow offered all he had in the world, the whole produce of three nights' harmony, to have those feet covered in the effigy, which he so much scorned to cover in the original. Perhaps he thought it a disgrace to his instrument to be eternized in the hands of so much apparent poverty. However, when a person of low station adorns himself with trophies to which he has no pretensions to aspire, he should consider the picture as actually telling a lie to posterity.

The absurdity of this is evident, if a person assume to himself a mitre, a blue garter, or a coronet improperly; but station may be falsified by other decorations, as well as these.

But I am driven into this grave discourse, on a subject perhaps not very important, by a real fit of spleen. I this morning saw a fellow drawn in a night-gown of so rich a stuff, that the expence, had he purchased such a one, would more than half have ruined him; and another coxcomb, seated by his painter in a velvet chair, who would have been surprised at the deference paid him, had he been offered a cushion.

ABBAS; *or*, THE HERMIT.

Langhorne.

THE sun appearing above the horizon, Solyman prostrated himself in the profoundest adoration. When he arose from his devotions, he advanced to-

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wards the English merchant, his fellow-traveller, with a look of kindness mixed with pity and concern. The merchant understood him: but as he was unwilling to controvert the principles of his religion, he made no apology for his conduct during the devotions of Solyman.

The mild morning light which was diffused over the vallies and streams, the various beauty of the meadows, the regular disposition of blossomed hedgerows, the soothing murmur of bees at their early labour, and the full concert of the feathered creation, drew their conversation on the universal beneficence of nature. 'I feel,' said Solyman, 'a delight, which I can neither account for nor describe. These mountains, gilded with the rays of the orient sun; those painted vallies that shame the rich carpets of Persia, yon distant waters which gleam with the shifting effulgence of light, the general busy voice of joy and activity in the animal creation, conspire to fill my heart with inexpressible pleasure.'

'That pleasure,' replied the merchant, 'I believe, proceeds from sympathy: it is scarcely possible, unless you have some peculiar cause of misery, not to be pleased when you see every thing around you happy. On the contrary, if you go into the mansions of sorrow, it will be impossible to withstand the infection of it. The God of nature seems to have given us these sympathetic feelings, to link our affections in the great chain of society: hence, social virtue is not left to depend solely on the moral will, but is founded on the principles of our nature.

'But the object of your adoration is so profuse of his favours, that I should now be glad to find some convenient shade. I think, I discover a cave on the southern declivity of the mountain; let us retire to it during the heat of the day.'

As they were advancing towards the cave, they perceived a beaten path leading directly from it to a dis-

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tant rivulet: this made them apprehensive that it might be the habitation of some wild beast that had worn the path by constantly going to drink at the stream: but their fears were soon removed on the appearance of an aged hermit, advancing slowly towards the rivulet with an earthen pitcher. At the sight of the travellers, he hastened to his abode with all the feeble precipitancy of age: they agreed not to disturb him, and only took the advantage of the rock which projected over his cell, to shelter themselves from the sun; but they had not long continued in this situation, before the hermit, perceiving them to be inoffensive travellers, invited them into his cave.

'You will excuse,' said the hoary sage, 'the caution of years; these mountains are not secure from the ravages of human ferocity; and these grey hairs would be no defence from the wanton cruelty of man. I have suffered so much from my own species, that I have at last forsaken their society: I thought it better to give up the conveniences of it, than to bear the evils; and I have long lived in this solitary cave on nothing more than what uncultivated nature would afford me.'—'Those sufferings,' said Solyman, 'must, indeed, have been extraordinary, that could make you give up one of the greatest advantages of life, the social intercourse of your fellow-creatures.'—'The narratives of age,' replied the hermit, 'are seldom agreeable to youth; but as instruction can be gained only from experience, you will do wisely to learn it from the misfortunes of Abbas.—

'I was born to a competent fortune in the province of Lurestan; but being early left an orphan, my affairs came under the cognizance of a justiciary court, which the members of it call the court of equity; but so equitable were they with regard to me, that they claimed two parts of my little fortune for their care of the third.'—'Would to God, that were never the case in Great Britain!' interrupted the merchant. 'But proceed.'

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'Though I had such an early and convincing proof of the treachery and rapacity of mankind; yet, as I had always exercised the benevolent virtues myself, I could not think others totally devoid of them; and at my three and twentieth year, being inclined to travel, I without scruple entrusted the remains of my fortune with a person whom I had long known and respected; a person, holy Allah! who lifted his hands to thee; but I had not been absent from Lurestan more than three moons, when he pretended a commission to dispose of my effects, and immediately left the place. On my return therefore to the province, I found neither friend nor fortune; and being bred to no business, I was reduced to the most distressful state of indigence. I applied, however, not without hopes, of redress or relief, to a person of power and eminence, whom I had often heard speak of his friendship with my father. After long and frequent attendance, I was admitted to an interview. I laid open my distress to him with that kind of eloquence which the miseries we suffer from the treachery of others always suggest; and which, however unaffecting it may be to indifferent persons, utters its complaints with dignity and resentment. I was heard half way through my story, and dismissed with the following reply:' 'It is not necessary, young man, to proceed with your complaints; I perceive you have been abused, and am sorry for you. But that shall not be the only proof of my regard for you; I will give you a little advice: you should never depend so much on the benevolence or integrity of any human being, as to trust him with your fortune or your life.' 'Thus ended my hopes from the friend of my father: whose benevolence extended no farther, than to instruct me how to secure the fortune that was stolen, and to preserve the life which I wished to lose.'

'I had now no choice but to enter as a common soldier into the army of the Sophi. I had always de-

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fighted in martial exercises, and was expert in the use of arms: my dexterity and address drew upon me the attention of my officers; and, in a short time, I obtained a small commission; I had now almost forgotten my miseries, and embraced my new situation with cheerfulness and hope; but fortune, who had for a while ceased to persecute me as below her notice, as if she had been indignant at my satisfaction, and jealous of my prospects, now renewed and redoubled her severity.

'My commanding officer had a daughter of extraordinary beauty, and an uncommon capacity. Zara was the object of universal admiration; but she had set her heart on the unfortunate Abbas. The first moment I beheld her, I discovered in her looks the most tender and affectionate regard for me, which I imputed to her compassion for my misfortunes: tho' at the same time I wished, without knowing why, that it might proceed from another cause. She asked me for the story of my life: I told it in the plainest and most pathetic manner; yet, when I had finished, she desired me to repeat it. From this moment I had done with peace; her infectious tenderness had such an influence on my heart, that I could think of nothing but Zara; without Zara I was miserable. A thousand times did I flatter myself, that there was something more than mere compassion in her look and manner; and not many days had passed, before I was convinced of the dear fatal truth from this letter:

'TO ABBAS.

'Your merit and your sufferings have a claim to something more than compassion: to espouse the cause of Abbas, is to discharge a duty which virtue cannot dispense with. Meet me upon the parade this evening and you shall know more of the sentiments of ZARA.'

'The emotions I felt on the receipt of this letter, can only be conceived by those who, in the midst of

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despairing love, have beheld a gleam of hope. The tumult of my heart hurried me to the place appointed, long before the time: I walked backward and forward in the utmost confusion, totally regardless of every object about me; sometimes raising my hands and eyes in the sudden effusions of transport, and sometimes smiling with the complacency of delight.

'At length the day departed, and Zara came. My heart bounded at her sight: I was unable to speak, and threw myself at her feet. She was alarmed at my excessive earnestness and confusion; but commanding me to rise, 'Abbas,' said she, 'if your confusion proceeds from your modest gratitude, restrain it, till you find whether I am able to serve you; if it arise from any other cause, I must leave you this moment.' I entreated she would tell me to what I was indebted for the happiness of this interview, and I would be calm and attentive.' 'My regard for your merit, and my compassion for your sufferings,' said she, 'make me wish to serve you. Tell me, Abbas, can I assist you through the interest of my father?' I faltered out my acknowledgments; telling her, that to her I must owe all my hopes of future happiness.

'She left me immediately without reply. The singularity of my behaviour upon the parade before the coming of Zara, had drawn on me the attention of an officer who was secretly her admirer, and who, either through curiosity, or suspicion, though unobserved by me, had waited at a convenient distance to watch my motions. No sooner did he perceive the approach of Zara, than, as well to gratify his revenge, as to ingratiate himself with her father, he immediately told him of our interview.

'Zara, ignorant of what had passed, with her usual freedom and good nature, began to express her compassion for the misfortunes of Abbas, talked of his merits, and wished to see him preferred. The old general, who was naturally jealous and impetuous, ex-

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claimed, with a burst of indignation, 'Yes, I shall prefer him!' Early the next morning, he sent me my discharge; and while I was gazing, in stupid astonishment, upon my general's letter, a youth, masked, brought me a small casket, with a letter from Zara, which, to the best of my remembrance, was as follows:

'TO ABBAS.

'By some unlucky circumstance, which I do not now understand, instead of promoting you, I have been the cause of your dismission. The bearer, who brings you a small casket of jewels for your support, has my commands to conduct you the shortest way over the mountains: follow him immediately, lest the rage of jealousy meditate new persecutions. He wears a mask, that he may not be taken notice of as one of the general's domestics; his attachment to me will make him faithful to you. Time may bring about happier events. Adieu, adieu!

'ZARA.'

'In the anguish and confusion of my heart, I followed my guide, without knowing whither he was leading me or what I was about to do. I vented my grief in broken ejaculations, frequently calling on the name of Zara, but not once addressing myself to my attendant. By the evening of the second day, we had advanced forty miles southward from the province of Lurestan; when—how shall I relate the last horrid scene of my miseries!—pardon me!—these aged eyes have yet a tear left, yet a tear for the memory of Zara!—we were attacked by a band of robbers. My guide was Zara! in her fright she threw off her mask, and cried, 'Zara!' Love, rage, fear, and vengeance gave me supernatural strength: three of the villains fell by my sabre; a fourth disarmed me; and the rest of the gang carried off Zara.'

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At this crisis of his story, the spirits of the aged hermit were exhausted by their own violence; and it was some time before he could proceed.

'You have now,' continued he, 'heard the completion of my misfortunes. When I was recovered of the wounds I had received, I spent some months in a fruitless search of Zara. At last, despairing to gain any intelligence of her, I transmitted an account of the affair to her father; not without hope, that his power or his wealth might be a means of finding her out, and redeeming her: but I was deceived; and had soon the mortification to hear, that the unnatural wretch exulted in our misfortunes, and uttered the most dreadful imprecations on his only child.

'Deprived of hope, and dejected with melancholy, I could no longer bear the society of mankind: I therefore betook myself to these solitary mountains, where this cell has been my habitation for years, that have passed away in unvaried sorrow: and where you are the first of human beings that have heard me tell my tale.'

Solyman expatiated on the sufferings of Abbas with the most tender sensibility, and inveighed against the baseness of mankind with all the rage of honest resentment. 'Surely,' said he to the merchant, 'man is the vilest of all creatures! in proportion as he excels them in reason, he exceeds them in the ability to do mischief; and being equally cruel, the mischief he does renders him more detestible. Sacred Mithra! why dost thou lend thy light to the villain and the tyrant? Were it not for the enjoyment of your company, my friend, I should have few inducements to go farther from the valley of Irwan; for possibly to see more of human life, is only to know more of its crimes and miseries.'

'From the complicated distresses of one person,' replied the merchant, 'you draw a partial image of

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the life of man. But the day declines: let us hasten over these mountains, that we may repose at night in some village of the valley.'

PLEASURES *and* ADVANTAGES *of* RELIGION.

J. Moir.

RELIGION is the daughter of Heaven, parent of all our virtues, and guardian of all our pleasures; who alone gives peace and contentment, divests the heart of care and the life of trouble, bursts on the mind a flood of joy, and sheds unmingled and perpetual sunshine in the virtuous breast. By her the spirits of darkness are banished the earth, and ministers of grace thicken unseen the scenes of mortality. She promotes love and good-will among men, lifts up the head that hangs down, heals the wounded spirit, dissipates the gloom of sorrow, sweetens the cup of affliction, blunts the sting of death, and wherever seen, or felt, or heard, breathes around her an everlasting spring. Religion raises men above themselves; irreligion sinks them beneath the brutes: the one makes them angels, the other makes them devils; *this* binds them down to a poor pitiable speck of perishable earth! *that* opens up a vista to the skies, and lets loose all the principles of an immortal mind among the glorious objects of an eternal world.

Lift up your head, O Christian, and look forward to yon calm unclouded regions of mercy, unsullied by vapours, unruffled by storms; where Friendship, the loveliest form in heaven, never dies, never changes, never cools! Ere long thou shalt burst this brittle cage of confinement, break through the fetters of mortality, spring to life, and mingle with the skies. Corruption has but a limited duration. Happiness is even

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now in the bud: a few days, or weeks, or months, or years at most, and that bud shall be fully blown. Here Virtue droops under a thousand pressures; but, like the earth with the returning spring, shall then renew her youth, renew her verdure, rise and reign in everlasting and undiminished lustre. It does not signify what thy prospects now are; what thy situation now is. In thy present condition, thy heart, indeed, may sob and bleed its last, before thou shalt meet with one, who has either the generosity to relieve, or the humanity to pity thee. Thou hast, however, in thy compassionate Parent of Nature, a most certain resource in the deepest extremity. Cast thine eyes but a little beyond this strange, mysterious, and perplexing scene, which at present intercepts thy views of futurity. Behold a bow stamped in the darkest cloud that lowers in the face of heaven, and the whole surrounding hemisphere brightening as thou approachest! Say, does not yon blessed opening, which overlooks the dark dominion of the grave, more than compensate all the sighs and sufferings, which chequer the present, passing, intervening scene? Lo! there thy long-lost friend, who still lives in thy remembrance, and warms thy inmost heart, whose presence gave thee more delight than all that life could afford, and whose absence cost thee more groans and tears than all that death can take away, beckons thee to him, that where he is thou mayest be also. 'Here,' he says, 'dwell unmingled pleasures, unpolluted joys, unextinguishable love; immortal, unbounded, unmolested friendship. All the sorrows and imperfections of mortality are to us as though they had never been; and nothing lives in heaven, but pure unadulterated virtue. Our hearts, swelled with rapture, cease to murmur; our breasts, warm with gratitude, to sigh; our eyes, charmed with celestial visions, to water; our hands, enriched with palms of victory, to tremble; and our heads, encircled with glory, to ache. We are just as safe as infinite

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power, as joyful as infinite fulness, and as happy as infinite goodness, can make us. Our's is peace without molestation, plenty without want, health without sickness, day without night, pleasure without pain, and life without the least mixture or dread of death.'

Happy thou, to whom life has no charm, for which thou canst wish it protracted! Thy troubles will soon vanish like a dream, which mocks the power of memory: and what signify all the shocks which thy delicate and feeling spirit can meet with in this shocking world? A moment longer and thy complaints are at an end; thy diseases of body and mind shall be felt no more; the ungenerous hints of churlish relations distress no more; fortune frown, futurity intimidate, no more. Then shall thy voice, no longer breathing the plaintive strains of melancholy, but happily attuned to songs of gladness, mingle with the hosts of heaven in the last and sweetest anthem that ever mortals or immortals sung, "O Death! where is thy plague? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

THE VISION OF MIRZAH.

FROM AN ORIENTAL MANUSCRIPT.

Addison.

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a

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shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirzah, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it; Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he,

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is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life, consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches which added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me farther, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling

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march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with little vials, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh: Alas, said I, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life and swallowed up in death!

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The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and, whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting upon beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands of the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thy imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled,

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are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid, under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

VERACITY OF A MOOR.

Percival.

A SPANISH cavalier, having assassinated a Moorish gentleman, instantly fled from justice. He was vigorously pursued; but availing himself of a sudden turn in the road, he leaped, unperceived, over a garden wall. The proprietor, who was also a Moor, happened to be at that time walking in the garden, the Spaniard fell upon his knees before him, acquainted him with his case, and in the most pathetic manner,

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implored concealment. The Moor listened to him with compassion, and generously promised his assistance. He then locked him in a summer-house, and left him, with an assurance that, when night approached, he would provide for his escape. A few hours afterwards, the dead body of his son was brought to him; and the description of the murderer exactly agreed with the appearance of the Spaniard, whom he had then in custody. He concealed the horror and suspicion which he felt; and, retiring to his chamber, remained there till midnight. Then going privately into the garden, he opened the door of the summer-house, and thus accosted the cavalier. 'Christian,' said he, 'the youth whom you have murdered, was my only son. Your crime merits the severest punishment. But I have solemnly pledged my word for your security; and I disdain to violate even a rash engagement with a cruel enemy.' He conducted the Spaniard to the stables, and furnishing him with one of his swiftest mules, 'Fly,' said he, 'whilst the darkness of the night conceals you. Your hands are polluted with blood; but God is just; and I humbly thank him that my faith is unspotted, and that I have resigned judgment unto him.'

VANITY INSCRIBED ON ALL THINGS.

Watts.

TIME, like a long flowing stream, makes haste into eternity, and is for ever lost and swallowed up there; and while it is hastening to its period, it sweeps away all things with it which are not immortal. There is a limit appointed by Providence, to the duration of all the pleasant and desirable scenes of life,

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to all the works of the hands of men, with all the glories and excellencies of animal nature, and all that is made of flesh and blood. Let us not doat upon any thing here below, for heaven hath inscribed vanity upon it. The moment is hastening when the decree of heaven shall be uttered, and Providence shall pronounce upon every glory of the earth, "It's time shall be no longer."

What is that stately building, that princely palace, which now entertains and amuses our sight with ranks of marble columns, and wide spreading arches, that gay edifice which enriches our imagination with a thousand royal ornaments, and a profusion of costly and glittering furniture? Time and all its circling hours, with a swift wing are brushing it away; decay steals upon it insensibly, and a few years hence it shall lie in mouldering ruin and desolation. Unhappy possessor, if he has no better inheritance!

What are those fine and elegant gardens, those delightful walks, those gentle ascents, and soft declining slopes, which raise and sink the eye by turns to a thousand vegetable pleasures? How lovely are those sweet borders, and those growing varieties of bloom and fruit, which recall lost paradise to mind? Those living parterre's which regale the sense with vital fragrancy, and make glad the sight by their refreshing verdure and intermingled flowery beauties? The scythe of time is passing over them all: they wither, they die away, they drop and vanish into dust; their duration is short; a few months deface all their yearly glories, and within a few years, perhaps all these rising terras-walks, these gentle verging declivities, shall lose all order and elegance, and become a rugged heap of ruins: those well-distinguished borders and parterres shall be levelled in confusion, and thrown into common earth again, for the ox and the ass to graze upon them. Unhappy man, who pos-

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tesses this agreeable spot of ground, if he has no paradise more durable than this!

And no wonder that these labours of the hands of men should perish, when even the works of God are perishable.

What are these visible heavens, these lower skies, and this globe of earth! they are indeed the glorious workmanship of the Almighty. But they are waxing old, and waiting their period too, when the angel shall pronounce upon them that "time shall be no more." The heavens "shall be folded up as a vesture, the elements of the lower world shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all the works thereof, shall be burnt up with fire." May the unruinable world be but my portion, and the heaven of heavens my inheritance, which is built for an eternal mansion for the sons of God: these buildings shall outlive time and nature, and exist through unknown ages of felicity!

What have we mortals to be proud of in our present state, when every human glory is so fugitive and fading: Let the brightest and the best of us say to ourselves, that we are but dust and vanity.

Is my body formed upon a graceful model?—Are my limbs well turned, and my complexion better coloured than my neighbours? Beauty even in perfection is of shortest date; a few years will inform me that its bloom vanishes, its flower withers, its lustre grows dim, its duration shall be no longer; and if life be prolonged, yet the pride and glory of it is for ever lost in age and wrinkles; or perhaps our vanity meets a speedier fate. Death and the grave with a sovereign and irresistible command, summon the brightest as well as the coarsest pieces of human nature, to lie down early in their cold embraces; and at last they must all mix together among worms and corruption.——Æsop the deformed, and Helena the fair,

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are lost and undistinguished in common earth. Nature in its gayest bloom, is but a painted vanity.

Are my nerves well strung and vigorous? Is my activity and strength far superior to my neighbours in the days of youth? But youth hath its appointed limit: age steals upon it, unstrings the nerves, and makes the force of nature languish into infirmity and feebleness. Samson and Goliah would have lost their boasted advantages of stature and their brawny limbs, in the course of half a century, though the one had escaped the sling of David, and the other the vengeance of his own hands in the ruin of Dagon's temple. Man in his best estate is a flying shadow and vanity.

Even those nobler powers of human life, which seem to have something angelical in them, I mean the power of wit and fancy, gay imagination and capacious memory, they are all subject to the same laws of decay and death. What though they can raise and animate beautiful scenes in a moment, and in imitation of creating power, can spread bright appearances and new worlds before the senses and the souls of their friends? What though they can entertain the better part of mankind, the refined and polite world with high delight and rapture? These scenes of rapturous delight, grow flat and old by a frequent review, and the very powers that raised them grow feeble apace. What though they can give immortal applause and fame to their possessors? It is but the immortality of an empty name, a mere succession of the breath of men; and it is a short sort of immortality too, which must die and perish when this world perishes. A poor shadow of duration indeed, while the real period of of these powers is hastening every day; they languish and die as fast as animal nature, which has a large share in them, makes haste to its decay; and the time of their exercises shall shortly be no more.

In vain the aged poet or the painter, would call up

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the muse and genius of their youth, and summon all the arts of their imagination, to spread and dress out some visionary scene, In vain the elegant orator would recall the bold and masterly figures, aud all those flowery images which give ardour, grace, and dignity to his younger composures, and charmed every ear: they are gone, they are fled beyond the reach of their owner's call: their time is past, they are vanished and lost beyond all hope of recovery.

The God of nature has pronounced an unpassable period, upon all the powers, pleasures, and glories of this mortal state. Let us then be afraid to make any of them our boast or our happiness; but point our affections to those diviner objects whose nature is everlasting; let us seek those religious attainments, and those new-created powers of a sanctified mind, concerning which it shall never be pronounced that their "time shall be no longer."

O may every one of us be humbly content, at the call of heaven, to part with all that is pleasing or magnificent here on earth; let us resign even these agreeable talents when the God of nature demands; and when the hour arrives, that shall close our eyes to all visible things, and lay our fleshly structure in the dust; let us yield up our whole selves to the hands of our Creator, who shall reserve our spirits with himself; and while we cheerfully give up all that was mortal to the grave, we may lie down full of the joyful hope of a rising immortality, New and unknown powers and glories, brighter flames of imagination, richer scenes of wit and fancy, and diviner talents are preparing for us when we shall awake from the dust; and the mind itself shall have all its faculties in a sublime state of improvement. These shall make us equal, if not superior, to angels, for we are nearer a-kin to the Son of God than they are, and therefore we shall be made more like him.

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EXPECTATIONS *of* PLEASURE FRUSTRATED.

Johnson.

PLEASURE is very seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odours from time to time in the paths of life, grow up without culture from seeds scattered by chance.

Nothing is more hopeless than a scheme of merriment. Wits and humourists are brought together from distant quarters by preconcerted invitations; they come attended by their admirers prepared to laugh and to applaud; they gaze a while on each other, ashamed to be silent, and afraid to speak; every man is discontented with himself, grows angry with those that give him pain, and resolves that he will contribute nothing to the merriment of such worthless company. Wine inflames the general malignity, and changes sullenness to petulence, till at last none can bear any longer the presence of the rest. They retire to vent their indignation in safer places, where they are heard with attention; their importance is restored, they recover their good humour, and gladden the night with wit and jocularity.

Merriment is always the effect of a sudden impression. The jest which is expected is already destroyed. The most active imagination will be sometimes torpid under the frigid influence of melancholy; and sometimes occasions will be wanting to tempt the mind, however volatile, to sallies and excursions. Nothing was ever said with uncommon felicity, but by the cooperation of chance; and, therefore, wit as well as valour must be content to share its honours with fortune.

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All other pleasures are equally uncertain; the general remedy of uneasiness is change of place; almost every one has some journey of pleasure in his mind, with which he flatters his expectation. He that travels in theory has no inconvenience; he has shade and sunshine at his disposal, and wherever he alights finds tables of plenty and looks of gaiety. These ideas are indulged till the day of departure arrives, the chaise is called, and the progress of happiness begins.

A few miles teach him the fallacies of imagination. The road is dusty, the air is sultry, the horses are sluggish, and the postillion brutal. He longs for the time of dinner, that he may eat and rest. The inn is crowded, his orders are neglected, and nothing remains but that he devour in haste what the cook has spoiled, and drive on in quest of better entertainment. He finds at night a more commodious house, but the best is always worse than he expected.

He at last enters his native province, and resolves to feast his mind with the conversation of his old friends, and the recollection of juvenile frolics. He stops at the house of his friend, whom he designs to overpower with pleasure by the unexpected interview. He is not known till he tells his name, and revives the memory of himself by a gradual explanation. He is then coldly received, and ceremoniously feasted. He hastes away to another, whom his affairs have called to a distant place, and having seen the empty house, goes away disgusted, by a disappointment which could not be intended because it could not be foreseen. At the next house he finds every face clouded with misfortune, and is regarded with malevolence as an unreasonable intruder. who comes not to visit but to insult them.

It is seldom that we find either men or places such as we expect them. He that has pictured a prospect upon his fancy, will receive little pleasure from his eyes; he that has anticipated the conversation of a wit,

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will wonder to what prejudice he owes his reputation. Yet it is necessary to hope, though hope should always be deluded; for hope itself is happiness, and its frustrations, however frequent, are yet less dreadful than its extinction.

THE GLOVES.

Sterne.

THE beautiful Grisset rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her: they were all too large. The beautiful Grisset measured them one by one across my hand.—It would not alter the dimensions.—She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least.—She held it open—my hand slipp'd into it at once.—It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little.—No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety, where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together could not express them—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarcely say which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it—it is enough in the present to say again the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lie between us.

The beautiful Grisset look'd sometimes at the gloves, then sideways to the window, then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence—I followed her example: so I look'd at the gloves, then

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to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack—she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she look'd into my very heart and reins.—It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did.—

—It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful Grisset had not ask'd more than a single livre above the price—I wish'd she had ask'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about.—Do you think, my dear sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy?—*M' en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, said I: and if you were, you are welcome.—So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shop-keeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

WOLKMAR AND HIS DOG.

Anonymous.

IT was evening, when Wolkmar and his dog, almost spent with fatigue, descended one of the mountains in Switzerland; the sun was dilated in the horizon, and threw a tint of rich crimson over the waters of a neighbouring lake; on each side rocks of varied form, their green heads glowing in the beam, were swarded with shrubs that hung feathering from their

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summits, and, at intervals, was heard the rushings of a troubled stream.

Amid this scenery, our traveller, far from any habitation, wearied, and uncertain of the road, sought for some excavation in the rock, wherein he might repose himself; and having at length discovered such a situation, fell fast asleep upon some withered leaves. His dog sat watching at his feet, a small bundle of linen and a staff were placed beside him, and the red rays of the declining sun, having pierced through the shrubs that concealed the retreat, gleamed on the languid features of his beloved master.

And long be thy rest, O Wolkmar! may sleep sit pleasant on thy soul! Unhappy man! war hath estranged thee from thy native village; war, unnatural war; snatched thee from thy Fanny and her infant. Where art thou, best of wives? thy Wolkmar lives! 'twas error spread his death. Thou fledd'st; thy beauty caught the eye of power: thou fledd'st with thy infant and thy aged father. Unhappy woman! thy husband seekest thee over the wilds of Switzerland. Long be thy rest, O Wolkmar! may sleep sit pleasant on thy soul!

Yet not long did Wolkmar rest; starting, he beheld the dog, who, seizing his coat, had shook it with violence; and having thoroughly awakened him, whining, licked his face, and sprang through the thicket. Wolkmar, eagerly following, discerned at some distance a man gently walking down the declivity of the opposite hill, and his own dog running with full speed towards him. The sun yet threw athwart the vale rays of a blood-red hue, the sky was overcast, and a few big round drops rustled through the drooping leaves, Wolkmar sat down, the dog now fawned upon the man, then bounding, ran before him. The curiosity of Wolkmar was roused, he rose to meet the stranger, who, as he drew near, appeared old, very old, his steps scarcely supporting with a staff; a blue mantle was wrapped

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around him, and his hair and beard white as snow, and waving to the breeze of the hill, received from beneath a dark cloud, the last deep crimson of the setting sun.

The dog now ran wagging his tail, first to his master, then to the stranger, leaping upon each with marks of the utmost rapture, till, too rudely expressing his joy, the old man tottering fell, at the foot of a blasted beech, that stood at the bottom of the hill. Wolkmar hastened to his relief, and had just reached the spot, when starting back, he exclaimed, "My father! O my father!" Gothre, for so the old man was called, saw and knew his son; a smile of extacy lighted up his features, a hectic flushed his cheek, his eyes beamed transport through the waters that suffused them, and stretching forth his arms, he faintly uttered, 'My beloved son!' Nature could no more: the bloom upon his withered cheek fled fast away, the dewy lustre of his eye grew dim, the throbbing of his heart oppressed him, and straining Wolkmar with convulsive energy, the last long breath of aged Gothre fled cold across the cheek of his son.

The night grew dark and unlovely, the moon struggled to appear, and by fits her pale light streamed across the lake, a silence deep and terrible prevailed, unbroken but by a cold shriek, that at intervals died along the valley. Wolkmar lay entranced upon the dead body of his father, the dog stood motionless by his side; but at last alarmed, he licked their faces, and pulled his master by the coat, till having in vain endeavoured to awaken them, he ran howling dreadfully along the valley; the demon of the night trembled on his hill of storms, and the rocks returned a deepening echo.

Wolkmar at last awoke, a cold sweat trickled over his forehead, every muscle shook with horror, and, kneeling by the body of Gothre, he wept aloud. 'Where is my Fanny,' he exclaimed, 'where shall I

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find her? oh! that thou hadst told me she yet lived, good old man; if alive, my God, she must be near: the night is dark, these mountains are unknown to me.' As he spoke, the illumined edge of a cloud shone on the face of Gothre, a smile yet dwelt upon his features; 'Smilest thou, my father?' said Wolkmar, 'I feel it at my heart; all shall yet be well.' The night again grew dark, and Wolkmar, retiring a few paces from his father, threw himself upon the ground,

He had not continued many minutes in this situation, before the distant sound of voices struck his ear: they seemed to issue from different parts of the valley, and two or three evidently approached the spot where Gothre lay; the name of Gothre was at length loudly repeated, and Gothre! Gothre! mournfully ran from rock to rock. Wolkmar, starting from the ground, sighed with anxiety, and, leaning forward, he listened with fearful apprehension, but the beating of his heart appalled him. The dog, who, at first alarmed, had crept to his master's feet, began now to bark with vehemence; suddenly the voices ceased, and Wolkmar thought he heard the soft and quick tread of people fast approaching. At this moment the moon burst from behind a dark cloud, and shone full on the dead body of Gothre. A shrill shriek pierced the air, and a young woman rushing forward fell on the body of Gothre. 'Oh, my Billy!' she exclaimed to a little boy, who ran up to her out of breath, 'see your beloved Gothre! he is gone for ever; gone to heaven and left us. O my poor child! (clasping the boy, who cried most bitterly), what shall we do without him, what will become of us, we will die also, my Billy! Gothre is gone to your own dear father, and they are both happy yonder, my Billy,' pointing to the moon. Wolkmar, in the mean time, stood enveloped with shade, his arms stretched out, motionless, and fixed in silent astonishment; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he faintly

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and with difficulty uttered, 'My Fanny! my child!' His accents reached her ear; she sprang wildly from the ground; 'It is my Wolkmar's spirit,' she exclaimed. The sky instantly cleared all around, and Wolkmar himself burst upon her sight. They rushed together; she fainted. 'God of mercies!' cried Wolkmar, 'if thou wilt not drive me mad, restore her to life: she breathes; I thank thee, O my God, she breathes! the wife of Wolkmar lives!' Fanny recovering, felt the warm embraces of her beloved husband; 'Dear, dear Wolkmar,' she faintly whispered, 'Thy Fanny—I cannot speak; my Wolkmar, I am too happy; see our Billy!' The boy had crept close to his father, and was clasping him round the knees. The tide of affection rushed impetuously through the bosom of Wolkmar; 'It presses on my heart,' he said, 'I cannot bear it.' The domestics, whom Fanny had brought with her, crowded round: 'Let us kneel,' said Wolkmar, 'round the body of aged Gothre:' they knelt around, the moon shone sweetly on the earth; the spirit of Gothre passed by; he saw his children, and was happy.

FINIS.

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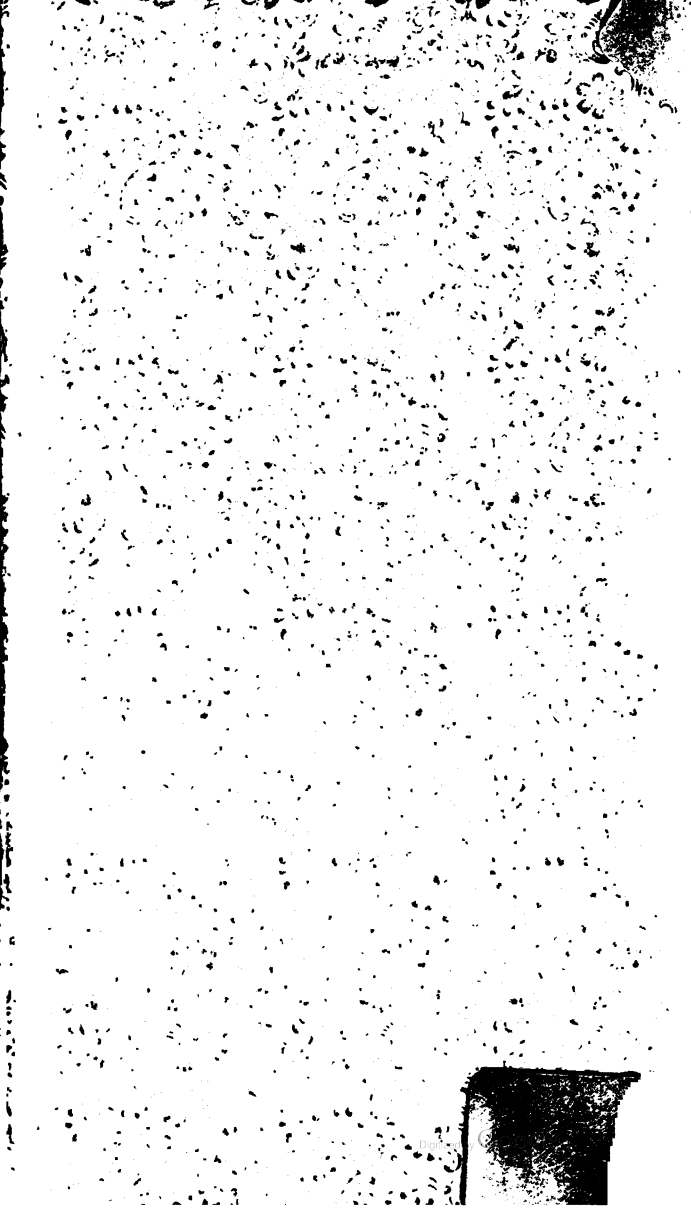
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